CHOICE COLLECTION OF SCOTCH AND ENGLISH SONGS

TAKEN FROM

AMARYLLIS,
PHOENIX,
ORPHEUS,
CHARMER,
TEA-TABLE,
&c. &c. &c.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

M.DCC.LXIV.


W.N.H.
WARDING

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A CHOICE COLLECTION OF SONGS.

A SONG.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond meaſure,
You treat me with doubts and diſdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleaſure,
And hoard up an old age of pain.
Your maxim, That love is ſtill founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
By kindneſs you ought to improve.
Soft looks and gay ſmiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the ſun-ſhine of love.
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Were clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And darkneſs obſcure all the ſkies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his ſide,
You have often regarded with wonder,
He's dropſical, ſhe is dim-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder.
Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the ſun at the door;
And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not ſmoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral failings to cover;
Then what are the charms, can you gueſs,
That make them ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did beſtow,
The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
The beſt of our bleſſings below.

Thoſe traces for ever will laſt,
Nor ſickneſs nor time can remove:
For when youth and beauty are paſt,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe;
The current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

A SONG.

Tune, *I wiſh my love were in a mire.*

BELINDA, ſee, from yonder flowers,
The bee flies loaded to its cell;
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impair'd in ſhow or ſmell?

So, tho' I robb'd you of a kiſs,
Sweeter than their ambroſial dew;
Why are you angry at my bliſs?
Has it at all impoveriſh'd you?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In ſpite of your unkind reſerve,
To keep my famiſh'd love alive,
Which you inhumanly would ſtarve.

The COBLE.

OF all the veſſels on the ſea,
The coble is the beſt,
Where we may ſail from dangers free,
And with our mates be bleſt,
As a fiſhing we do go, do go,
As a fiſhing we do go.

Here love our only pilot is;
Our compaſs is the heart;
That touch'd points ſtrongly to our bliſs,
Nor knows the varying art,
As a fiſhing we do go, &c.

Our ſtars are all the brighteſt eyes,
Where brighteſt eyes prevail;
Our winds are captive lovers ſighs,
Which gently ſwell our ſail,
As a fiſhing we do go, &c.

Our colours are the white and red,
On modeſt cheeks that glow;
Our ſtreamers are the treſſes ſpread
On necks of ſofteſt ſnow,
As a fiſhing we do go, &c.

Fitted thus for ſocial pleaſure,
We paſs the day in ſport:
And at night with beauty's treaſure,
Steer, glad to Hymen's port;
Where an anchoring we do go, do go,
Where an anchoring we do go.

A Leſſon for a COQUET. A SONG.

WHEN a nymph at her toilet has ſpent the whole day,
To ſhine in brocade at a ball or the play;
Her rival the butterfly, vain to exceſs,
May be juſtly more proud, if there's merit in dreſs.
The purple and gold in his plumage diſplay'd,
Than velvet's more ſoft, and more gay than brocade.

But, with all this advantage of dreſs you may ſee
That the butterfly ſtill is leſs lov'd than the bee.
For the bee tho' he ſhines with no purple or gold,
We provide a good lodging to fence from the cold:
For his honey we love him, altho' he will ſting,
And deſpiſe the gay inſects that flutter and ſing.
And hence the coquet this plain leſſon may find,
"That the uſual alone are the lov'd of mankind."
Let the fooliſh and vain at the toilet ſtill vie,
In a fruitleſs endeavour to rival a fly;
Which, if they could do, like the fly for a day,
By fools they'd be play'd with, and then thrown away.
Let me, like the bee, every moment improve,
And merit a love which no time ſhall remove.

The Sparrow and Diamond. A SONG.

I Lately ſaw, what now I ſing,
Fair Lucia's hand diſplay'd;
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
On that a ſparrow play'd.

The feather'd play-thing ſhe careſt,
She ſtroak'd it head and wings;
And while it neſtled on her breaſt,
She liſp'd the deareſt things.

With chizzel bill, a ſpark ill ſet,
He looſen'd from the reſt,
And ſwallow'd down to grind his meat,
The eaſier to digeſt.

She ſeiz'd his bill with wild affright,
Her diamoad to diſcry;
'Twas gone, ſhe ſicken'd at the ſight,
Moaning her bird wou'd die.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might uſe,
The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their ſhoes,
The ſtreet was laid with ſtraw.

The

The doctor us'd his oily art
Of ſtrong emetic kind,
Th' apothecary play'd his part,
And ingineer'd behind.

When phyſic ceas'd to ſpend its ſtore
To bring away the ſtone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes diſpell'd their ſickly dews,
He peck'd behind his wing;
Lucia, recovering at the news,
Relapſes for the ring.

Mean while within her beauteous breaſt
Two diff'rent paſſions ſtrove;
When Av'rice ended the conteſt,
And triumph'd over Love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Thy pains the ſex diſplay,
Who, only to repair a ring,
Cou'd take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breaſts, ye fair,
Monſter of fouleſt mien;
Ye would not let it harbour there,
Cou'd but its form be ſeen.

It made a virgin put on guile,
Truth's image break her word,
A Lucia's face forbear to ſmile,
A Venus kill her bird.

The Perplexed Lovers.

THOMAS loves Mary paſſing well;
And Mary ſhe loves Harry;
Whilſt Harry ſighs for bonny Bell,
But finds his Love miſcarry.

For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
Tho' Mary ſlights his paſſion;

So ſtrangely freakiſh are the turns
Of human inclination.

As much as Mary, Thomas grieves;
Proud Hall deſpiſes Mary;
And all the flouts that Bell receives
From Tom, ſhe vents on Harry.

Thus all by turns are woo'd, and woo,
No turtles can be truer;
Each love the object they purſue,
But hate the kind purſuer.

Molly gave Hall a wreath of flowers,
Which he in am'rous folly,
Conſign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly.

If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er ſaw people grummer;
If one has ſmil'd, it cheers round,
And all are in good humour.

Then, lovers, from this leſſon learn,
Throughout the Britiſh nation,
How much 'tis every one's concern
To ſmile a reformation.

And ſtill, thro' life, purſue this rule,
Whatever object ſtrikes you,
Behave with complaiſance to all,
That ſhe you love may like you.

A SONG.

O How could I venture to love one like thee,
Or thou not deſpiſe a poor conqueſt like me?
On lords thy admirers could look with diſdain,
And tho' I was nothing, yet pity my pain? (dreſs,
You ſaid, when they teas'd you with nonſenſe and
When real the paſſion, the vanity's leſs;
You ſaw thro' that ſilence which others deſpiſe,
And while beaux were prattling, read love in my eyes.

Oh!

Oh! where is the nymph that like thee can ne'er cloy?
Whoſe wit can enliven the dull pauſe of joy;
And when the ſweet tranſport is all at an end,
From *beautiful miſtreſs* turn *ſenſible friend!*
When I ſee thee I love thee, but hearing adore,
I wonder, and think you a woman no more;
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And kiſſing thoſe lips, find you woman again.
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require,
Thy taſte ſhall correct what thy love did inſpire;
I'll kiſs thee, and preſs thee, till youth is all o'er,
And then live on friendſhip, when paſſion's no more.

The frugal Maid.

I.

I Am a poor maiden forſaken,
Yet I bear a contented mind;
I am a poor maiden forſaken,
Yet I'll find another more kind;
For altho' I be forſaken,
Yet this I would have you to know,
I never was ſo ill provided,
But I'd two or three ſtrings to my bow.

II.

I own that once I loved him,
But his ſcorn I could never endure;
Nor yet that height of perfection,
For his ſlights to love him the more.
I own he was very engaging,
Yet this I would have you to know,
I never was ſo ill provided,
But I'd two or three ſtrings to my bow.

III.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
And are unto loving inclin'd,
Mens minds they are ſubject to changing,
And wavering like the wind;
Each object creates a new fancy:
Then this I would have you to do;

Be eaſy and free, take pattern by me,
And keep two or three ſtrings to your bow.

Maſons Song.

Tune, *Leave off your fooliſh pratting.*

I.

WE have no idle pratting,
Of either Whig or Tory;
But each agrees
To live at eaſe,
And ſing or tell a ſtory.

CHORUS.

Fill to him to the brim:
Let it round the table roll;
The divine tells you, wine
Cheers the body and the ſoul.

II.

We will be men of pleaſure,
Deſpiſing pride or party;
Whilſt knaves and fools
Preſcribe us rules,
We are ſincere and hearty,
Fill to him, &c.

III.

If any are ſo fooliſh,
To whine for courtiers favour,
We'll bind him o'er
To drink no more,
Till he has a better ſavour.
Fill to him, &c.

IV.

If any accepted maſon
Should talk of high and low church,
We'll ſet him down,
A ſhallow crown,
And underſtanding no church.
Fill to him, &c.

V.

V.

The world is all in darkneſs
About us they conjecture;
But little think
A ſong and drink
Succeeds the maſon's lecture.
Fill to him, &c.

VI.

Then, landlord, bring a hogſhead,
And in the corner place it;
Till it rebound
With hollow ſound,
Each maſon here ſhall face it.
Fill to him, &c.

A good Excuſe for Drinking.

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,
With drinking to exceſs;
I ſhould not want to drown deſpair,
Were your indifference leſs.
Love me, my dear, and you ſhall find,
When this excuſe is gone,
That all my bliſs, when Chloe is kind,
Is fix'd on her alone.
The god of wine the victory
To beauty yields with joy;
For Bacchus only drinks like me,
When Ariadne's coy.

The MAGPY

I.

GOOD people, draw near,
A ſtory ye's hear,
A ſtory both pleaſant and true,
Which happ'ned of late,
And's not out of date;
I am going to tell it to you.

II.

It was of an old cobler,
Who ſoal'd ſhoes at Doubler,
And lov'd to drink the juice of good barley;
And then with his wife,
As dear as his life,
When drunk, he lov'd for to parley.

III.

This cobler, they ſay,
Being drunk on a day,
His wife ſhe did murmur and chat;
This cobler, they ſay,
Did threſh her that day,
And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

IV.

He had a Magpy
That was very ſly,
That us'd for to murmur and chat,
Who ſoon got the tone,
Before it was long,
Of, What a pox wad ye be at?

V.

And this Magpy,
Who was ſo very ſly,
He into a meeting houſe gat?
And as the old parſon
Was canting his leſſon,
Cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

VI.

The parſon ſurpriz'd,
Did lift up his eyes;
Now help us, pray, Father, in need;
For Satan, I fear
Does viſit us here;
So help us, pray, Father, with ſpeed.

VII.

The parſon again,
Began to explain,

To thoſe around him that ſat;
But Magie indeed
Flew over his head,
And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

VIII.

Then the parſon did ſkip
Five yards at a leap,
From his pulpit quite down to the floor;
And left every ſaint
Quite ready to faint,
Leaping out of the meeting-houſe door.

IX.

Then ſome without hats,
And ſome without hoods,
Then out of the meeting-houſe gat;
And Magie happ'd after,
Which cauſed much laughter,
Crying, What a pox wad ye be at?

X.

Then a ſanctified ſoul,
Who thought to controul,
Look'd Magie quite full in the face,
Said, Satan, how dare
You thus to appear,
In this our ſanctify'd place?

XI.

But Magie he pranc'd,
He ſkipp'd and he danc'd,
And out of the meeting-houſe gat;
And all the way long,
He kept up his ſong,
Of a, What a pox wad ye be at?

The Nurſe's Song.

Tune, *Yellow ſtockings.*

I.

HEY my kitten a kitten,
Hey my kitten a deary;

Such

Such a ſweet pett as this
Is neither far nor neary:
Here we go up, up, up;
Here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

II.

Chicky, cockow, my lily cock;
See, ſee, ſic a downy;
Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
And hey for Dublin towny.
This pig went to the market.
Squeek mouſe, mouſe, mouſy;
Shoe, ſhoe, ſhoe the wild colt,
And hear thy own dol douſy.

III.

Where was a jewel and petty,
Where was a ſugar ſpicy;
Huſh a baba in a cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricy;
Did a papa torment it?
Did-e vex his own baby? did-e?
Huſh a baba in a bouſie;
Take ous own ſucky: did-e?

IV.

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke;
Slavers a threed o' chryſtal.
Now the ſweet poſſet comes up;
Who ſaid my child was piſs'd all?
Come water my chickens, come clock;
Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you;
Come, gi'e me your hand, and I'll beat him:
Wha was it vexed my baby?

V.

Where was a laugh and a craw?
Where was, was a gigling honey?
Goody, good child ſhall be fed,
But naughty child ſhall get nony.

Get ye gone raw head and bloody bones;
Here is a child that won't fear ye.
Come piſſy, piſſy, my jewel,
And ik, ik, ay, my deary.

The worth of Wine.

Tune, *Lat's be jovial*

I.

'TIS wine that clears the underſtanding,
Makes men learn'd withoutten books;
It fits the general for commanding,
And gives ſogers fiercer looks.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

II.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
Heightens beauties of the fair;
Truth from falſhood it diſcovers,
Quickens joys, and conquers care.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

III.

Wine will ſet our ſouls on fire,
Fits us for all glorious things;
When rais'd by Bacchus we aſpire
At flights above the reach of kings.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

IV.

Bring in bonny magnums plenty,
Be each glaſs a bumper crown'd;
None to flinch till they be empty,
And full fifty toaſts go round
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

Tune, *Yellow hair'd Laddie.*

1.

ON Whitſunday morning
I went to the fair,

My

My yellow hair'd laddie
Was ſelling his ware;
He gied me ſick a blyth blink
With his bonny black eye,
And a dear blink, and a fair blink
It was unto me.

II.

I wiſt not what ail'd me
When my laddie came in,
The little wee ſtarnies
Flew ay frae my een;
And the ſweet it dropt down
Frae my very eye-brie,
And my heart ply'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

III.

I wiſt not what ail'd me,
When I went to my bed,
I toſſed and tumbled;
And ſleep frae me fled.
Now, its ſleeping and waking
He's ay in my eye,
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

JONNY FAA, *The Gypſie Laddie.*

I.

THE gypſies came to our Lord's gate,
And wow but they ſang ſweetly;
They ſang ſae ſweet, and ſae very compleat,
That down came the fair lady.

III.

And ſhe came tripping down the ſtair,
And a' her maids before her;
As ſoon as they ſaw her well-far'd face,
They cooſt the glamer o'er her.

III.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie,
For if kith and kin, and a' had ſworn,
I'll follow the gypſie ladd'e.

IV.

Yeſtreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good lord beſide me;
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
Whatever ſhall betide me.

V.

Come to your bed, ſays Jonny Faa,
Oh, come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and I ſwear by the hilt of my ſword,
That your lord ſhall nae mair come near ye.

VI.

I'll go to bed to my Jonny Faa,
And I'll go to my bed to my deary;
For I vow and I ſwear by what paſt yeſtreen,
That my lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

VII.

I'll mak a hap to my Jonny Faa,
And I'll make a hap to my deary,
And he's get a' the goat gaes round,
And my lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

VIII.

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And ſpeir'd for his fair ladie,
The tane ſhe cry'd, the other reply'd,
She's away with the gypſie laddie.

IX.

Gae ſaddle to me my black black ſteed,
Gae ſaddle and make him ready;
Before that I either eat or ſleep,
I'll gae ſeek my fair lady.

X.

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Altho' were na bonny;

And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

Sailor's Song.

HOW happy are we,
Now the wind is abaft;
And the boſſon he pipes,
Hawl both our ſheets aft.
Steady, ſteady, ſays the maſter,
It blows a freſh gale;
We'll ſoon reach our port, boys,
If the wind does not fail.
Then drink about, Tom,
Altho' the ſhip roll;
Then drink about, Tom,
Altho' the ſhip roll:
We'll ſave our rich liquor,
We'll ſave, &c.
By ſlinging our bowl.

ANDRO *and his cutty Gun.*

I.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth was ſhe,
Blyth was ſhe butt and ben;
And well ſhe loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to ſee a tappit hen.
She took me in, and ſet me down,
And heght to keep me lawing free;
But, cunning carling that ſhe was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

II.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But wae's my heart, my caſh was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith was I to pawn my ſhoon.
When we had three times toom'd our ſtoup,
And the nieſt chappen new begun,
In ſtarted, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro with his cutty gun.

III.

III.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes well toaſted brown,
Well does the canny kimmer ken,
They gar the ſcuds gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about;
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun:
And ay the cleaneſt drinker out
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

IV.

He did like ony mavis ſing,
And as I in his oxter ſat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a ſappy kiſs I gat.
I hae been eaſt, I hae been weſt,
I hae been far ayont the ſun;
But the blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

A SONG.

Tune, *Lillibullero.*

THE modes of the court ſo common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendſhip for intereſt is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true you find,
Some friends ſo kind,
Who will give you good counſel themſelves to defend.
In ſorrowful ditty,
They promiſe they pity,
But ſhift you for money, from friend to friend.

A SONG.

Tune, *An old Woman cloathed in grey*, &c.

THROUGH all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuſes his brother:

Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
All professions be-rogue one another;
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

Meddlers out of Season.

I.

COME, lads, ne'er plague your heads,
With what is done in Spain,
But leave to them
Who are supreme,
To settle peace again:
Debating, pratting, jumbling, grumbling,
Pays no nation's debt;
'Tis time must clear it,
Just like claret,
When it is on the fret.

II.

Each one should mind his own,
Not business of the state:
This all we get
By meddling yet,
More troubles to create,
Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring, hamm'ring,
But disturb the town;
Such men of mettle
In a kettle,
Make two holes for one.

III.

If you the danger knew
Of those that a the crown,
You'd scarce envy
A state so high,
But wisely use your own;
Unsteady, giddy, busy, dizzy,
With the dazling height;
Yet daily stooping,

Almost

Almoſt drooping,
Underneath the weight.

IV.

Low ſwains that range the plains,
Their native freedom keep,
Who yet command,
With crook in hand,
Their faithful dog and ſheep:
Their leiſure, pleaſure, ſporting, courting,
None but time deceive;
Whilſt Amaryllis,
Jug and Phillis,
Flow'ry garlands weave.

The Milking-pail.

I.

YE nymphs and Silvan gods,
That love green fields and woods,
When ſpring newly born, herſelf does adorn
With flowers and blooming buds:
Come ſing in the praiſe, while flocks do graze
On yonder pleaſant vale,
Of thoſe that choſe to milk their ews,
And in cold dews, with clouted ſhoes,
To carry the milking-pail.

II.

You goddeſs of the morn,
With bluſhes you adorn,
And take the freſh air, whilſt linnets prepare
A conſort on each green thorn:
The black-bird and thruſh, on every buſh,
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein, their throats do ſtrain,
To entertain the jolly train
Of thoſe of the milking-pail.

III.

When cold bleak winds do rore,
And flowers will ſpring no more,

The fields that were ſeen, ſo pleaſant and green
With winter's all candied o'er,
See how the town laſs, looks with her white face,
And her lips ſo deadly pale:
But it is not ſo, with thoſe that go
Thro' froſt and ſnow, with cheeks that glow,
And carry the milking-pail.

IV.

The miſs of courtly mold,
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
With waſhes and paint, her ſkin does ſo taint,
She's wither'd before ſhe's old;
While ſhe of commode, puts on a cart-load,
And with cuſhions plumps her tail.
What joys are found, in ruſhy ground,
Young, plump and round, nay, ſweet and ſound,
Of thoſe of the milking-pail.

V.

You girls of Venus' game,
That venture health and fame,
In practiſing feats, with cold and heats,
Makes lovers grow blind and lame:
If men were ſo wiſe, to value the prize,
Of the wares moſt fit for the ſale,
What ſtore of beaux, would daub their clothes,
To ſave a noſe, by following of thoſe,
Who carry the milking-pail.

VI.

The country-lad is free
From fears and jealouſie,
Whilſt upon the green, he is often ſeen
With his laſs upon his knee;
With kiſſes moſt ſweet, he doth her ſo treat,
And ſwears ſhe will never grow ſtale;
But the London laſs, in every place,
With brazen face, deſpiſes the grace
Of thoſe of the milking-pail.

The faireſt of her days.

I.

WHOE'ER beholds my Helen's face,
And ſays not that good hap has ſhe;
Who hears her ſpeak, and tents her grace,
Shall think nane ever ſpake but ſhe.
The ſhort way to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt of her days.

II.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,
He maun be deem'd devoid of ſkill;
Her virtues kindle ſtrong deſires
In them that think upon her ſtill.
The ſhort way, &c.

III.

Her red is like unto the roſe
Whaſe buds are opening to the ſun,
Her comely colours do diſcloſe
The firſt degree of ripeneſs won.
The ſhort way, &c.

IV.

And with the red is mixt the white,
Like to the ſun or fair moon-ſhine
That does upon clear waters light,
And makes the colour ſeem divine.
The ſhort way to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt of her days.

Caſt away Care,

I.

CARE, away gae thou frae me,
For I am no fit match for thee;
Thou bereaves me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits:
Therefore I will care no moir,
Since that in cares comes no reſtoir;
But I will ſing hey down a dee.
And caſt doilt care away frae me.

II.

If I want, I care to get,
The moir I have, the moir I fret;
Love I much, I care for moir,
The moir I have, I think I'm poor:
Thus grief and care my mind oppreſs,
Nor wealth nor wae gives no redreſs;
Therefore I'll care no moir in vain,
Since care has coſt me meikle pain.

III.

Is not this world a ſlidd'ry ball?
And think men ſtrange to catch a fall?
Does not the ſea baith ebb and flow?
And fortune's but a painted ſhow.
Why ſhou'd men take care or grief,
Since that by theſe comes no relief?
Some careful ſaw what careleſs reap,
And waſters ware what niggarts ſcrape.

IV.

Well then, ay learn to knaw thyſelf,
And care not for this warldly pelf:
Whether thy 'ſtate be great or ſmall,
Give thanks to God whate'er befal;
Sae ſall thou than ay live at eaſe,
Nae ſudden grief ſhall thee diſpleaſe:
Then mayſt thou ſing, hey down a dee,
When thou haſt caſt all care frae thee.

The Invitation.

I.

COME, love, let's walk by yonder ſpring,
Where we may hear the black-bird ſing,
The robin-red-breaſt, and the thruſh,
And nightingale in thorny buſh,
The mavis ſweetly carroling;
This to my love, this to my love,
Content will bring,

II.

II.

See where the nymph, with all her train,
Comes ſkipping thro' the park amain,
And in this grove ſhe means to ſtay,
At barley-breaks to ſport and play;
Where we may ſit us down and ſee
Fair beauty mixt, fair beauty mixt
With chaſtity.

III.

In yonder dale are fineſt flowers,
With mony pleaſant ſhady bowers,
A purling brook, whoſe ſilver ſtreams
Are beautify'd with Phœbus' beams;
Which ſteal out-thro' the trees for fear,
Becauſe Diana, becauſe Diana
Bathes her there.

IV.

All her delight is as ye ſee,
This way to ſport, and here to be
Delyting in this calour ſpring,
Only to bathe herſelf therein,
Until Actæon her eſpy'd;
Then to the thicket, then to the thicket
Did ſhe glyde.

V.

And there by magic art ſhe wrought,
And in her heart ſhe thus bethought;
With ſecret ſpeed away to flee,
And he a hart was turn'd to be;
Becauſe he follow'd Diana's train,
His life he loſt, his life he loſt,
Her love to gain.

Slighted Love ſair to bide

I.

I Had a heart, but now I heartleſs gae;
I had a mind, but daily was oppreſt;
I had a friend that's now become my fae;
I had a will that now has freedom loſt:

What have I now?
Naithing I trow,
But grief where I had joy;
What am I than?
A heartleſs man:
Could love me thus deſtroy!
I love, I ſerve ane whom I much regard,
Yet for my love diſdain is my reward.

II.

Where ſhall I gang to hide my weary face?
Where ſhall I find a place for my defence?
Where my true love remains, the fitteſt place
Of all the earth, that is my confidence.
She is my heart
Till I depart;
Let her do what ſhe liſt,
I cannot mend,
But ſtill depend,
And daily to inſiſt,
To purchaſe love, if love my love deſerve;
If not for love, let love my body ſtarve.

III.

O lady fair! whom I do honour moſt,
Your name and fame within my breaſt I have;
Let not my love and labour thus be loſt,
But ſtill in mind I pray thee to engrave,
That I am true,
And ſhall not rue
Ane word that I have ſaid:
I am your man,
Do what you can,
When all theſe plays are play'd.
Then ſave your ſhip unbroken on the ſand,
Since man and goods are all at your command.

The Country Laſs's Ambition.

I.

WHAT tho' they call me country laſs?
I read it plainly in my glaſs,

That

That for a Dutcheſs I might paſs;
Oh, could I ſee the day!
Wou'd fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring and ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of them all,
With a Stand-by, clear the way.

II.

Surrounded by a croud of beaux,
With ſmart toupees, and powder'd clothes,
At rivals I'll turn up my noſe;
Oh, could I ſee the day!
I'll dart ſuch glances from theſe eyes,
Shall make ſome Duke, or Lord, my prize;
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize,
With a Stand-by, clear the way.

III.

Oh! then for every new delight,
For equipage, and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and balls, and plays all night;
Oh, could I ſee the day!
Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill;
In every thing I'd have my will,
With a Stand-by, clear the way.

Petticoat Wooing.

I.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm bluſhes,
For how can I ſpeak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you my wiſhes:
Why can't you the meaning explain?

II.

My paſſion would looſe by expreſſion,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then pray don't expect a confeſſion
Of what is too tender to name.

III.

Since yours is the province of ſpeaking,
How can you expect it from me?

Our wiſhes ſhou'd be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they ſhould be.

IV.

Then quickly why don't you diſcover?
Did your heart feel ſuch tortures as mine,
I need not tell over and over
What I in my boſom confine.

Colin's *Reply*.

I.

Good madam, when ladies are willing,
A man muſt needs look like a fool;
For me I wou'd not give a ſhilling
For one that does love without rule.

II.

At leaſt ye ſhould wait for our offers,
Not ſnatch like old maids in deſpair;
Had you liv'd to theſe years without proffers,
Your ſighs were all ſpent in the air.

III.

You ſhou'd leave us to gueſs at your bluſhing,
And not tell the matter ſo plain;
'Tis ours to be writing and puſhing,
And yours to affect a diſdain.

IV.

But you're in a terrible taking,
By all the fond oglings I ſee;
The fruit that can fall without ſhaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.

Celia *and* Sabina.

I.

Thirsis, a young and am'rous ſwain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart ſubdue:
Gay Celia's eyes were dazling fair;
Sabina's eaſy ſhape and air,
With ſofter muſic drew.

II.

II.

He haunts the ſtream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And ſeems for each to die;
Till each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina Celia's ſhape ran down,
And ſhe Sabina's eye.

III.

Their envy made the ſhepherd find,
Thoſe eyes that love could only blind;
So ſet the lover free.
No more he haunts the grove or ſtream,
Or, with a true love knot or name,
Engraves a wounded tree.

IV.

Ah Celia! ſly Sabina cry'd,
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd,
Let either fix the dart.
Poor girl! ſays Celia, ſay no more;
That ſpite which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

The ſerious Lover.

I.

BELIEVE my ſighs, my tears, my dear,
Relieve the heart you've won;
Believe my vows to you ſincere,
Or, Jenny, I'm undone.
You ſay, I'm fickle, and apt to change
At every face that's new:
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

II.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
Till warm'd by your bright eye;
And then it kindled in a trice,
A flame that ne'er can die.

Then

Then take and try me, you ſhall find
That I've a heart that's true;
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

SYLVIA *to* ALEXIS.

ALEXIS, how artleſs a lover!
How baſhful and ſilly you grow!
In my eyes can you never diſcover,
I mean *yes*, when I often ſay *no?*
I mean, &c.

II.

When you pine and you whine out your paſſion,
And only intreat for a kiſs;
To be coy and deny is the faſhion,
Alexis ſhould raviſh the bliſs.
Alexis ſhould, &c.

III.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reaſon
To make ſome defence for the town:
To ſurrender without it were treaſon,
Before that the out-works were won.
Before that, &c.

IV.

If I frown, 'tis my bluſhes to cover,
'Tis for honour and modeſty's ſake;
He is but a pitiful lover
Who is foil'd by a ſingle attack.
Who is, &c.

V.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
The beſt and the braveſt muſt yield;
I'm not to be won by a coward,
Who hardly dares enter the field.
Who hardly, &c.

CUPID *miſtaken*,

I.

AS after noon, one ſummer day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a river,

Cupid

Cupid a ſhooting went that way,
New ſtrung his bow, and fill'd his quiver;
With ſkill he choſe his ſharpeſt dart,
With all his might his bow he drew,
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,
The too well guided arrow flew.

II.

I faint, I die, the goddeſs cry'd:
O cruel? cou'dſt thou find none other
To wreck thy ſpleen on? parricide,
Like Nero, thou haſt ſlain thy mother!
Poor Cupid, ſobbing, ſcarce could ſpeak;
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſy the miſtake!
I took you for your likeneſs Chloe.

Tell me, my heart.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but her's can bear,
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If ſhe ſome other ſwain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt friend,
That inſtant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, or ſhady grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When arm'd with inſolent diſdain,
She ſeem'd to triumph in my pain;
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Nought but Love.

I.

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
The weſtern clouds were lin'd with gold,
The ſky was clear, the winds were ſtill,
The flocks were pent within the fold;
When from the ſilence of the grove,
Poor Damon thus deſpair'd of love.

II.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe
From the bare rock, or oozy beach;
Who, from each barren weed that grows,
Expects the grape, or bluſhing peach;
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in woman-kind.

III.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No paſtures green, nor gardens fair,
For maiden's venal heart to gain:
Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove,
For I, alas! have nought but love.

IV.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and ſold!
They aſk not vows of ſacred truth,
Whene'er they ſigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove,
But I, alas! have nought but love.

V.

To buy the gems of India's coaſt,
What wealth, what treaſure can ſuffice?
Not all their ſhine can ever boaſt,
The living luſtre of her eyes:

For theſe the world too cheap would prove;
But I, alas! have nought but love.

VI.

O Silvia! ſince nor gems nor oar,
Can with your brighter charms compare,
Conſider that I offer more,
More ſeldom found, a ſoul ſincere:
Let riches meaner beauties move,
Who pays thy worth, muſt pay in love.

The Girl that's blyth and gay.

Tune, *Black Jock.*

OF all the girls in our town,
Or black or yellow, or fair, or brown,
With their ſoft eyes, and faces ſo bright;
Give me a girl that's blyth and gay,
As warm as June, and as ſweet as May,
With her heart free, and faithful as light.
What lovely couple then could be,
So happy and ſo bleſt as we!
On whom the ſweeteſt joys would ſmile,
And all the cares of life beguile,
Entranc'd in bleſs each rapt'rous night.

The Rival.

OF all the torment, all the care,
By which our lives are curſt,
Of all the ſorrows that we bear,
A rival is the worſt.
By partners in another kind
Afflictions eaſier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions in our woe.

II.

Sylvia, for all the griefs you ſee,
Ariſing in my breaſt,
I beg not that you'd pity me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt,

How-

Howe'er ſevere your rigours are,
Alone with them I'd cope;
I can endure my own deſpair,
But not another's hope.

Belinda.

I.

Would fate to me Belinda give,
With her alone I'd chuſe to live,
Variety I'd ne'er require,
Nor a greater, nor a greater,
Nor a greater bliſs deſire.

II.

My charming nymph, if you can find
Amongſt the race of human kind,
A man that loves your more than I,
I'll reſign you, I'll reſign you,
I'll reſign you, tho' I die.

III.

Let my Belinda fill my arms,
With all her beauty, all her charms;
With ſcorn and pity I'd look down
On the glories, on the glories,
On the glories of a crown.

The Bottle preferr'd.

I.

Proud woman, I ſcorn you,
Briſk wine's my delight,
I'll drink all the [illegible]
And I'll revel a[illegible]ht.

II.

As great as a monarch,
The moments I paſs,
The bottle's my globe,
And my ſcptre's the glaſs.

III.

The table's my throne,
And the tavern's my court,

The

The drawer's my ſubject,
And drinking's my ſport.
Here's the chief of all joy.

IV.

Here's a miſtreſs ne'er coy;
Dear cure of all ſorrows,
And life of all bliſs;
I'm a king when I hug you,
But more when I kiſs.

The Play of Love.

Firſt Act.

THE play of love is now begun,
And thus the actions do go on;
Strephon, enamour'd, courts the fair,
She hears him with a careleſs air,
And ſmiles to find him in love's ſnare.

Second Act.

The act tune play'd, they meet again,
Here pity moves her for her pain,
Which ſhe evades with ſome pretence,
And thinks ſhe may with love diſpenſe,
But pants to hear a man of ſenſe.

Third Act.

The third approach her lover makes,
She colours up, whene'er he ſpeaks,
But with feign'd ſlights ſhe puts him by,
And faintly cries, ſhe can't comply,
Altho' ſhe gives her heart the ly.

Fourth Act.

Now the plot riſes, he ſeems ſhy,
As if ſome other fair he'd try;
At which ſhe ſwells with ſpleen and fear,
Leſt ſome more wiſe his love ſhould ſhare,
Which yet no woman e'er can bear.

Fifth Act.

The laſt act now is wrought ſo high,
That thus it crowns the lover's joy;

She does no more his paſſion ſhun,
He ſtraight into her arms does run:
The curtain falls, the play is done.

The modern Marriage Queſtion.

HAPPY the world in that bleſt age,
When beauty was not bought and ſold,
When the fair mind was uninflam'd
With the mean thirſt of baneful gold.
With the mean thirſt, &c.

II.

Then the kind ſhepherd when he ſigh'd,
The ſwain, whoſe dog was all his wealth,
Was not by cruel parents forc'd
To breath the am'rous vow by ſtealth.
To breathe, &c.

III.

Now the firſt queſtion fathers aſk,
When for their girls fond lovers ſue,
Is,—*What's the ſettlement you'll make?*
You're poor!——he flings the door at you.
You're poor! &c.

The wiſe Penitent.

Sung by Mr. Gay.

I.

DAPHNIS ſtood penſive in the ſhade,
With arms a-croſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, ſighs, and actions ſeem'd to ſay,
My Chloe is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſoft notes,
My Chloe's voice, that wakes my pains.

But why ſhould you your ſongs forbear?
Your mates delight your ſongs to hear,
But Chloe mine diſdains.

III.

And thus he melancholy ſtood
Dejected, as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſound broke gently thro' the wood.
I feel a ſound, my heart ſtrings move:
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No, 'tis Chloe's ſweeter tongue:
Hark! hark! what ſays my love?

IV.

How ſimple is the nymph, ſhe cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain?
Nature ſtill ſpeaks ſtill in women's eyes,
Our artful lips are made to feign.
Oh Daphnis! Daphnis! 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd:
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

At t'other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with trickling motion flew,
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew:
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain;
Then hadſt thou preſt my hand again,
My heart had yielded too.

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy ſkill in ſong defam'd,
Thy lips ſhould other pleaſures ſeek.
Much, much thy muſic I approve,
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

VII.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd;
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone!

Laſt night with Delia's dog he play'd;
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart betray.
Ah Chloe! thou art won.

VIII.

The youth ſtept forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing Chloe lay;
Shame ſudden lightned in her face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay;
At laſt, in broken words, ſhe cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day.

Buttery May.

I.

IN yonder town there wons a May,
Snack and perfyte, as can be ony,
She is ſae jimp, ſae gamp, ſae gay,
Sae capernoytie, and ſae bonny;
She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
But ſhe was very ill to win;
She wadna hae him except he were bonny,
Tho' he were ne'er ſo noble a kin.

II.

Her bonnyneſs has been foreſeen,
In ilka town baith far and near,
And when ſhe kirns her minny's kirn
She rubs her face till it grows clear;
But when her minny ſhe did perceive
Sic great in-lack amang the butter,
Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,
'Tis creeſh that gars your grunzie glitter.
There's Dunkyſon, Davyſon, Robie Carniel,
The laſs wi' the petticoat dances right well,
Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum, Stony,
An ye dance ony mair, weſe tell meſs Johny.
Sing, &c.

HODGE *of the Mill and buxome* NELL.

I.

YOUNG Roger of the mill,
One morning very ſoon,
Put on his beſt apparel,
New hoſe and clouted ſhoon;
And he a wooing came
To bonny buxome Nell,
Dear laſs, cries he, coud'ſt fancy me,
I like thee wond'rous well.

II.

My horſes I have dreſt,
And gi'en them corn and hay,
Put on my beſt apparel;
And having come this way,
Let's ſit and chat a while
With thee, my bonny Nell,
Dear laſs, cries he, cou'dſt fancy me,
I'ſe like thy perſon well.

III.

Young Roger, you're miſtaken,
The damſel then reply'd,
I'm not in ſuch a haſte
To be a plowman's bride;
Know, I then live in hopes
To marry a farmer's ſon:
If it be ſo, ſays Hodge, I'll go;
Sweet miſtreſs, I have done.

IV.

Your horſes you have dreſt,
Good Hodge, I hear you ſay,
Put on your beſt apparel,
And being come this way,
Come ſit and chat a while.
O no indeed, not I,
I'll neither wait, nor ſit, nor prat,
I've other fiſh to fry.

V.

Go take your farmer's ſon,
With all my honeſt heart;
What tho' my name be Roger,
That goes at plow and cart?
I need not tarry long,
I ſoon may gain a wife;
There's buxome Joan, it is well known,
She loves me as her life.

VI.

Pray, what of buxome Joan?
Can't I pleaſe you as well?
For ſhe has ne'er a peny,
And I am buxome Nell,
And I have fifty ſhillings:
(The money made him ſmile:)
Oh, then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,
And chat with thee a while.

VII.

Within the ſpace of half an hour
This couple a bargain ſtruck,
Hoping that with their money
They both would have good luck.
To your fifty I have forty,
With which a cow we'll buy;
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,
Then who but you and I?

Tarry Woo.

I.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to ſpin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well e'er ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd and ſpun,
Then the work is haſtens done;
But when woven, dreſt and clean,
It may be cleeding for a queen.

II.

II.

Sing, my bonny harmleſs ſheep,
That feed upon the mountains ſteep,
Bleeting ſweetly as ye go
Thro' the winter froſt and ſnow.
Hart and hynd, and fallow deer,
No be haff ſae uſeful are;
Frae kings to him that hads the plow
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

III.

Up, ye ſhepherds, dance and ſkip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praiſe of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmleſs creatures without blame,
That cleed the back, and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fu';
Leeſe me on the tarry woo.

IV.

How happy is a ſhepherd's life!
Far frae courts and free of ſtrife,
While the gimmers bleet and bae,
And the lambkins anſwer mae:
No ſuch muſic to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear:
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo.

V.

He lives content, and envies none,
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal ſceptre ſways,
Has not ſweeter holy days.
Wha o'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a ſhepherd ſings ſae well?
Sings ſae well, and pays his due,
With honeſt heart and tarry woo.

Smirky Nan.

Tune, *Nanny—O.*

I.

AH! woes me, poor Willy cry'd,
See how I'm waſted to a ſpan?
My heart I loſt, when firſt I ſpy'd,
The charming, lovely milk-maid Nan.
I'm grown ſo weak, a gentle breeze
Of duſky Roger's winnowing fan
Would blow me o'er yon beachy trees,
And all for thee, my ſmirky Nan.

II.

The ale-wife miſſes me of late,
I us'd to take a hearty can;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
Unleſs 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.
The baker makes the beſt of bread,
The flower he takes, and leaves the bran,
The bran is every other maid,
Compar'd with thee, my ſmirky Nan.

III.

But Dick of th' green, that naſty lown,
Laſt Sunday to my miſtreſs ran,
He ſnatch'd a kiſs; I knock'd him down,
Which hugely pleas'd my ſmirky Nan.
But hark! the roaring ſoger comes,
And rattles Tantara-taran,
She leaves her cows for noiſy drums;
Woes me, I've loſt my ſmirky Nan.

HAPPINESS.

Tune, *To all you ladies now at land.*

I.

MY deareſt maid, ſince you deſire
To know what I would wiſh,
What ſtore of wealth I would require
To gain true happineſs;

This

This faithful inventary take,
Of all that life can eaſy make.

II.

Here happy only are the few
Who wiſh to live at home,
Who never do extend their view
Beyond their ſmall income,
An income which ſhould ever be
The fruit of honeſt induſtry.

III.

A ſoul ſerene, and free from fears,
With no contentions vex'd,
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
To be at all perplex'd.
A body that's with health endow'd,
An open temper, yet not rude.

IV.

A heart that's always circumſpect,
Unknowing to deceive,
Yet ever wiſely can reflect,
Not eaſy to believe.
As to my dreſs, let it be plain,
Yet always neat without a ſtain.

V.

A cleanly hearth and chearful fire,
To drive away the cold;
A moderate glaſs one would require
When merry tales are told:
The company of an eaſy friend,
My like in fortune and in mind.

VI.

Some ſhelfs of books of the righ: kind,
For knowledge and delight,
Not intricate, nor interlind'd
With narrow party ſpite:
A garden fair, to paint me clear
Nature's gradations thro' the year.

VII.

To give true reliſh to delight,
A chaſte and cheerful wife,
With ſweeteſt humour to unite
Our hearts, as long as life:
Sound ſleep, whoſe kind deluſive turn,
Shall join the evening to the morn.

VIII.

So would we live agreeably,
And ever be content,
To providence ay thankful be
For all thoſe bleſſings lent.
O ſovereign power! but grant me this,
No more I'll aſk, no more I'll wiſh.

Merry Beggars.

Firſt Beggar.

I Once was a poet at London,
I kept my heart ſtill full of glee;
There's no man can ſay that I'm undone,
For begging's no new trade to me.
Tol derol, &c.

Second Beggar.

I once was an attorney at law,
And after a knight of the poſt;
Give me a briſk wench and clean ſtraw,
And I value not who rules the roaſt.
Tol derol, &c.

Third Beggar.

Make room for a ſoldier in buff,
Who valiantly ſtrutted about,
Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
And then he moſt wiſely ſold out.
Tol derol, &c.

Fourth Beggar.

Here comes a courtier polite, ſir,
Who flatter'd my lord to his face;
Now railing is all his delight, ſir,
Becauſe he miſs'd getting a place,
Tol derol, &c.

Fifth Beggar.

I ſtill am a merry gut-ſcraper,
My heart never yet felt a qualm;
Tho' poor, I can frolic and vapour,
And ſing any tune but a pſalm,
Tol derol, &c.

Sixth Beggar.

I was a fanatical preacher,
I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd;
But my hearers half-ſtarv'd their teacher,
For they believ'd not one word that I ſaid.
Tol derol, &c.

Firſt Beggar.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him liſt, and from us he may learn;
In palaces who ſhall you ſee
Half ſo happy as we in a barn?
Tol derol, &c.

CHORUS.

Whoe'er would be merry, &c.

Love, Drink and Debt.

I.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
Theſe many and many a year;
And theſe are plagues enough, I ſhould think,
For any poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me fall into debt;
And tho' I have ſtruggled and ſtrove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

II.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain:
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets;
And my miſtreſs, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again;
Then, then I ſhall fall to my loving and drinking again.

A Love

A Love Song in the modern Taſte, by Dr. Swift.

I.

FLutt'ring ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions
Nature muſt give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath your flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth,
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers,
Fair diſcretion ſtring the lyre,
Sooth my ever waking numbers,
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of Terrors,
Arm'd with adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypreſs, verdent willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows.
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy, ſmooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate;
See the birds of Juno ſtooping:
Melody reſigns to fate.

The Sailors Rant.

HOW pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the wat'ry main!
No treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But cheerfully ſpends all his gain.
We're ſtrangers to party and faction,
To honour and honeſty true;
And would not commit a bad action,
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glittering toy?
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
Goes thorow the world, brave boy.

II.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleſſings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds ſtrife.
When terrible tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous billows affright;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful induſtry ſteers right.
Then why ſhould, &c.

III.

The courtier's more ſubject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the ſtate,
Than we, that to politicks are ſtrangers,
Eſcape the ſnares laid for the great.
The various bleſſings of nature,
In various nations we try;

No

No mortal than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why ſhould, &c.

The free Maſons Song.

I.

COME let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Aſſembled on merry occaſion:
Let's drink, laugh and ſing,
Our wine has a ſpring;
Here's a health to an accepted maſon.

II.

The world is in pain
Our ſecret to gain.
But ſtill let them wonder and gaze on;
They ne'er can divine
The word or the ſign,
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

III.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why ſo many great men in the nation,
Should aprons put on,
To make themſelves one
With a free and an accepted maſon.

IV.

Great Kings, Dukes and Lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our my'ſtry to put a good face on,
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd,
With a free and an accpted maſon.

V.

Still firm to our truſt,
In friendſhip we're juſt.
Our actions we guide by our reaſon:

By

By obſerving this rule,
The paſſions move cool,
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

VI.

All idle debate,
About church or the ſtate,
The ſprings of impiety and treaſon:
Theſe raiſers of ſtrife
Ne'er ruffle the life,
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

VII.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our ſide,
Which adds high renown to our ſtation:
There's nought but what's good,
To be underſtood,
By a free and an accepted maſon.

VIII.

The clergy embrace,
And all Aaron's race,
Our ſquare actions their knowledge to place on:
And in each degree,
They'll honoured be
With a free and an accepted maſon.

IX.

We're true and ſincere
In our love to the fair,
Who will truſt us on every occaſion:
No mortal can more,
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted maſon.

X.

Then join hand in hand,
T' each other firm ſtand,
Let's be merry, and put a good face on:
What mortal can boaſt,
So noble a toaſt
As a free and an accepted maſon?

The Fumblers Rant.

I.

COme carles a' of fumblers ha',
And I will tell you of our fate,
Since we have married wives that's braw,
And canna pleaſe them when 'tis late;
A pint we'll take, our hearts to cheer;
What faults we have, our wives can tell:
Gar brings us in baith ale and beer,
The auldeſt bairn we hae's our ſell.

II.

Chriſt'ning of weans we are redd of,
The pariſh prieſt 'tis he can tell,
We awe him nought but a gray groat,
The off'ring for the houſe we dweil.
Our bairns tocher is a' paid,
We're maſters of the gear our ſell;
Let either well or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

III.

Our nibour's auld ſon and the laſs,
Into the barn amang the ſtrae,
He grips her in the dark begueſs,
And after that comes meikle wae.
Repentance ay comes afterhin',
It coſt the carle baith corn and hay:
We're quat of that with little din,
Sic croſſes haunts ne'er you nor I.

IV.

Now merry, merry may we be,
When we think on our nibour Robie,
The way the carle does we ſee,
Wi' his auld ſon, and daughter Maggy:
Boots he maun hae, piſtols, why not.
The huſſy maun hae corkit ſhoon:
We are no ſae; gar fill the pot,
We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

V.

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
To Hughie, Andrew, Rob and Tam;
We'll ſit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
It is o'er ſoon for us to gang
Foul ſa' the cock, he's ſpilt the play,
And I do trow he's but a fool,
We'll ſit a while, 'tis lang to day,
For a' the cocks they rave at Yool.

VI.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
The foremeſt hame ſhall bear the mell;
I'll ſet me down; leſt I be ſee,
For fear that I ſhou'd bear't my ſell.
And I, quoth Rob, and down ſat he,
The gear ſhall never me out-ride,
But we'll take a ſoup of the barley bree,
And drink unto our yell fire ſide.

If e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder.

I.

When I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad;
If e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder:
I ſpent all my means
On whores, bawds, and queans;
Then I got a commiſſion to plunder.
Fal al de ral, &c.

II.

The hat I have on
So greaſy is grown,
Remarkable 'tis for its ſhining:
'Tis ſtitch'd all about,
Without buton or loop,
And never a bit of a lining.
Fal al de ral, &c.

III.

The coat I have on,
So threed-bare is worn,

So out at the arm-pits and elbows,
That I look as abſurd
As a ſailor on board,
That has lien fifteen months in the bilbos.
Fal al de ral, &c.

IV.

My ſhirt it is tore
Both behind and before,
The colour is much like a cinder;
'Tis ſo thin and ſo fine,
That it is my deſign
To preſent it to the muſes for tinder.
Fal al de ral, &c.

V.

My blue fuſtain breeches
Is wore to the ſtitches,
My legs you may ſee what's between them;
My pockets all four,
I'm the ſon of a whore,
If there's ever one farthing within them.
Fal al de ral, &c.

VI.

I have ſtockings, 'tis true,
But the Devil a ſhoe,
I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather;
Be damn'd the boot ſole,
Curſe on the ſpur-roll,
Confounded be the upper-leather.
Fal al de ral, &c.

VII.

Had ye then but ſeen
The ſad plight I was in,
Ye'd not ſeen ſuch a poet 'mongſt twenty;
I have nothing that's full,
But my ſkirt and my ſcull,
For my pocket and belly were empty.
Fal al de ral, &c.

The bonny Earl of MURRAY.

I.

YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
Oh! where have you been?
They have ſlain the Earl of Murray,
And they laid him on the green.
They have, &c.

II.

Now, wae be to thee, Huntly,
And wherefore did you ſae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to ſlay.
I bade, &c.

III.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might have been a king.
And the, &c.

IV.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.
And the, &c.

V.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the queen's love.
And the, &c.

VI.

Oh! lang will his lady
Look o'er the caſtle down,
E'er ſhe ſee the Earl of Murray,
Come ſounding thro' the town.
E'er ſhe, &c.

The Cobler.

I.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall,
Which ſerv'd him for parlour, for kitchen & hall;
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy,
If at night he could purchaſe a cup of brown nappy;
He'd laugh then and whiſtle, and ſing too moſt ſweet,
Saying, Juſt to a hair I have made both ends meet.
Derry down, &c.

III.

But love, the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau,
He ſhot the poor cobler quite thro' the heart,
I wiſh it had hit ſome more ignoble part.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxome young damſel continually lay;
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe every day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler ſtraight over the way.
Derry down, &c.

V.

He ſung her love-ſongs as he ſat at his work,
But ſhe was as hard as a Jew or a Turk; (tear,
Whenever he ſpoke, ſhe would flounce, and would
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his body inſtead of the ſoal:
So the cobler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, &c.

SUSAN'S

Susan's *Complaint and Remedy.*

I.

As down in the meadows I chanced to paſs,
Oh! there I beheld a young beautiful laſs,
Her age, I am ſure, it was ſcarcely fifteen,
And ſhe on her head wore a garland of green:
Her lips were like rubies, and as for her eyes,
They ſparkled like diamonds, or ſtars in the ſkies,
And as for her voice, it was charming and clear,
And ſhe ſung a ſong for the loſs of her dear.

II.

Why does my love Willy prove falſe and unkind?
Ah! why does he change like the wavering wind,
From one that is loyal in every degree?
Ah! why does he change to another from me?
Or does he take pleaſure to torture me ſo?
Or does he delight in my ſad overthrow?
Suſannah will always prove true to her truſt,
'Tis pity lov'd Willy ſhou'd prove ſo unjuſt.

III.

In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
There did we paſs the ſoft minutes away;
Then was I kiſs'd, and ſet down on his knee,
No man in the world was ſo loving as he.
And as he went forth to harrow or plow,
I milk'd him ſweet ſillabubs under my cow:
O then I was kiſs'd as I ſat on his knee!
No man in the world was ſo loving as he.

IV.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair
Employs all his wiſhes, his thoughts and his care;
He kiſſes her lips, as ſhe ſits on his knee,
And ſays all the ſweet things he once ſaid to me:
But if ſhe believe him, the falſe hearted ſwain
Will leave her, and then ſhe with me may complain;
For nought is more certain, believe ſilly Sue,
Who once has been faithleſs can never be true.

V.

She finiſh'd her ſong, and roſe up to be gone,
When over the meadow came jolly young John,
Who told her that ſhe was the joy of his life,
And if ſhe'd conſent he would make her his wife:
She could not refuſe him, ſo to church they went;
Young Willy's forgot, and young Suſan's content.
Moſt men are like Willy, moſt women like Sue;
If men will be falſe, why ſhou'd women be true?

LUCY *and* COLIN.

I.

OF Leiſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face;
Till luckleſs love, and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

II.

Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life was near an end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.

III.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing;
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound,
And thus in dying words beſpoke,
The virgins weeping round:

IV.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
I ſee a hand you cannot ſee,
Which beckons me away.
By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die;
Was I to blame, becauſe his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

V.

Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know falſe man,
That Lucy will be there.

VI.

Then bear my coarſe, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blyth to meet;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
I in my winding-ſheet.
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd; her coarſe was borne,
The bridegroom blyth to meet;
He in his wedding trim ſo gay,
She in her winding ſheet.

VII.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were theſe nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

VIII.

From the vain bride, (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimſon fled,

When ſtretch'd before her rival's coarſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mold with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever now remains.

IX.

Oft at his grave the conſtant hynd,
And plighted maids are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true love knots
They deck the ſacred green.
But ſwain foreſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him here.

Gently touch, &c.

I.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe ſeems inclin'd to reſt,
Fill her ſoul with fond deſire,
Softeſt notes will ſooth her breaſt.
Pleaſing dreams aſſiſt in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

II.

On the moſſy bank ſhe lyes,
(Nature's verdant velvet bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whiſpers ſound.

Imitated.

I.

GENTLY ſtir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roaſt:
Get me quick, 'tis my deſire,
In the dreeping-pan a toaſt,
That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

II

On the dreſſer ſee it lyes:
Oh the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
On the ſweeteſt graſs it fed:
Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

III.

On the table ſpread the cloth,
Let the knives be ſharp and clean;
Pickles get of every ſort,
And a ſallad criſp and green:
Then with ſmall beer and ſparkling wine,
O ye gods, how ſhall I dine!

On Maſonry.

I.

BY maſon's art, the aſpiring dome
In various columns ſhall ariſe;
All climates are their native home,
Their godlike actions reach the ſkies,
Heroes and kings revere their name,
And poets ſing their deathleſs fame.

II.

Great, gen'rous, noble, wiſe and brave,
Are titles they moſt juſtly claim;
Their deeds ſhall live beyond the grave,
Which babes unborn ſhall loud proclaim;
Time ſhall their glorious acts inroll,
Whilſt love and friendſhip charm the ſoul.

The Toper's Petition.

I.

O Grant me, kind Bacchus,
The god of the vine,
Not a pipe nor a tun,
But an ocean of wine,
With a ſhip that's well mann'd
With ſuch rare hearted fellows,

Who

Who ne'er left the tavern
For a porterly ale-houſe.

II.

Let the ſhip ſpring a leak,
To let in the tipple,
Without pump or long boat,
To ſave ſhip or people;
So that each jolly lad
May always be bound,
Or to drink, or to drink,
Or to drink, or be drown'd.

III.

When death does prevail,
It is my deſign,
To be nobly intomb'd
In a wave of good wine:
So that living or dead,
Both body and ſpirit,
May float round the world
In an ocean of claret.

Bonny BARBARA ALLAN.

I.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Græme in the weſt country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

II.

He ſent his man down thro' the town,
To the place where ſhe was dwelling,
O haſte and come to my maſter dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

III.

O hooly, hooly roſe ſhe up,
To the place where he was lying.
And when ſhe drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think you're dying.

IV.

O its I'm ſick, and very ſick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.

O the better for me ye's never be,'
Tho' your heart's blood were a ſpilling.

V.

O dinna ye mind, young man, ſaid ſhe,
When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And ſlighted Barbara Allan.

VI.

He turn'd, his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

VII.

And ſlowly, ſlowly, raiſe ſhe up,
And ſlowly, ſlowly left him;
And, ſighing, ſaid, ſhe could not ſtay,
Since death of life had reft him.

VIII.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When ſhe heard the dead-bell toiling,
At every jow the dead-bell gied,
It cry'd, Woe be to Barbara Allan.

IX.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it ſaft and narrow;
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

Bellaſpelling.

I.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Lewelling,
By water clear, come every year
And drink at Bellaſpelling.
Tho' pox and itch your ſkin enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin, e'er you have been
A month at Bellaſpelling.

II.

II.

Tho' ladies cheeks be green as leeks,
When they come from their dwelling,
The kindling roſe within them blows,
While ſhe's at Bellaſpelling.
The ſutty brown, juſt come from town,
Grows here as freſh as Helen;
Then back ſhe goes to kill the beaux,
By dint of Bellaſpelling.

III.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair,
As Roſs, or bright Dunkelling,
And Mars might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at Bellaſpelling.
We muſt ſubmit, as they think fit,
And there is no rebelling;
The reaſon's plain, our ladies reign
Our queens at Bellaſpelling.

IV.

By matchleſs charms, and conquerings arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such deſperate foes, as dare oppoſe
Their power at Bellaſpelling.
Cold water turns to fire and burns,
I know't becauſe I fell in
The happy ſtream, where a fair dame
Did bathe at Bellaſpelling.

V.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
And bring their Anne and Nell in,
With ſo much grace, I'm ſure no place
Can vie with Bellaſpelling.
No politicks, or ſubtile tricks,
No man his country ſelling;
We eat and drink, and never think
Like rogues at Bellaſpelling.

VI.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,
They all come here pell-mell in,

And

And they are ſure to find a cure,
By drinking Bellaſpelling.
Tho' dropſy fill you to the gill.
From chin to toe high ſwelling,
Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt
A cure at Bellaſpelling.

VII.

Death throws no darts in theſe good parts,
No ſextons here are knelling:
Come judge and try, you'll never die
While you're at bellaſpelling;
Except you feel darts tip'd with ſteel,
Which here are every belle in,
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flys,
You die at Bellaſpelling.

VIII.

Good cheer, good air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte and ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſported much
Each day at Bellaſpelling.
Within this bound, we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs are yelling,
Except you wake for Celia's ſake,
All night at Bellaſpelling.

IX.

Here all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in,
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who live at Bellaſpelling.
My rhyme is gone, I think I've done,
Unleſs I ſhou'd bring hell in;
But ſince we're here, to heav'n ſo near,
I can't at Bellaſpelling.

O my heavy Heart!

Tune, *The Broom of* Cowdenknows.

I.

O My heart, my heavy, heavy heart!
Swells as't wou'd burſt in twain:

No

No tongue can e'er deſcribe its ſmart;
Nor can I conceal its pain.
O my heart, &c.

II.

Blow on ye winds, deſcend ſoft rains,
To ſooth my tender grief;
Your ſolemn muſick lulls my pains,
And yields me ſhort relief.
O my heart, &c.

III.

In ſome lone corner would I ſit,
Retir'd from human kind;
Since mirth, nor ſhow, nor ſparkling wit,
Can eaſe my anxious mind.
O my heart, &c.

IV.

The ſun which makes all nature gay,
Torments my weary eyes,
And in dark ſhades I paſs the day,
Where echo ſleeping lyes.
O my heart, &c.

V.

The ſparkling ſtars which gayly ſhine,
And glittering deck the night,
Are all ſuch cruel foes of mine,
I ſicken at their ſight.
O my heart, &c.

VI.

The gods themſelves their creatures love,
Who do their aid implore;
O learn of them, and bleſs the nymph
Who only you adore.
O my heart, &c.

VII.

The ſtrongeſt paſſion of the mind,
The greateſt bliſs we know,
Ariſes from ſucceſsful love,
If not the greateſt woe.
O my heart, &c.

Kind ROBIN *lo'es me.*

Robin.

WHILST I alone your ſoul poſſeſt,
And none more lov'd your boſom preſt,
Ye gods, what king like me was bleſt,
When kind Jeany lo'ed me!
Hey ho Jeany, quoth he,
Kind Robin lo'es thee.

Jeany.

Whilſt you ador'd no other fair,
Nor Kate with me your heart did ſhare,
What queen with Jeany cou'd compare,
When kind Robin lo'ed me!
Hey ho Robin, *&c,*

Robin.

Katy now commands my heart,
Kate who ſings with ſo much art,
Whoſe life to ſave with mine I'd part;
For kind Katy lo'es me.
Hey ho Jeany, *&c.*

Jeany.

Paty now delights mine eyes,
He with equal ardour dies,
Whoſe life to ſave I'd periſh twice;
For kind Paty lo'es me
Hey ho Robin, *&c.*

Robin.

What if I Kate for thee diſdain,
And former love return again,
To link us in the ſtrongeſt chain;
For kind Robin lo'es thee.
Hey ho Jeany, *&c.*

Jeany.

Tho' Paty's kind as kind can be,
And thou more ſtormy than the ſea,
I'd chuſe to live and die with thee,
If kind Robin lo'es me.
Hey ho Robin, *&c.*

WATTY

WATTY *and* MADGE.

An Imitation of WILLIAM *and* MARGARET.

I.

'TWAS at the ſhining mid-day hour,
When all began to gaunt,
That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breaſt,
And the poor lad grew faint.

II.

His face was like a bacon ham,
That lang in reek had hung,
And horn-hard was his tawny hand,
That held his hazel-rung.

III.

So wad the ſafteſt face appear,
Of the maiſt dreſſy ſpark,
And ſuch the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept cloſe at wark.

IV.

His head was like a heathery buſh,
Beneath his bonnet blue,
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
His bairdy briſtles grew.

V.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,
And nothing now but ſolid gear
Cou'd give his heart delyte.

VI.

He to the kitchen ran with ſpeed,
To his lov'd madge he ran,
Sank down into the chimney-nook
With viſage ſour and wan.

VII.

Get up, he cries, my creeſhy love,
Support my ſinking ſaul
With ſomething that is fit to chew,
Be't either het or caul.

VIII.

VIII.

This is the how, and hungry hour,
When the beſt cure's for grief
Are cogue-fous of the lythy kail,
And a good junt of beef.

IX.

Oh Watty, Watty, Madge replies,
I but o'er juſtly trow'd
Your love was thowleſs, and that ye,
For cake and pudding woo'd.

X.

Bethink thee, Watty, on that night,
When all were faſt aſleep,
How ye kiſs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave theſe cheeks to dreep.

XI.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
And comfort of your ſight!
How cou'd ye rooſe my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples ſlight?

XII.

Why did you promiſe me a ſnood,
To bind my locks ſae brown?
Why did you me fine garters heght,
Yet let my hoſe fa' down?

XIII.

O faithleſs Watty! think how aft
I ment your ſarks and hoſe;
For you how many bannocks ſtown,
How mony cogues of broſe.

XIV.

But hark!——the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot;
Come ſee, ye haſh, how fair I ſweat,
To ſtegh your guts, ye ſot.

XV.

The grace was ſaid, the maſter ſerv'd,
Fat Madge return'd again,
Blyth Watty raiſe and rax'd himſel,

And fidg'd he was ſae fain.

XVI.

He hey'd him to the ſavoury bench,
Where a warm haggies ſtood,
And gart his gully thro' the bag
Let out its fat heart's blood.

XVII.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear Madge,
Of this delicious fare;
Syne claw'd it aff moſt cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

Were not my Heart light, I wad die.

I.

THERE was anes a May, and ſhe loo'd na men,
She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen;
But now ſhe cries dool! and a well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now ſhe cries, &c.

II.

When bonny young Johny came o'er the ſea,
He ſaid he ſaw naithing ſae lovely as me;
He heght me baith rings and mony braw things;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
He heght, &c.

III.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Becauſe I was twice as bonny as ſhe;
She rais'd ſic a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light, I wad die;
She rais'd, &c.

IV.

The day it was ſet, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd, and ſhe grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad ſee me again.
She main'd &c.

V.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do with the like of me?

Albeit

Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johny;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Albeit I was, &c.

VI.

They ſaid I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribles of drink rins throw the draff.
Nor pickles of meal rins through the mill eye;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Nor pickles of, &c.

VII.

His titty ſhe was baith wylie and ſlee,
She ſpy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then ſhe ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, and ye trow na me.
And then ſhe, &c.

VIII.

His bonnet ſtood ay fu' round on his brow,
His auld ane looks ay as well as ſome's new:
But now he let'ſt wear ony gate it will hing,
And caſts himſelf dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

IX.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er ſteeks his eye,
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
The live-lang, &c.

X.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We ſhou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.
And linking, &c.

The Scullion's Complaint.

I.

BY the ſide of a great kitchen fire,
A ſcullion ſo hungry was laid,
A pudding was all his deſire;

A kettle ſupported his head.
The hogs that were fed by the houſe,
To his ſigh with a grunt did reply;
And the gutter that car'd not a louſe,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

II.

But when it was ſet in a diſh,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
My mouth it does water and wiſh,
I think it had better been fry'd;
The butter around it was ſpread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair:
Oh! might I but eat it, he ſaid,
The proof of the pudding lies there.

III.

How fooliſh was I to believe
It was made for ſo homely a clown,
Or that it would have a reprive
From the dainty fine folks of the town:
Could I think that a pudding ſo fine
Would ever uneaten remove:
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a kitchen on love.

IV.

What tho' at the fire I have wrought,
Where puddings we boil and we fry,
Tho' part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever ſet by.
Ah, Colin! thou muſt not be firſt,
Thy knife and thy trencher reſign:
There's Marg'ret will eat till ſhe burſt,
And her turn is ſooner than mine.

V.

And you my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me ſo pale,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear at a pudding to rail,
Tho' I ſhould thro' all the rooms rove,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to go;

'Tis

'Tis fate to be often above,
'Tis mine ſtill to want it below.

VI.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In your breaſts any pity be found,
Ye ſervants that earlieſt dine,
Come ſee how I ly on the ground:
Then hang up a pan and a pot,
And ſorrow to ſee how I dwell;
And ſay, when you grieve at my lot,
Poor Colin lov'd pudding too well.

VII.

Then back to your meat you may go,
Which you ſet in your diſhes ſo prim,
Where ſauce in the middle does flow,
And flowers are ſtrew'd round the brim:
Whilſt Colin, forgotten and gone,
By the hedges ſhall diſmally rove,
Unleſs when he ſees the round moon,
He thinks on a pudding above.

Great Lamentation for the Loſs of ſweet SENISINO.

I.

AS muſing I rang'd in a meadow alone,
A beautiful creature was making her moan;
Oh! the tears they did trickle full faſt from her eyes,
She pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.
Oh! the tears, &c.

II.

I gently requeſted the cauſe of her moan,
She told me her ſweet Seniſino was flown;
And in that ſad poſture ſhe'd ever remain,
Unleſs the dear charmer would come back again.
And in, &c.

III.

Why who is this mortal ſo cruel, ſaid I,
That draws ſuch a ſtream from ſo lovely an eye?

To beauty ſo blooming what man can be blind!
To paſſion ſo tender, what monſter unkind!
To beauty, &c.

IV.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman, ſaid ſhe,
That thus in lamenting I water the lee,
My warbler celeſtial, ſweet darling of fame,
Is a ſhadow of ſomething, a ſex without name.
My warbler celeſtial, &c.

V.

Perhaps 'tis ſome linnet, ſome black-bird, ſaid I,
Perhaps 'tis your lark that has ſoar'd to the ſky;
Come, dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another to give you relief.
Come dry, &c.

VI.

No linnet, no black-bird, no ſky-lark, ſaid ſhe,
But one much more tuneful by far than all three;
My ſweet Seniſino, for whom I now cry,
Is ſweeter than all the wing'd ſongſters that fly.
My ſweet, &c.

VII.

Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni likewiſe,
Whom ſtars and whom garters extol to the ſkies;
Adieu to the opera, adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.
Adieu to the, &c.

Sweet WILLIAM'S *Ghoſt.*

I.

THERE came a ghoſt to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirled at the pin,
But anſwer made ſhe none.

II.

Is that my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willy
From Scotland new come home?

III.

III.

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willy
From Scotland new come home.

IV.

O ſweet Marg'ret, O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee ſpeak to me,
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I give it to thee.

V.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiſs my cheek and chin.

VI.

If I ſhou'd come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And ſhou'd I kiſs thy roſy lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

VII.

O ſweee Marg'ret! &c. *as in 4th Stanza.*

VIII.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

IX.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the ſea;
And it is but my ſp'rit, Marg'ret,
That's now ſpeaking to thee.

X.

She ſtretch'd out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her beſt,
Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willy;
God ſend your ſaul good reſt.

XI.

Now ſhe has kilted her robes of green

A piece below the knee,
And a' the live lang winter night
The dead corps follow'd ſhe.

XII.

Is there any room at your head, Willy,
Or any room at your feet,
Or any room at your ſide, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep?

XIII.

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret;
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my ſide, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made ſo meet.

XIV.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

XV.

No more the ghoſt to Marg'ret ſaid,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evaniſh'd in a cloud of miſt,
And left her all alone,

XVI.

O ſtay, my only true love, ſtay,
The conſtant Marg'ret cry'd:
Wan grew her cheeks, ſhe clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her ſoft limbs, and dy'd.

The King and the Miller.

I.

HOW happy a ſtate does the miller poſſeſs!
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs;
On his mill and himſelf he depends for ſupport,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at court.
What tho' he all duſty and whit'ned does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau:
A clown in his dreſs may be honeſter far,
Than a courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.

II.

II.

Tho' his hands are ſo daub'd, they're not fit to be ſeen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
Gold in handling will ſtick to the fingers like meal,
What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without ſcruple from other mens ſacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

III.

Or ſhou'd he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
In this too he mimics the tools of the ſtate,
Whoſe aim is alone their coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill;
He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
And down, when he's weary, contented does ly,
Then riſes up cheerful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

Rare WILLY *drown'd in* Yarrow.

I.

WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And Willy heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he marry'd ony.

II.

Yeſtreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter night
I ly twin'd of my marrow.

III.

O come you by yon water-ſide?
Pou'd you the roſe or lily?
Or come you by yon meadow green?
Or ſaw ye my ſweet Willy?

IV.

She ſought him eaſt, ſhe ſought him weſt,
She ſought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

HERO *and* LEANDER.

An old Ballad.

I.

LEANDER on the bay
Of Helleſpont all naked ſtood,
Impatient of delay,
He leap'd into the fatal flood:
The raging ſeas,
Whom none can pleaſe,
'Gainſt him their malice ſhow,
The heavens lowr'd,
The rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

II.

Then caſting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain,
Ye cruel rocks and ſkies,
Ye ſtormy winds and angry main,
What 'tis to miſs
The lover's bliſs,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck,
As I came back,
But ſpare me as I go.

III.

Lo! yonder ſtands the tow'r
Where my beloved Hero lyes,
And thus the appointed hour
Which ſets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond ſuit
The gods were mute;
The billows anſwer, No:
Up to the ſkies
The ſurges riſe,
But ſunk the youth as low.

IV.

Mean while was the wiſhing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,

Now

Now does his ſtay upbraid;
  Now dreads he ſhould the paſſage prove:
    O fate! ſaid ſhe,
    Nor heaven nor thee,
Our vows ſhall e'er divide.
    I'd leap this wall,
    Cou'd I but fall
By my Leander's ſide.

V.

At length the riſing ſun,
  Did to her ſight reveal, too late,
That Hero was undone;
  Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
    Said ſhe, I'll ſhew,
    Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one;
    This proof I'll give,
    I will not live,
Nor ſhall he die alone.

VI.

Down from the wall ſhe leapt
  Into the raging ſeas to him,
Courting each wave ſhe met,
  To teach her weary'd arms to ſwim.
    The ſea gods wept,
    Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's ſide,
    When join'd at laſt,
    She graſp'd him faſt,
Then ſigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd,

The Birks of INVERMAY.

I.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
  Invite the tuneful birds to ſing;
And while they warble from the ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,

Like

Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

II.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade;
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters are no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

III.

The laverocks now and lintwhite ſing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The mavis and the black-bird vye,
In tuneful ſtrains, to glad the day;
The woods now wear their ſummer ſuits;
To mirth all nature now invites:
Let us be blythſome, then and gay
Among the birks of Invermay.

IV.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and friſking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dames;
The buſy bees with humming noiſe,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then ſing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

V.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladneſs call;
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

ETRICK *Banks*

ON Etrick banks, in a ſummer's night,
At glowming when the ſheep drave hame,
I met my laſſie braw and tight,
Came wading barefoot a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck;
And kiſs'd and clapt her there fu' lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

I ſaid, My laſſie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Earſe to learn?
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herrings at the Broomy-Law,
Cheer up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win ye never ſaw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, froſts and ſnaw begin,
Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
At night when ye ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes, and play a ſpring:
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs amang the broom,
And lead you to my ſummer ſhield.
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their ſport,
We'll laugh, and kiſs, and dance, and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

A SONG.

ON a bank of flowers,
In a ſummer day,

Inviting and undreſt,
In her bloom of youth,
Fair Celia lay,
With love and ſleep oppreſt;
When a youthful ſwain,
With admiring eyes,
Wiſh'd that he durſt
The ſweet maid ſurprize;
With a fa, la, la, la, la, &c.
But fear'd approaching ſpies.

As he gaz'd,
A gentle Zephyr aroſe,
That fann'd her robes aſide;
And the ſleeping nymph
Did the charms diſcloſe,
Which waking ſhe would hide.
Then his breath grew ſhort,
And his pulſe beat high,
He long'd to touch
What he chanc'd to ſpy;
With a fa, la. la, &c.
But durſt not ſtill draw nigh.

All amaz'd he ſtood,
With her beauties fir'd,
And bleſt the courteous wind;
Then in whiſpers ſigh'd,
And the gods deſir'd
That Celia might be kind:
When with hopes grown bold,
He advanc'd amain;
But ſhe laugh'd aloud.
In a dream, and again,
Wtth a fa, la, la, &c.
Repell'd the timorous ſwain.

Yet the amorous youth,
To relieve his ſoft pain,
The ſlumbering maid careſs'd;
And with a trembling hand

(O ſimple

(O ſimple poor ſwain!)
Her glowing boſom preſs'd:
When the virgin awak'd,
And affrighted flew,
Yet look'd as wiſhing
He wou'd purſue:
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But Damon miſs'd his cue.

Now, now repenting
That he had let her fly,
Himſelf he thus accus'd,
What a dull and a
Stupid blockhead was I,
That ſuch a chance abus'd?
To my ſhame 'twill now
On the plains be ſaid,
Damon a virgin
Aſleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
And let her go a maid.

A SONG.

IN ſpite of love, at length I've found
A miſtreſs that can pleaſe me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day ſhe'll eaſe me:
No jealous thoughts diſturb my mind,
Tho' ſhe's enjoy'd by all mankind;
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you, thro' all her naked charms,
Her little mouth diſcover,
Then take her bluſhing to your arms,
And uſe her like a lover;
Such liquor ſhe'll diſtil from thence,
As will tranſport your raviſh'd ſenſe;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

But beſt of all! ſhe has no tongue,
Submiſſive ſhe obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And ſtill to ſmiling ſways me;
Her ſkin is ſmooth, complexion black,
And has a moſt delicious ſmack;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you her excellence would taſte,
Be ſure you uſe her kind, Sir,
Clap your hand about her waiſt,
And raiſe her up behind, Sir;
As for her bottom never doubt,
Puſh but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

A SONG.

MY goddeſs Lydia, heavenly fair,
As lily ſweet, as ſoft as air,
Let looſe thy treſſes, ſpread thy charms,
And to my love give freſh alarms.

Oh! let me gaze on theſe bright eyes,
Tho' ſacred light'ning from them flys;
Shew me that ſoft, that modeſt grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambroſia in a kiſs,
That I may rival Jove in bliſs,
That I may mix my ſoul with thine,
And make the pleaſure all divine.

O! hide thy boſom's killing white,
(The milky way is not ſo bright)
Leſt you my raviſh'd ſoul oppreſs,
With beauty's pomp, and ſweet exceſs.

Why draw'ſt thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood?
Thou art all over endleſs charms;
O take me dying to thy arms.

A SONG.

YOU that love mirth, attend to my ſong;
A moment you never can better employ;
Sawney and Teague were trudging along,
A bonny Scots lad, and an Iriſh dear ſhoy;
They neither before had ſeen a wind-mill,
Nor had they ever heard of any ſuch name:
As they were a walking,
And merrily talking,
At laſt by meer chance to a wine-mill they came.

Ha ha! crys Sawney, what do ye ca' that?
To tell the right name o't I am at a loſs.
Teague very readily anſwer'd the Scot,
Indeed I believe it'ſh ſhaint Patrick's croſs.
Says Sawney, You'll find your ſell meikle miſtaken,
For it is ſaint Andrew's croſs I can ſwear;
For there is his bonnet,
And tartans hang on it,
The plaid and the trews our apoſtle did wear.

Nay, o'my ſhool, ſhoy, thou telleſht all lees,
For that I will ſhwear is ſhaint Patrick's coat;
I ſhee't him in Ireland buying the freeze.
And that I am ſhure iſh the ſhame that he bought;
And he is a ſhaint muſh better than ever
Made either the covenantſh ſholemn or league;
For o'my ſhalwaſhion,
He was my relaſhion,
And had a great kindneſh for honeſht poor Teague.

Wherefore, ſays Teague, I will, by my ſhoul,
Lay down my napſhack, and take out my beads,
And under this holy croſs, 'fet I will fall,
And ſhay *pater noſhter*, and ſome of our creeds.
So Teague began with humble devotion,
To kneel down before ſaint Patrick's croſs;
The wind fell a blowing,
And ſet it a-going,
And it gave our dear ſhoy a terrible toſs.

Sawny tehee'd, to ſee how poor Teague
Lay ſcratching his ears, and roll on the graſs,
Swearing, 'twas ſurely the De'il's whirlygig,
And none (he roar'd out) of ſaint Patrick's croſs.
But iſh it indeed, cries he in a paſſion,
The croſs of our ſaint that has croſht me ſo ſore?
Upo' my ſhalwaſhion,
This ſhall be a cawſhion,
To truſht to ſhaint Patrick's kindneſh no more.

Sawny to Teague then merrily cry'd,
This patron of yours is a very ſad loun,
To hit you ſic a ſair thump on the hide,
For kneeling before him and ſeeking a boon:
Let me adviſe you to ſerve our ſaint Andrew,
He, by my ſaul, was a ſpecial gude man;
For ſince your ſaint Patrick
Has ſerv'd you ſic a trick,
I'd ſee him hung up e'er I ſerv'd him again.

A SONG.

JAMES.

PRITHEE, Suſan, what doſt muſe on,
By this doleful ſpring?
You are, I fear, in love my dear;
Alas poor thing!

SUSAN.

Truly, Jamie, I muſt blame ye,
You look ſo pale and wan;
I fear 'twill prove you are in love;
Alas poor man!

JAMES.

Nay, my Sue, now I view ye;
Well I know your ſmart,
When you're alone, you ſigh and groan;
Alas poor heart!

SUSAN.

Jamie, hold; I dare be bold,
To ſay, thy heart is ſtole,

And

And know the ſhe as well as thee;
Alas poor ſoul!

JAMES.

Then, my Sue, tell me who;
I'll give thee beads of pearl,
And eaſe thy heart of all this ſmart;
Alas poor girl!

SUSAN.

Jamie, no; if you ſhou'd know,
I fear 'twou'd make you ſad,
And pine away both night and day;
Alas poor lad!

JAMES.

Why then, my Sue, it is for you
That I burn in theſe flames;
And when I die, I know you'll cry,
Alas poor James!

SUSAN.

Say you ſo, then, Jamie, know,
If you ſhou'd prove untrue,
Then muſt I die, and you may cry,
Alas poor Sue!

Quoth he, then join thy hand with mine,
And we will wed to-day:
I do agree, here 'tis, quoth ſhe,
Come let's away.

A SONG.

I'LL ſail upon the Dog-ſtar,
And then purſue the morning;
I'll chaſe the moon till it be noon,
I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the froſty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the ſky,
And ty both ends together.

The ſtars pluck from their orbs too,
And croud them in my budget;

And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let Greſham college judge it:
While I mount yon blue celum,
To ſhun the tempting gypſies;
Play at foot-ball with ſun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipſes.

A SONG.

MY dear miſtreſs has a heart,
Soft as thoſe kind looks ſhe gave me,
When with love's reſiſtleſs art,
And her eyes ſhe did enſlave me;
But her conſtancy's ſo weak,
She's ſo wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day aſunder.
Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleaſures, wounding bliſſes;
She can dreſs her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kiſſes:
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day aſunder.

A SONG.

YE virgin powers, defend my heart,
From am'rous looks and ſmiles;
From ſaucy love, or nicer art,
Which moſt our ſex beguiles.
From ſighs and vows, and awful fears,
That do to pity move;
From ſpeaking ſilence, and from tears,
Thoſe ſprings that water love.
But if thro' paſſion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide;
And when frail nature ſeems inclin'd,
There place a guard of pride.

All

An heart, whoſe flames are ſeen, tho' pure
Needs every virtue's aid;
And ſhe who thinks herſelf herſelf ſecure,
The ſooneſt is betray'd.

A SONG.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glaſſes;
Nobles deeds are done by wine;
Scorn the nymph and all her graces:
Who'd for love or beauty pine?
Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
And a thouſand charms you'll find,
More than in Chloe, when juſt going,
In the moment to be kind.
Alexander hated thinking;
Drank about at council board;
Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering ſword.

The Tippling Philoſophers.

DIOGENES ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Becauſe in good wine there was truth;
But growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchaſe a flaſk,
He choſe for his manſion a tub,
And liv'd by the ſcent of the caſk.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
A bumper to cheriſh his heart;
And when he was maudlin would cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his quart:
Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think,
He wept at mens follies and vice,
'Twas only his cuſtom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cheriſh his ſoul;

Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl;
As long as his cellar was ſtor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were ſober he'd laugh.

Wiſe Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Crœſus a ſlave
(Tho' a King) to his coffers of gold;
He delighted in plentiful bowls;
But drinking much talk would decline,
Becauſe 'twas the cuſtom of fools,
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted ſo wiſe:
Late hour's he moſt certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable ſcold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wiſe o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miſer at home;
And, to ſhew he lov'd wine that was good
To the laſt, (we may truly aver it)
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
So fancy'd he died in his claret.

Pythagoras did ſilence enjoin,
On his pupils who wiſdom would ſeek;
Becauſe he tippled good wine,
Till himſelf was unable to ſpeak;
And when he was whimſical grown,
With ſipping his plentiful bowls,
By the ſtrength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd tranſmigration of ſouls.

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the beſt
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine.
With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel;
Then fancy'd the world like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly, moſt writers agree,
Was as big as a watering-trough;
He therefore leapt into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
He fondly to wiſdom was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes fancy with wings;
Without it we ne'er ſhou'd have had
Philoſophers, poets, or kings.

A SONG.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while,
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this bereav'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

My boſom glow'd; the ſubtil flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy dampsmy linbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thril'd,
My feeble pulſe forgot to play,
fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

A SONG.

YES, I could love, if I could find
A miſtreſs fitted to my mind,
Whom neither gold nor pride could move,
To change her virtue or her love.

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
Loves for myſelf, and not for mine;
Not city proud, nor nice and coy,
But full of love, and full of joy.

Not childiſh young, nor beldame old,
Not fiery hot, nor icy cold,
Not gravely wiſe to rule the ſtate,
Not fooliſh to be pointed at.

Not worldly rich, nor baſely poor,
Nor chaſt, nor a reputed whore:
If ſuch an one you can diſcover,
Pray, ſir, intitle me her lover.

Women and Wine.

SOME ſay women are like ſeas,
Some the waves, and ſome the rocks;
Some the roſe that ſoon decays,
Some the weather, ſome the cocks;
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nought that can be compar'd ſo well,
As wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
So is wine, ſo is wine;
They make the ſtateſman loſe his ſkill,
The ſoldier, lawyer and divine;

They

They put a gigg in the graveſt ſkull,
And ſend their wits to gather wool;
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face ſo pale,
What is't that makes your looks divine;
What makes your courage riſe and fall,
Is it not women, is it not wine?
Whence proceeds th' inflaming doſes,
That ſet fire to your noſes?
From wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

A SONG.

A Trifling ſong ye ſhall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended;
All trifling people draw near,
And I ſhall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately came into the play,
The men would want ſomething to do,
The women want ſomething to ſay.

What makes men trifle in dreſſing?
Becauſe the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often careſſing
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No ſooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle ſhall part them again.

What mortal would ever be able
At Whyte's half a moment to ſit?
Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,
Without talking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles ſecure,
Gold keys are not trifles, we ſee;
White rods are no trifles I'm ſure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
Where trifles abundantly breed;
The levee will ſhew you, his grace
Makes promiſes trifles indeed.

A coach with ſix footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor ſin;
But, ye gods! how oft do we find
A ſcandalous trifle within?

A flaſk of Champaign, people think it
A trifle, or ſomething as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle, by Gad.

A parſon's a trifle at ſea,
A widow's a trifle in ſorrow,
A peace is a trifle to-day,
To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloke,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We ſhall have more trifles than ever.

The ſtage is a trifle, they ſay,
The reaſon pray carry along;
Becauſe that at every new play,
The houſe they with trifles ſo throng,

But with peoples malice to trifle,
And to ſet us all on a foot;
The author of this is a trifle,
And his ſong is a trifle to boot.

A SONG.

OH! the charming month of May,
When the breezes
Fan the trees, is
Full of bloſſoms freſh and gay:
Oh! the charming month of May,
Charming, charming month of May.

Oh!

Oh! what joys our proſpects yield,
When in new livery
We ſee every
Buſh and meadow, tree and field:
Oh! what joys, &c. *Charming joys*, &c.

Oh! how freſh the morning air,
When the Zephyrs
And the heifers
Their oderif'rous breath compare:
Oh! how freſh, &c. *Charming freſh*, &c.

Oh! how ſweet at night to dream,
On moſſy pillows
By the trillows
Of a gentle purling ſtream.
Oh! how ſweet, &c. *Charming ſweet*, &c.

Oh! how kind the country laſs,
Who, her cow bilking,
Leaves her milking
For a green gown on the graſs;
Oh! how kind, &c. *Charming kind*, &c.
Oh! how ſweet it is to ſpy,
At the concluſion
Her deep confuſion,
Bluſhing cheeks and down-caſt eye.
Oh! how ſweet, &c. *Charming ſweet*, &c.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
When all is over,
She gives her lover,
Who on the ſkimming-diſh carves her name.
Oh! the charming curds and cream,
Charming charming, &c.

A SONG.

Sung by PINKANELLO, *merry* ANDREW *to* LAVERIGO, *the Mountebank Doctor.*

HERE are people and ſports,
Of all ſizes and ſorts,
Coach'd

Coach'd damſel and ſquire,
And mob in the mire,
Tarpaulins, Trugmalions,
Lords, ladies, ſows, babies,
And loobies in ſcores:
Some hawling, ſome bawling,
Some leering, ſome fleering,
Some loving, ſome ſhoving,
With legions of furbelow'd whores.
To the tavern ſome go,
And ſome to a ſhow,
See popets for mopets,
Jack puddens for cuddens,
Rope dancing, mares prancing,
Boats flying, quacks lying,
Pick pockets, pick plackets,
Beaſts, butchers and beaux.
Fops prattling, dice rattling,
Rooks ſhamming, putts damming,
Whores painted, maſks tainted
In taly-mans furbelo w'd cloaths,
The mob's joys wou'd ye know,
To yon muſic houſe go,
See tailors and ſailors,
Whores oily and doily,
Here muſic makes you ſick,
Some ſkipping, ſome tripping,
Some ſmoaking, ſome joaking,
Like ſpigget and tap;
Short meaſure, ſtrange pleaſure,
Thus billing, and ſwilling,
Some yearly, get fairly,
For fairings, pig, pork and a clap.

The Second Part.

SEE, ſirs, ſee here, a doctor rare,
Who travels much at home;
Here take my bills, they cure all ills,
Paſt, preſent, and to come:

The

The cramp, the ſtitch, the ſquirt, the itch,
The gout, the ſtone, the pox,
The mulligrubs, the wanton ſcrubs,
And all Pandora's box:
Thouſands I've diſſected,
Thouſands new erected,
And ſuch cures effected,
As none e'er can tell:
Let the palſie ſhake ye,
Let the cholic rack ye,
Let the crinkrums break ye,
Let the murain take ye,
Take this, take this, and you are well:
Thouſands, &c.

Come wits ſoo keen, devour'd with ſpleen,
And beaux who've ſprain'd your backs,
Great belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
And pepper'd vizard cracks;
I ſoon remove the pains of love,
And cure the amorous maid,
The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
The living and the dead;
I clear the laſs with wainſcot face,
And from pim ginets free,
Plump ladies red, like Saracen's head,
With topping ratafee.
This with a jirk, will do your work,
And ſcour you o'er and o er;
Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
Never believe me more.

A SONG

YOUNG Corydon and Phillis
Sate in a lonely grove,
Contriving crowns of lilies,
Repeating tales of love,
And ſomething elſe, but what I dare not name.

But

But as they were a playing,
She ogled ſo the ſwain,
It ſav'd her plainly ſaying,
Let's kiſs to eaſe our pain, &c.

A thouſand times he kiſs'd her
Upon the flowery green;
But as he further preſt her,
A pretty leg was ſeen, &c.

So many beauties viewing,
His ardour ſtill increas'd;
And greater joys purſuing,
He wander'd o'er her breaſt, &c.

At laſt effort ſhe trying
His paſſion to withſtand,
Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying)
Pray take away your hand, &c.

Young Corydon grown bolder,
The minutes would improve;
This is the time, he told her,
To ſhew how much I love, &c.

The nymph ſeem'd almoſt dying,
Diſſolv'd in am'rous heat;
She kiſs'd, and told him ſighing,
My dear, your love is great, &c.

But Phillis did recover
Much ſooner than the ſwain;
She bluſhing aſk'd her lover,
Shall we not kiſs again?

Thus love his revels keeping,
Till nature at a ſtand,
From talk they fell to ſleeping,
Molding each others hand, &c.

A SONG.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful room,
Where none but honeſt fellows come;

Where

Where wives loud clappers never ſound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.
There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again:
What comfort can a huſband have,
To rule the houſe where he's a ſlave?

A SONG.

THO' cruel you ſeem to my pain,
And hate me becauſe I am true;
Yet, Phillis, you love a falſe ſwain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.
Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heaven it would be;
To him but a woman you ſeem,
But ah! you're an angel to me.
Thoſe lips which he touches in haſte,
To them I for ever would grow,
Still clinging around that dear waiſt,
Which he ſpans as beſide him you go;
That arm like a lily ſo white,
Which over his ſhoulders you lay,
My boſom could warm it all night,
My lips they would preſs it all day.
Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my ſubjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I muſt feel thy diſdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

A SONG.

I'LL range around the ſhady bowers,
And gather all the ſweeteſt flowers;
I'll ſtrip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

Whea

When in the ſultry heat of day,
My thirſty nymph does pantingly,
I'll haſten to the fountain's brink,
And drain the ſtream that ſhe may drink.

At night, when ſhe ſhall weary prove,
A graſſy bed I'll make my love,
And with green boughs I'll form a ſhade,
That nothing may her reſt invade.

And whilſt diſſolv'd in ſleep ſhe lies,
Myſelf ſhall never cloſe theſe eyes;
But gazing ſtill with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as ſoon as cheerful day
Diſpels the gloomy ſhades away,
Forth to the foreſt I'll repair,
And find proviſion for my fair.

Thus will I ſpend the day and night,
Still mixing pleaſure with delight;
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can eaſe for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
Shou'd e'er unkind and faithleſs prove,
I'll ſeek ſome diſmal diſtant ſhore,
And never think of woman more.

A SONG.

LEAVE off your fooliſh prating,
Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
But drink your glaſs,
Round let it paſs,
The bottle ſtands before ye.
Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
Drink about, ſee it out,
Love and friendſhip ſtill go round.

If claret be a bleſſing,
This night devout to pleaſure;

Let worldly cares,
And ſtate affairs,
Be thought on at more leiſure:
Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with joy be crown'd,
Drink about, ſee it out,
Love and friendſhip ſtill go round.

If any is ſo zealous,
To be a party-minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll ſoon agree,
And be of one opinion:
Fill your glaſs, name your laſs,
See her health go ſweetly round,
Drink about, ſee it out,
Let the night with joy be crown'd.

A SONG.

ON a bank beſide a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta ſigh'd alone:
From the cheerleſs dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing, thus ſhe made her moan;
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon my belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth and ſuch a lover,
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting kiſſes,
Murm'ring bliſſes,
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bleſs the night returning,

Sweet embraces to reſtore;
Never ſhall we both ly dying,
Nature failing, love ſupplying,
All the joys he drain'd before:
To befriend me,
Death come end me,
Love and Damon are no more.

A SONG.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring,
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the roaring billows,
She caſt a wiſhful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover reſt;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant robb'd of treaſure,
Views tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To loſing of my dear?
Shou'd you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
Does hideous rocks remain?

No eye theſe rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear,
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
His floating corps ſhe ſpy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

A SONG.

DESPAIRING beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was,
(Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd)
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſt her dear tongue,
When ſhe ſmil'd, it was pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd, and cry'd when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What tho' I have ſkill to complain,
Tho' the muſes my temples have crown'd,
What tho' when they hear my ſoft ſtrains,
The virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign,
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.



All you my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground:
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew;
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be fineſt at every new ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs, when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

A SONG.

LOVE, thou art the beſt of human joys,
Our chiefeſt happineſs below;

All

All other pleaſures are but toys,
Muſic without thee is but noiſe,
Beauty but an empty ſhow.

Heaven that knew beſt what men could move,
And raiſe his thoughts above the brute,
Said, let him be, and let him love,
That only muſt his ſoul improve,
Howe'er philoſophers diſpute.

A SONG.

WOuld you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
You muſt tickle her fancy with ſweet and dears,
Ever toying and playing, and ſweetly ſweetly
Sing a love-ſonnet, and charm her ears;
Wittily prettily talk her down,
Chaſe her, and praiſe her, if fair or brown;
Sooth her, and ſmooth her,
And teaſe her, and pleaſe her,
And touch but her ſmicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men,
With the front of aſſurance come boldly on;
Be at her each moment, and briſkly, briſkly
Put her in mind, how her time ſteals on:
Rattle and prattle altho' ſhe frown,
Rouſe her and touſe her from morn to noon,
And ſhew her ſome hour
You are able to grapple,
And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
That's kept by a fumbler of quality,
You muſt rail at her keeper, and tell her tell her,
That pleaſure's beſt charm is variety;
Swear her much fairer than all the town,
Try her, and ply her when cully's gone,
Dog her and jog her,
And meet her and treat her,
And kiſs with a guinea, and all's your own.

A SONG.

OF all the girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half ſo ſweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And thro' the ſtreets does cry e'm;
Her mother ſhe ſells laces long
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy 'em;
But ſure ſuch folks cou'd ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When ſhe is by, I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely;
My maſter comes like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dreſt in all my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,

Becauſe

Becauſe I leave him in the lurch,
As ſoon as text is named;
I leave the church in ſermon-time,
And ſlink away with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When Chriſtmaſs comes about again,
O! then I ſhall have money;
I'll hoarded up, and box it all,
And give it to my honey:
And wou'd it were ten thouſand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And (but for her) I'd better be
A ſlave and row a galley;
But when my ſeven long years are out,
O! then I'll marry Sally,
O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

A SONG.

FAIR Iris and her ſwain
Were in a ſhady bower,
Where Thirſis long in vain
Had ſought the happy Hour;
At length his hand advancing
Upon her ſnowy breaſt,
He ſaid, O! kiſs me longer,
Longer yet and longer,
If you would make me bleſt.

IRIS.

An eaſy yielding maid
By truſting is undone,
Our ſex is oft betray'd
By granting love too ſoon;

If you desire to gain me,
  Your sufferings to redress,
Prepare to love me longer,
  Longer yet and longer,
Before you shall possess.

THIRSIS.

The little care you show
  Of all my sorrows past,
Makes death appear too slow,
  And life too long to last;
Oh Iris! kiss me kindly,
  In pity of my fate;
Fair Iris, kiss me kindly,
  Kindly still and kindly,
Before it be too late.

IRIS.

You fondly court your bliss,
  And no advances make;
'Tis not for maids to kiss,
  But 'tis for men to take:
So you may kiss me kindly,
  And I will not rebel;
Thirsis may kiss me kindly,
  Kindly still and kindly;
But never kiss and tell.

Alternative.

And may I kiss you kindly?
  Yes, you may kiss me kindly;
And kindly still and kindly?
  And kindly still and kindly.
And will you not rebell?
  And I will not rebell.
Then, love, I'll kiss thee kindly,
  Kindly still and kindly;
But never kiss and tell.

A SONG.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,

Soft

Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as winds when Zephyr blows,
Refreſhing, as deſcending rains,
To ſun-burnt climes and thirſty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the ſun,
Conſtant as gliding waters roll,
Whoſe ſwelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love ſhall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dame the tender kid purſues,
Sweet Philomel, in ſhady bowers
Of verdant ſpring, her note renews;
All follow what they moſt admire,
As I purſue my ſoul's deſire.

Nature muſt change her beauteous face,
And vary as the ſeaſons riſe;
As winter to the ſpring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the ſeaſons bring,
Love only knows perpetual ſpring.

Devouring time, with ſtealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers and walls of braſs
In his rude march he levels low:
But time deſtroying far and wide,
Love from the ſoul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart
The gentle godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart
To mingle with the bleſt above,
Where known to all his kindred train,
He finds a laſting reſt from pain.

Love, and his ſiſter fair the ſoul,
Twin-born from heaven together came:

Love

Love will the univerſe controul,
When dying ſeaſons loſe their name;
Divine abodes ſhall own his power,
When time and death ſhall be no more.

A SONG.

ALL in the downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Suſan came on board:
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below:
The cord ſlides gently thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
(If chance his mate's ſhrill voice he hear)
And drops at once into her neſt:
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear!
My vows ſhall ever true remain,
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again:
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points at thee.

Believe not what the land-men ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell, the ſailors when away,
In every port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Makes in my ſoul ſome charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Suſan mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms
William ſhall to his dear return:
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his head:
Her leſſening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, ſhe cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

A SONG.

WHILST I gaze on Chloe trembling,
Straight her eyes my fate declare;
When ſhe ſmiles I fear diſſembling,
When ſhe frowns I then deſpair.
Jealous of ſome rival lover,
If a wand'ring look ſhe give;
Fain I would reſolve to leave her,
But can ſooner ceaſe to live.

Why ſhould I conceal my paſſion,
Or the torments I endure?
I will diſcloſe my inclination;
Awful diſtance yields no cure.
Sure it is not in her nature,
To be cruel to her ſlave;
She is too divine a creature
To deſtroy what ſhe can ſave.

Hap-

Happy's he whoſe inclination
  Warms but with a gentle heat;
Never mounts to raging paſſion,
  Love's a torment if too great.
When the ſtorm is once blown over,
  Soon the ocean quiet grows;
But a conſtant faithful lover
  Seldom meets with true repoſe.

A SONG.

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,
  Thus the god of love I ſue;
Gentle Cupid, pray diſarm her,
  Cupid, if you love me, do:
Of a thouſand ſweets bereave her,
  Rob her neck, her lips and eyes,
The remainder ſtill will leave her
  Power enough to tyranize.

Shape and feature, flame and paſſion,
  Still in every breaſt will move,
More is ſupererogation,
  Meer idolatry of love:
You may dreſs a world of Chloes
  In the beauties ſhe can ſpare;
Hear him Cupid, who no foe is
  To your altars, or the fair.

Fooliſh mortal pray be eaſy,
  Angry Cupid made reply,
Do Florella's charms diſpleaſe you?
  Die then, fooliſh mortal die:
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
  Of the captivating ſtore;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
  Twenty thouſand beauties more.

Were Florella proud or ſour,
  Apt to mock a lover's care;

Juſtly

Juſtly then you'd pray that power
Shou'd be taken from the fair:
But tho' I ſpread a blemiſh o'er her,
No relief in that you'll find;
Still, fond ſhepherd, you'll adore her
For the beauties of her mind.

The Braes of YARROW.

BUSK ye, buſk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where got ye that winſome marrow?
I got her where I durſt not well be ſeen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winſome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does ſhe weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does ſhe weep, thy winſome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair well be ſeen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

Lang muſt ſhe weep, lang muſt ſhe, muſt ſhe weep,
Lang muſt ſhe weep with dole and ſorrow,
And lang muſt I nae mair well be ſeen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For ſhe has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cauſe of ſorrow;
And I have ſlain the comlieſt ſwain,
That e'er pued birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy ſtream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of ſorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hang on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What's yonder floats? O dole and ſorrow!
O 'tis the comely ſwain I ſlew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Waſh, O waſh his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears of dole and ſorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye ſiſters ſiſters ſad,
Ye ſiſters ſad, his tomb with ſorrow,
And weep around in woful wiſe,
His helpleſs fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curſe ye, curſe ye, his uſeleſs uſeleſs ſhield,
My arm that wrought the deed of ſorrow,
The fatal ſpear that pierc'd his breaſt,
His comely breaſt on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? but to my ſorrow,
Too raſhly bold, a ſtronger arm
Thou met'ſt, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet ſmells the birk, green grows, green grows the graſs,
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow ſweet, as ſweet, as ſweet flows Tweed,
As green its graſs, its gowan as yellow,
As ſweet ſmells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rock as mellow.

Fair

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
In flow'ry bands thou him didſt fetter,
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Buſk ye, then buſk, my bonny bonny bride,
Buſk ye, then buſk, my winſome marrow,
Buſk ye, and loe me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

How can I buſk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I buſk a winſome marrow,
How loe him on the banks of Tweed,
That ſlew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
Nor dew thy tender bloſſoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple veſt, 'twas my ain ſewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little little knew
He was in theſe to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white ſteed,
Unheedful of my dole and ſorrow,
But e'er the tooſal of the night,
He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyc'd that woful woful day,
I ſung, my voice, the woods returning;
But lang e'er night the ſpear was flown
That ſlew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage purſue me?
My lover's blood is on thy ſpear;
How canſt thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My

My happy ſiſters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle ſcoffing,
May bid me ſeek on Yarrow braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglaſs may upbraid,
And ſtrive with threatning words to move me.
My lover's blood is on thy ſpear,
How canſt thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal ſheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected huſband lover.

But who the expected huſband, huſband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in ſlaughter,
Ah me! what ghaiſtly ſpectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale ſhroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff theſe bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet beſt, yet beſt belov'd,
O could my warmth to life reſtore thee;
Yet ly all night between my breaſts;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive ſo foul a ſlaughter,
And ly all night between my breaſts,
No youth ſhall ever ly there after.

Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy uſeleſs ſorrow;
Thy lover heeds nought of thy ſighs,
He lies a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

HARDI-

HARDIKNUTE.

A Fragment of an old heroic Ballad.

STATELY ſtept he eaſt the wa,
And ſtately ſtept he weſt,
Full ſeventy years he now had ſeen,
With ſcarce ſeven years of reſt.
He liv'd when Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae:
And ay his ſword tauld to their coſt,
He was their deadly fae.

High on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls and tours a hight,
And guidly chambers fair to ſee,
Where he lodg'd mony a knight.
His dame ſae peirleſs anes and fair,
For chaſt and beauty deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save Elenor the queen.

Full thirteen ſons to him ſhe bare,
All men of valour ſtout;
In bluidy fight, with ſword in hand,
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To ſtand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, high was their might,
And hie was their command.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
Their ſiſter ſaft and deir,
Her girdle ſhaw'd her middle jimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
What waefou wae her bewtie bred?
Waefou to young and auld;
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

The king of Norſe in ſummer tyde,
Puſt up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the iſle,
With mony a hardy knight:
The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came as he ſat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in brave aray,
Drinking the blue-red wyne.

'To horſe, to horſe, my royal liege,
Your faes ſtand on the ſtrand,
Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears
The king of Norſe commands.'
'Bring me my ſtead, Madge, dapple gray,
(Our gude king raiſe and cry'd)
A truſtier beaſt in all the land,
A Scots king never ſey'd.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill ſo hie,
To draw his ſword, the dreid of faes,
And haſte and follow me.'
The little page flew ſwift as dart
Flung frae his maſter's arm,
'Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And redd your king frae harm.'

Then reid, reid grew his dark brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark brown brow;
His looks grew keen as they were wont
In dangers great to do;
He has tane a horn as green as graſs,
And gien five ſounds ſae ſhrill,
That trees in green wood ſhook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie,
Had paſt that ſummer's morn,

When

When lo! down in a graſſy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
'That horn, quoth they, ne'er ſounds in peace,
We have other ſport to byde.'
And ſoon they hy'd them up the hill,
And ſoon were at his ſyde.

'Late, late yeſtreen I weind in peace
To end my lengthned life,
My age might well excuſe my arm
Frae manly feats of ſtrife;
But now that Norſe does proudly boaſt
Fair Scotland to enthrall,
Its neir be ſaid of Hardyknute,
He fear'd to fight or fall.

Robin of Rothſay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrow ſhoot ſae leil,
Many a comely countenance,
They've turn'd to deidly pale:
Braid Thomas, take ye but your lance
Ye neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ye fight wi't as ye did anes
'Gainſt Weſtmorland's fierce heir.

Malcom, light of foot as ſtag,
That runs in foreſt wyld,
Get me my thouſand three of men,
Well bred to ſword and ſhield:
Bring me my horſe and harniſine,
My blade of metal cleir.'
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They ſoon had fled for fear.

'Fareweil, my dame, ſae pierleſs gude,
(And took her by the hand)
Fairer to me in age you ſeem,
Than maids for bewty fam'd:
My yongeſt ſon ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately towirs,

And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips
Sae faſt your painted bowirs.

And firſt ſhe wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice green,
Her ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Well plett with ſilver ſheen;
And apron ſet with mony a dyce
Of needle-work ſae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may gueſs,
Save that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moſs,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane;
'Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries falſe gyles;
Witleſs I was that eir gave faith
To wicked woman's ſmyles.'

'Sir knight, gin ye were in my bowir,
To lean on ſilken ſeat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Who ne'er kend deadly hate;
Herſelf wauld watch ye all the day
Her maids a deid of night;
And Fairly fair your heart would cheir,
As ſhe ſtands in your ſight.

Ariſe, young knight, and mount your ſteid,
Full lown's the ſhynand day,
Chuſe frae my menzie whom ye pleaſe
To lead you on the way.'
With ſmyleſs looks, and viſage wan,
The wounded knight reply'd,
'Kind chiftain, your intent purſue,
For here I maun abyde.

To me nae after day nor night
Can eir be ſweet or fair,

But

But ſoon beneath ſome draping trie,
Cauld death ſall end my care.'
With him nae pleading might prevail;
Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With faireſt words and reaſon ſtrang,
Strave courteouſly in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord Chattan's land ſae wyde,
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage ſey'd;
Of Pictiſh race by mother ſyde,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
When he ſav'd Pictiſh crown.

Now with his fierce and ſtalwart train,
He reach'd a ryſing hight,
Whair braid encampit on the dale,
Norſe army lay in ſight:
'Yonder, my valiant ſons and feirs,
Our raging ravers wait,
On the uncouquor'd Scottiſh ſwaird,
To try with us their fate.

Mak oriſons to him that ſav'd
Our ſauls upon the rude,
Syne bravely ſhaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude.'
Then forth he drew his truſty glaive,
While thouſands all around,
Drawn frae their ſheaths glanc'd in the ſun,
And loud the bougills ſound.

To join his king adoun the hill
In haſte his march he made,
Whyle, play and pibrochs, minſtrall meit
Afore him ſtately ſtrade.
'Thryſe welcom valiant ſtoup of weir,
Thy nation's ſhield and pryde,
Thy king no reaſon has to feir,
When thou art by his ſyde.

When bows wer bent, and darts were thrawn
For thrang ſcarce could thy flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,
With little ſkaith to man,
But bludy, bludy was the field,
Or that lang day was done.

The king of Scots that ſindle bruik'd
The war that look'd like play,
Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows ſeim'd but delay:
Quoth noble Rothſay, 'Myne I'll keip,
I wate its bled a ſcore.'
'Haſte up, my merry men,' cry'd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norſe he ſought to find,
With him to menſe the fight,
But on his forehead there did light
A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefu' chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midſt between his een.

'Revenge, revenge, (cry'd Rothſay's heir)
Your mail-coat ſall nought byde
The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart.'
Then ſent it threugh his ſyde:
Another arrow weil he mark'd
It pierc'd his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
He laigh as eard did ſa.

Sair bleids my leige, ſair, ſair he bleeds.'
Again with might he drew,
And geſture dreid his ſturdy bow,
Faſt the braid arrow flew.

Wae to the knight he ettled at,
Lament now, queen Elgried;
Hie dames too, wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meid.

'Take aff, take aff, his coſtly jupe
(Of gold well was it twynd,
Knit like the fowler's net, through which
His ſteilly harneſs ſhyn'd)
Take, Norſe, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He ſure nae weapon fears.'

Proud Norſe with giant body tall,
Braid ſhoulders and arms ſtrong,
Cry'd, 'Where is Hardyknute ſae fam'd,
And feir'd at Britain's throne?
The Britains tremble at his name,
I ſoon ſall make him wail
That eir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
Sae ſaft his coat of mail.'

That brag his ſtout heart cou'd na byde,
It lent him youthful might:
'I'm Hardyknute this day, he cry'd,
To Scotland's king I hecht,
To lay thee law as horſes hufe,
My word I mean to keip.'
Syne with the firſt ſtrake eir he ſtrack,
He garrd his body bleid.

Norſe ene lyke gray goſehawks ſtair'd wyld,
He ſight with ſhame and ſpyte;
'Diſgrac'd is now my far fam'd arm,
That left thee power to ſtryke:'
Then gave his head a blaw ſae fell,
It made him down to ſtoup,
As law as he to ladies us'd
In courtly gyſe to lout.

Full ſoon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd ſair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darrd,
As touch of Fairly fair:
Norſe ferleit too as ſair as he
To ſee his ſtately look,
Sae ſoon as eir he ſtrake a fae,
Sae ſoon his lyfe he took.

Whair like a fyre to hether ſet,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A ſturdy fae with look enrag'd
Up towards him did prance:
He ſpur'd his ſteed thro' thickeſt ranks
The hardy youth to quell,
Who ſtood unmov'd at his approach
His furie to repell.

'That ſhort brown ſhaft ſae meanly trim'd,
Looks like poor Scotland's geir.
But dreidful ſeims the ruſty point!'
And loud he leugh in jeir.
'Aft Britains blude has dim'd its ſhyne,
This poynt cuts ſhort their vaunt:'
Syne pierc'd the boaſter's bairded cheik,
Nae time he took to taunt.

Short while he in his ſaddle ſwang,
His ſtirrip was nae ſtay,
Sae feeble hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud,
But Thomas look'd not as he lay,
All waltering in his blude.

With cairleſs geſture, mynd unmov'd,
On raid he noth the plain,
His ſeim in thrang of fierceſt ſtryfe,
When winner ay the ſame:

Nor

Nor yet his heart dame's dimpelit chiek,
Cou'd meiſe ſaſt love to bruik,
Till vengeful Ann retur'd his ſcorn,
Then languid grew his look.

In thrawis of death with wailowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryſe again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythſom ſounds,
To boaſt the glories of the day,
And ſhaw their ſhyning wounds.

On Norway's coaſt the widow'd dame
May waſh the rocks with tears,
May lang look o'er the ſhipleſs ſeis,
Before her mate appeirs.
Ceiſe, Emma, ceiſe to hope in vain,
Thy lord layis in the clay,
The valiant Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie whair ſtands a croſs,
Set up for monument,
Thouſands full fierce that ſummer's day
Fill'd keen waris black intent,
Let Scots, while Scots, praiſe Hardyknute,
Let Norſe the name ay dreid,
Ay how he faught, aft how he ſpair'd,
Sall lateſt ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhowir.
Mirk grew the night eir Hardyknute
Wan neir his ſtately tower;
The tower that us'd with torches bleiſe,
To ſhyne ſae far at night,
Seim'd now as black as mourning weed,
Nae marvel ſair he ſight.

'There's nae light in my lady's bowir,
There's nae light in my hall;
Nae blink ſhynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward ſtands on my wall.
What bodes it? Robert, Thomas ſay.'
Nae anſwer fits their dreid.
'Stand back, my ſons, I'll be your gyde.'
But by they paſt with ſpeid.

'As faſt as I haef ſped owre Scotland's faes,'
There ceiſt his brag of weir,
Sair ſham'd to mynd ought but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair,
Black fear he felt, but what to fear
He wiſt not yet with dreid;
Sair ſhook his body, ſair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

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On our Ladies being dreſſed in SCOTS *Manufactory at a* PUBLIC ASSEMBLY.

A SONG.

Tune, *O'er the hills and far away.*

LET meaner beauties uſe their art,
And range both Indies for their dreſs,
Our fair can captivate the heart
In native weeds, nor look the leſs.
More bright unborrow'd beauties ſhine,
The artleſs ſweetneſs of each face
Sparkle with luſtres more divine,
When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph on ſcorching plains,
May uſe the aid of gems and paint,
Deck with brocade and Tyrian ſtains,
Features of ruder form and taint.

What

What Caledonian ladies wear,
Or from the lint or woolen twine,
Adorn'd by all their ſweets appear:
Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty dreſs may lovers cool,
But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clad in linen, ſilk, or wool.
T' adore Myrtilla, who can ceaſe?
Her active charms our praiſe demand,
Clad in a mantua, from the fleece,
Spun by her own delighted hand.

Who can behold Caliſta's eyes,
Her breaſt, her cheek, and ſnowy arms,
And mind what artiſts can deviſe,
To rival more ſuperior charms?
Compar'd with thoſe, the diamond's dull,
Lawns, ſatins, and the velvets fade,
The ſoul with her attractions full.
Can never be by theſe betray'd.

Saphira, all o'er native ſweets,
Not the falſe glare of dreſs regards,
Her wit, her character completes,
Her ſmile her lovers ſighs rewards.
When ſuch firſt beauties lead the way,
Th' inferior rank will follow ſoon;
Then arts no longer ſhall decay,
But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions of fleeces ſhall be wove,
And flax that on the valleys blooms,
Shall make the naked nations love,
And bleſs the labours of our looms;
We have enough, nor want from them,
But trifles hardly worth our care,
Yet for theſe trifles let them claim
What food and cloth we have to ſpare.

How

How happy's Scotland in her fair!
Her amiable daughters ſhall,
By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recall:
Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
Shall miſs a court; but ſoon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
Around the ſcenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity ſhall yield to ſenſe,
And lazy pride to uſeful arts,
When ſuch dear angels in defence
Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
Bleſt guardians of our joys and wealth,
True fountains of delight and love,
Long bloom your charms, fixt be your heelth,
Till, tir'd with earth ye mount above.

The following SONGS are taken out of the GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SANG I. *The wawking of the fauld.*

Sung by PATIE.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay;
My Pegggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane.
I wiſh nae mair, to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair, of a' that's rare.
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;

But

But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

And Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown;
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naithing gi'es me ſic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt, it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking of the fauld.

SANG II. *Fy gar rub her o'er with Straw.*

Sang by PATIE.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And anſwer kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And with a ſimple face give way
To a repulſe——then be not blate,
Puſh bauldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer all your love with hate,

Seek

Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.

SANG III. *Polwart on the Green.*

Sung by PEGGY.

THE dorty will repent,
If lover's hearts grow cauld,
And nane her ſmiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld:
The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave;
They jeſt it till the dinner's paſt,
Thus by it ſell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

SANG IV. *O dear Mother, what ſhall I do?*

Sung by JENNY.

O Dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt to his ſmiling,
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder luck betide you.
Laſſes when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a life deſtroys
Heartſome, free, and youthful joys.

SANG V. *How can I be ſad on my wedding-day.*

Sung by PEGGY.

HOW ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than any of thae
Sour, weak, ſilly fellows, that ſtudy like fools
To ſink their ain joy, and make their wives ſnools.

The

The man that is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife;
Or with dull reproaches encourages ſtrife;
He praiſes her virtues, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but finds an excuſe.

SANG VI. NANCY's *to the green wood gane.*

Sung by JENNY.

I Yield, dear laſſie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flows frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or ſay,
'Gainſt love nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our boſoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart ſtrings leads us.

SANG VII. *Cauld kail in* Aberdeen.

Sung by GLAUD *or* SYMON.

CAULD be the rebel's caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody,
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.
Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high his ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king and nation.

SANG VIII. *Mucking of* GEORDY's *byer.*

Sung by SYMON.

THE laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
To riſe aboon poverty:
Elſe, like the pack-horſe that's unfother'd
And burthen'd, will tumble down faint;

Thus

Thus virtue by hardſhip is ſmother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

SANG IX. *Carl and the King come.*

Sung by MAUSE.

PEGGY, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the king's come.
Nae mair hawkies thou ſhalt milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, ſince the king's come.

SANG X. *Winter was cauld, and my claithing was thin.*

Sung by PEGGY *and* PATIE.

PEGGY.

WHEN firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at the milking firſt ſey'd my young ſkill,
To bear ew-milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moor-land and ſweet riſing fells,
Nae birns, brier, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka ſport manly gave pleaſure to me;
For nane can put, wreſtle, or run ſwift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny ſings ſaftly the *Cowden broom knows*,
And Roſy lilts ſweetly the *Milking the ews*;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nanſy can ſing,
At *Throw the wood laddie*, Beſs gars our lugs ring.

But

But when my dear Peggy ſings with better ſkill,
The *Boat-man*, *Tweed-ſide*, or the *Laſs of the mill*,
'Tis many times ſweeter and pleaſing to me;
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire!
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes love's fire;
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

SANG XI. *By the delicious warmneſs of thy Mouth.*

Sung by PATIE *and* PEGGY.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, which ſmiling tells the truth,
I gueſs, my laſſie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why ſhould ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taſte but hard and ſow'r.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye:
Red-cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But ſtint your wiſhes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armsfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed and quickly riſe;
O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal day:
And if ye're weary'd, honeſt light,
Sleep gif ye like a week that night.

SANG XII. *Happy Clown.*

Sung by Sir WILLIAM.

HID from himſelf, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as feſh as roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay
He chants and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocriſie,
Where truth and love with joys agree.
Unſullied with a crime:
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In proping of their pride and ſtate,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

SANG XIII. *Leith-wynd.*

Sung by JENNY *and* ROGER.

WERE I aſſur'd you'll conſtant prove,
You ſhou'd nae mair complain,
The eaſy maid beſet with love,
Few words will quickly gain;
For I muſt own, now ſince you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline;
This pleaſure ſtrikes me near hand dead;
Is Jenny then ſae kind?——
O let me briſs thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine:
Delytful thought! we'll never part!
Come preſs thy mouth to mine.

SANG XIV. *O'er Bogie.*

Sung by JENNY.

WELL I agree, ye'er ſure of me;
Next to my father gae,
Make him content to give conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nay;
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain.
Tho' a' my kin had ſaid and ſworn;
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, or learn to change,
Like theſe in high degree:
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

SANG XV. *Wat ye wha I met yeſtreen.*

Sung by Sir WILLIAM.

NOW from ruſticity and love,
Whoſe flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle ſhepherd muſt be drove,
His ſoul muſt take another turn:
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breakings only ſhews its light,

Till poliſhing has made it ſhine;
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

SANG XVI. *Kirk wad let me be.*

Sung by PATIE.

DUTY and part of reaſon,
Plead ſtrong on the parent's ſide,
Which love ſuperior calls treaſon;
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd;
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſhood repels;
For change in my heart is no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

SANG XVII. *Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

Sung by PEGGY.

SPEAK on——ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief,
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When Pate muſt from his Peggy ſunder.
A gentler face, and ſilk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake poor me! will now conſpire
To ſteal thee from thy Peggy's boſom.

No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praiſes tell,
Ah!-I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye meadows where we often ſtray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet ſcented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again, ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know with ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear

Hear, heaven, while ſolemnly I vow,
Tho' thou ſhouldſt prove a wand'ring lover,
Throw life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

SANG XVIII. *Tweed-ſide.*

Sung by PEGGY.

WHEN hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſav't for thy ſake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay,
And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in thoſe arms.
Whilſt thou waſt a ſhepherd I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
To a hight that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only ſkin deep,
Muſt fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the huſband have ſenſe to approve.

SANG XIX. *Buſh aboon* Traquair.

Sung by PEGGY.

AT ſetting day and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,

I'll aſk of heaven thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll viſit oft the birken-buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood-ſhaw or fountain;
Or where the ſummer-day I'd ſhare
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

SANG XX. *Bonny grey ey'd Morn.*

Sung by Sir WILLIAM.

THE bonny grey ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkneſs flys before the riſing ray,
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day.
Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow.
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace, and pegeantry free.

While fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs,
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkar'd and gameſter, tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain.
Be my portion health and quietneſs of mind,
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,
Where neither ambition, or avarice blind,
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

The ARCHERS *March.*

SOUND, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,

Let

Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praiſe of archery:
Its origin divine is,
The practice brave and fine is,
Which generouſly incline us
To guard our liberty.
Art by the god imployed,
By which heroe enjoyed,
By which heroes enjoyed,
The wreaths of victory.
The deity of Parnaſſus,
The god of ſoft careſſes,
Chaſte Cynthia and her laſſes,
Delight in archery.
See, ſee yon bow extended!
'Tis Jove himſelf that bends it,
'Tis Jove himſelf that bends it,
O'er clouds on high it glows.
All nations, Turks and Parthians,
The Tartars and the Scythians,
The Arabs, Moors, and Indians,
With bravery draw their bows.
Our own true records tell us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us
In martial archery:
With ſhafts our ſires engaging,
Oppos'd the Romans raging,
Defeat the fierce Norwegian,
And ſpar'd few Danes to flee.
Witneſs Largs and Loncartie,

Largs, where the Norwegians headed by their valiant King HACO, were, Anno 1263, totally defeat by ALEXANDER III. King of Scots; the heroic ALEXANDER, great ſteward of Scotland, commanded the right wing.

Loncartie, near Perth, where King KINNETH III. obtained the victory over the Danes, which was principally owing to

Dunkel and Aberlemny,
Dunkel and Aberlemny,
Roſline and Bannockburn,
The Chiviots——all the border,
Where bowmen in brave order,
Told enemies, if furder
They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.
Sound, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praiſe of archery.
Us'd as a game it pleaſes,
The mind to joy it raiſes,
And throws off all diſeaſes
Of lazy luxury.
Now, now our care beguiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling,
With healthful harmony:
The ſun in glory glowing,
With morning dew beſtowing,

Sweet

---

the valour and reſolution of the firſt brave HAY and his two ſons.

Dunkeld, here, and in Kyle, and on the banks of Tay, our great King CORBREDUS GALDUS in three battles overthrew 30,000 Romans, in the reign of the emperor Domitian.

Aberlemny, four miles from Brechin, where King MALCOLM II. obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of Danes, Norwegians and Cumbrians, &c. commanded by SUENO king of Denmark, and his warlike ſon prince CANUTE.

Roſline, about five miles ſouth of Edinburgh, where 10,000 Scots, led by Sir JOHN CUMIN, and Sir SIMON FRAZER, defeat in three battles, in one day, 30,000 of their enemies, Anno 1303.

The battles of Bannockburn and Chiviot, &c. are ſo well known, that they require no notes.

Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
An hearty band and loyal,
An hearty band and loyal,
That in juſt thoughts agree.
Appear in ancient bravery,
Deſpiſing all baſe knavery,
Which tends to bring in ſlavery
Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Fill up the glaſs, and round wi't,
Fill up the glaſs, and round wi't,
Health and proſperity.
To our great chief and officers,
T' our preſident and counſellors;
To all who, like their brave forbears,
Delight in archery.

The Soger Laddie.

MY ſoger laddie is over the ſea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
My bleſſing gang with my ſoger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handſome and brave,
And can as a ſoger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is ſteady,
There's few to compare to my ſoger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with lawrels to my langing arms.
Syne frae all my care ye'll preſently free me,
When back to my wiſhes my ſoger ye gie me.

O ſoon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they muſt, if he get his due:

For

For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my ſoger laddie.

The Cock Laird.

A Cock laird fu cadgie,
With Jenny did meet,
He haws'd her, he kiſs'd her,
And ca'd her his ſweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
Thouſe be my ain lemmane,
Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye maunna fail,
To feaſt me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The Deil's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae pinners,
With pearling ſet round,
A ſkirt of puddy,
And a waiſtcoat of brown.
Awa with ſick vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdſhip can yield me
As meikle a year,
As had us in porrige
And good knockit beer:
But having nae tenants,
O Jenny, Jenny,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The borrowſtown merchants
Will ſell ye on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Albeit they ſoud break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are ſet free,
When we make them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth ſhe.

A SONG.

Tune, *The laſt time I came o'er the moer.*

YE blytheſt lads, and laſſes gay,
Hear what my ſang diſcloſes;
As I ae morning ſleeping lay
Upon a bank of roſes,
Young Jamie whiſking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to ſpy me;
He took his bonnet aff his head,
And ſaftly ſat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him;
But with a frown my face diſguis'd,
And ſtrave away to ſend him:
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And by my ſide down lying,
His beating heart thumped ſae faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
And angry paſſion feigning,
I aften roughly ſhot him by,
With words full of diſdaining.
Poor Jamie bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went aff much diſcontented;
But I, in truth, for a' my ſins,
Ne'er haff ſae ſair repented.

JEANNY,

JEANY, *Where has thou been?*

O Jeany, Jeany, where has thou been?
Father and mother are ſeeking of thee,
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
Keeping of Jocky's company.
O Betty I've been to hear the mill clack,
Getting meal ground for the family,
As ſou as it gade I brang hame the ſack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha! Jeany, Jeany, there's meal on your back.
The miller's a wanton billy, and ſlee,
Tho' victual's come hame again hale, what-reck,
I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.
And Betty, ye ſpread your linen to bleech,
When that was done, where cou'd ye be?
Ha! laſs, I ſaw ye ſlip down the hedge,
And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay, Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk;
But when it ſkail'd where cou'd thou be?
Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
They ſay the kiſſing clerk came wi' ye.
O ſilly laſſie, what wilt thou do?
If thou grow great, they'll heeze thee hie.
Look to your ſell, if Jock prove true,
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

Bonny CHRISTY.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green!
Sweet taſte the peach and cherry:
Painting and order pleaſe our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But fineſt colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their charms, and weaker powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of Chriſty.

When

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in conſort chanting?
But if my Chriſty tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with extaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a woman;
But dubious of my ain deſert,
My ſentiments I ſmother;
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chriſty did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour by a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wiſely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chriſty!——witneſs, bonny ſtream,
Sic joys frae tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may na be a dream;
O love the moſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wiſhes,
He wadna with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kiſſes.

The Buſh aboon TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every ſwain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,

Tho'

Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My vows and ſighs, like ſilent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonny buſh aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That day ſhe ſmil'd and made me glad,
No maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there paſt, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet ſhe ſhews diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May,
Its ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

[illegible]ural powers, who hear my ſtrains,
[illegible]Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me?
[illegible]! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
My paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the buſh aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

An ODE.

Tune, *Polwarth on the green.*

THO' beauty like the roſe
That ſmiles on Polwarth green,

In various colours ſhows,
As 'tis by fancy ſeen:
Yet all its different glories ly
United in thy face,
And virtue, like the ſun on high,
Gives rays to every grace.

So charming is her air,
So ſmooth, ſo calm her mind,
That to ſome angel's care
Each motion ſeems aſſign'd:
But yet ſo chearful, ſprightly, gay,
The joyful moments fly,
As if for wings they ſtole the ray
She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
With tuneful voice ſhe ſings,
Perfume her breath and ſmile,
And wave their balmy wings:
But as the tender bluſhes riſe,
Soft innocence doth warm,
The ſoul in bliſsful extaſies
Diſſolveth in the charm.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daiſy, nor ſweet bluſhing roſe,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding ſweetly thro' thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The black-bird, and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant ev'ry buſh.

Come

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Mary not 'tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lyes aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt, where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

A SONG.

Tune, *Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

IS Hamilla then my own?
O! the dear, the charming treaſure:
Fortune now in vain ſhall frown;
All my future life is pleaſure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;
Smiling heaven is in her face,
All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms ariſe,
Roſy ſmiles, and kindling bluſhes;
Love ſits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her ſecret wiſhes.

Haſte

Haſte then from th' Idalian grove,
Infant ſmiles, and ſports, and graces;
Spread the downy couch for love,
And lull us in your ſweet embraces.

Softeſt raptures, pure from noiſe,
This fair happy night ſurround us;
While a thouſand ſp'ritly joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unſowr'd with care or ſtrife,
Heaven ſtill guard this deareſt bleſſing!
While we tread the path of life,
Loving ſtill, and ſtill poſſeſſing.

A SONG.

LET's be jovial, fill our glaſſes,
Madneſs 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by aſſes,
And the wiſe are ſway'd by chink.
Fal, la, ra, &c.

Then never let vain cares oppreſs us,
Riches are to them a ſnare;
We're every one as rich as Crœſus,
While our bottle drowns our care.
Fal, la, ra, &c.

Wine will make us red as roſes,
And our ſorrows quite forget:
Come, let us ſuddle all our noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of debt.
Fal, la, ra, &c.

When grim death is looking for us,
We are toping at our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus:
Death be gone, here's none but ſouls.
Fal, la, ra, &c.

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling death away ſhall fly,
Ever after underſtanding
Drinking ſouls can never dy.
Fal, la, ra, &c.

Muirland WILLIE.

HEARKEN and I will tell you how
Young muirland Willy came to woo,
Tho' he could neither ſay nor do;
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he crys, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'ſe hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yade, as he did ride,
With durk and piſtol by his ſide,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
Out o'er yon moſs, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your daughter's love to win,
I care na for making meikle din;
What anſwer gi' ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie you my doghter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what town?
I think my doghter winna gloom
On ſic a lad as ye.
The wooer he ſtepped up the houſe,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouſe,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have

I have three owſen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yades, and gear enough;
The place they call it cadeneugh;
I ſcorn to tell a lie:
Beſides, I had frae that good laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the town;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he ſtended up in haſte,
And gript her hard about the waiſt,
With a fal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;
And for my ſell you need na fear,
Troth try me when ye like.
He took aff his bonnet, and ſpat in his chew,
He dighted his gab, and pri'd her mou,
With a fal, &c.

The maiden bluſh'd, and bing'd ſu law,
She had na will to ſay him na,
But to her dady ſhe left it a',
As they beſt cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiſs,
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your doghter wadna ſay me na,
But to your ſell ſhe left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa;
Say what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quoth he, I ha'e na meikle,
But ſic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A killfu of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three ſoums of ſheep, twa good milk ky,
Ye's hae the wadding dinner free;
Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, make haſte, let's do't,
With a fal, &c.

The bridal day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony a blythſome lad and laſs;
But ſicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never ſeen.
This winſome couple ſtraked hands,
Meſs John ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our ladſes een,
With a fal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and ſic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him;
The minſtrils they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

The promis'd Joy.

Tune, *Carle and the king come.*

When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loſs reſult in gain, Phely.

Long the ſport of fortune driv'n,
To deſpair our thoughts were giv'n,

Our

Our odds will all be even, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary diſtant groves,
Tho' we moan like turtle doves,
Suffering beſt our virtue proves,
And will inhance our loves, Phely.
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a ſurprize,
Till it's happy hour ariſe;
Temper well your love-ſick ſighs,
For hope becomes the wiſe, Phely.
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loſs reſult in gain, Phely.

To Delia, *on drawing him to her Valentine.*

Tune, *Black ey'd Suſan.*

YE powers! was Damon then ſo bleſt,
To fall to charming Delia's ſhare.
Delia, the beauteous maid, poſſeſt
Of all that's ſoft, and all that's fair?
Here ceaſe thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n,
I aſk no more, for all my wiſh is giv'n.

I came, and Delia ſmiling ſhow'd,
She ſmil'd, and ſhow'd the happy name;
With riſing joy my heart o'erflow'd,
I felt and bleſt the new-born flame.
May ſofteſt pleaſures careleſs round her move,
May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the treaſure from her breaſt,
That breaſt where love and graces play,
O name beyond expreſſion bleſt!
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.

To be ſo lodg'd! the thought is extaſy,
Who would not wiſh in paradiſe to ly?

The Faithful Shepherd.

Tune, *Auld lang ſyne.*

WHEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,
And ſporting lambkins play,
When ſpangled fields renew'd appear,
And muſic wak'd the day;
Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,
To hear my am'rous lay,
Warm'd by my love, ſhe vow'd no pow'r
Shou'd lead her heart aſtray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
Surround our couch in throngs,
And all their tuneful art beſtow,
To give us change of ſongs:
Scenes of delight my ſoul poſſeſs'd,
I bleſs'd, then hugg'd my maid;
I rob'd the kiſſes from her breaſt,
Sweet as a noon-day's ſhade.

Joy tranſporting never fails
To fly away as air.
Another ſwain with her prevails
To be as falſe as fair.
What can my fatal paſſion cure?
I'll never woo again;
And her diſdain I muſt endure,
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
Thus ſighing with his pain;
But time and ſcorn may give him joy,
To hear her ſigh again.
Ah! fickle Chloe, be advis'd,
Do not thyſelf beguile,
A faithful lover ſhould be priz'd,
Then cure him with a ſmile.

To Mrs. S. H. *on her taking ſomething ill I ſaid.*

Tune, *Hallow Ev'n.*

WHy hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
That beauteous heav'n ere while ſerene?
Whence do theſe ſtorms and tempeſts flow,
Or what this guſt of paſſion mean?
And muſt then mankind loſe that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to ſhine,
And ly obſcur'd in endleſs night,
For each poor ſilly ſpeech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuſe thy fame,
Thy beauty could make large amends?
Or if I durſt prophanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the ly,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart t' enſnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas, with unuſual care,
Bids wiſdom heighten every grace,
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who muſt not reſign the field
To thee, celeſtial maid, ſecure
With Cupid's bow and Pallas' ſhield?

If then to thee ſuch pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But ſmile, and learn to copy heaven,
Since we muſt ſin ere it forgive.
But pitying heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But ev'n itſelf appeas'd beſtows,
As the reward of penitence.

The Broom of COWDENKNOWS.

HOW blyth ilk morn was I to ſee
The ſwain come o'er the hill!
He ſkipt the burn and flew to me;
I met him with good-will.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ews.

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay:
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſae ſweet,
The birds ſtood liſt'ning by:
E'en the dull cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we ſpent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play;
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' ne'er ſae rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate, that I ſhou'd baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
He ſtaw my heart: cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My

My doggie and my little kit
That held my wee ſoup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked ſtick,
May now ly uſeleſs by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
Farewel a' pleaſure there;
Ye gods, reſtore to me my ſwain,
Is a' I crave or care.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows:
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ews.

To Chloe.

Tune, *I wiſh my love were in a mire.*

O Lovely maid! how dear's thy power?
At once I love, at once adore:
With wonder are my thoughts poſſeſt,
While ſofteſt love inſpires my breaſt.
This tender look, theſe eyes of mine,
Confeſs their am'rous maſter thine;
Theſe eyes with Strephon's paſſion play,
Firſt make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.
In thee I've treaſur'd up my joy,
Thou canſt give bliſs, or bliſs deſtroy:
And thus I've bound myſelf to love,
While bliſs or miſery can move.

Or ſhould I ne'er poſſeſs thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;

Were

Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone:
But, like ſome diſcontented ſhade
That wanders where its body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair.

Upon hearing his Picture was in CHLOE'S *Breaſt.*

Tune, *The fourteen of October.*

YE gods! was Strephon's picture bleſt
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breaſt?
Move ſofter, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb,——too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brighteſt of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliſs deſign'd?
For Strephon's ſake, dear charming maid,
Didſt thou prefer his wand'ring ſhade?

And thou bleſt ſhade, that ſweetly art,
Lodged ſo near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And ſoftly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it ſcorns to hear
Its wretched maſter's ardent prayer,
Ingroſſing all that beauteous heaven,
That Chloe, laviſh maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee; were I lord
Of all the wealth thoſe breaſts afford,
I'd be a miſer too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh, ſmile not thus, my lovely fair,
On theſe cold looks, that lifeleſs air,
Prize him whoſe boſom glows with fire,
With eager love and ſoft deſire.

'Tis true, thy charms, O powerful maid,
To life can bring the ſilent ſhade:

Thou

Thou canſt ſurpaſs the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, charmer, grant my fond requeſt,
Say, thou canſt love, and make me bleſt.

A SONG *for a Serenade.*

Tune, *The broom of Cowdenknows.*

TEACH me, Chloe, how to prove
My boaſted flame ſincere:
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain diſplays her charms,
To bribe my ſoul to reſt,
Vainly ſpreads her ſilken arms,
And courts me to her breaſt.

Where can Strephon find repoſe,
If Chloe is not there?
For ah! no peace his boſom knows,
When abſent from the fair.

What tho' Phœbus from on high
Withholds his chearful ray,
Thine eyes can well his light ſupply,
And give me more than day.

Love is the Cauſe of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring ſtream a fair ſhepherdeſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye nymphs, I oftimes heard her ſay,
Tell Strephon I die, if he paſſes this way,
And that love is the cauſe of my mourning.
Falſe ſhepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
Deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;

Yet

Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms;
Oh Strephon! the cauſe of my mourning.
But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go
Down to the ſhades below,
E'er ye let Strephon know
That I lov'd him ſo;
Then on my pale cheek no bluſhes will ſhow
That love was the cauſe of my mourning.

Her eyes were ſcarce cloſed when Strephon came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh;
But finding her breathleſs, Oh heavens! he did cry,
Ah Chloris! the cauſe of my mourning.
Reſtore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, uſe your art.
They ſighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourſelf ſhot the dart,
That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs' heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.
Ah then! is Chloris dead,
Wounded by me? he ſaid;
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid,
Down to the ſilent ſhade.
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

To Mrs. A. H. *on ſeeing her at a Concert.*

Tune, *The honnieſt laſs in a' the warld.*

LOOK where my dear Hamilla ſmiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles
The loves and graces arm her.
A bluſh dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair ſeats of youthful pleaſures,
There love in ſmiling language ſpeaks,
There ſpreads his roſy treaſures.

O faireſt maid, I own thy pow'r,
I gaze, I ſigh, and languiſh,

Yet

Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguiſh.
But eaſe, O charmer, eaſe my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art faireſt of the fair,
So I the deareſt love thee.

The bonny Scot.

Tune, *The Boat-man.*

YE gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me,
My brave, my bonny Scot-man:
In haly bands,
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate,
Before a faithful lover.

But I le'er chuſe in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat——man,
E'er I cou'd for ſic little ends
Refuſe my bonny Scot-man.
Wae worth the man,
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion,
Frae greedy views
Love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to its paſſion.

Frae foreign field, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie.
Who pants to preſs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haſte on board,

Fair

Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot-man.

Scornfu' NANSY.

To its ain tune.

NANSY's to the green wood gane,
To hear the gowdſpink chatt'ring,
And Willie he has followed her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd ſay or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails you at my dad, quoth he,
My minny or my aunty?
With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail and ranty-tanty;
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped ſtocks butter'd fou well;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail yard,
A ha' houſe and a pantry:
A good blue bonnet on his head,
An owrely 'bout his cragy;
And ay until the day he died,
He rade on good ſhanks nagy.

Now wae and wonder on your ſnout,
Wad ye hae bonny Nanſy?
Wad ye compare yourſel to me,
A docken to a tanſy?

I have

I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him ſouple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny mou
Is ſweet like ſugar-candy.

Wow, Nanſy, what needs a' this din?
Do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy:
His minny Meg, upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy?
Will ye compare a naſty pack
To me your winſome Willy?

My gutcher left a good braid ſword,
Tho' it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a heezy.

Then Nanſy turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miſs to get a clout,
I ken he diſna fear ye:
Sae had your tongue, and ſay nae mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never ſhall get Nanſy.

Slighted NANSY.

Tune, *The kirk wad let me be.*

'TIS I have ſeven braw new gowns,
And ither ſeven better to mak,
And yet for a' my new gowns,
My wooer has turn'd his back.

Be-

Beſides I have ſeven milk-ky,
And Sandy he has but three;
And yet for a' my good ky,
The laddie winna ha'e me.

My dady's a delver of dikes,
My mither can card and ſpin,
And I'm a fine fudgel laſs,
And the ſiller comes linkin in;
The ſiller comes linkin in,
And it is fou fair to ſee,
And fifty times vow! O vow!
What ails the lads at me?

When ever our Bawty does bark,
Then faſt to the door I rin,
To ſee gin ony young ſpark,
Will light and venture but in:
But never a ane will come in,
Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
Syne far ben the houſe I rin;
And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my firſt prayers,
I prayed but anes i' the year,
I wiſh'd for a handſome young lad,
And a lad with muckle gear.
When I was at my neiſt prayers,
I pray'd but now and than,
I faſh'd na my head about gear,
If I gat but a handſome young man.

Now when I'm at my laſt prayers,
I pray on baith night and day,
And O! if a beggar wad come,
With that ſame beggar I'd gae.
And O! and what'll come o' me?
And O! and what ll I do?
That ſic a braw laſſie as I
Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

Lucky

Lucky NANSY.

Tune, *Dainty Davie.*

WHILE fops in ſaft Italian verſe,
Ilk fair ane's een and breaſt rehearſe;
While ſangs abound and ſenſe is ſcarce,
These lines I have indited:
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid ſhall appear,
And yet with theſe fine ſounds, I ſwear,
The maidens are delighted.
I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nanſy, lucky Nanſy,
Auld ſprings wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor ſnaw with crimſon will I mix,
To ſpread upon my laſſie's cheeks;
And ſyne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis,
I'll fetch nae ſimile frae Jove,
My height of extaſy to prove,
Nor ſighing——thus——preſent my love
With roſes eek and lilies.
I was ay telling you, &c.

But ſtay,——I had amaiſt forgot
My miſtreſs, and my ſang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wat;
But, Nanſy, 'tis nae matter.
Ye ſee I clink my verſe wi' rhime,
And ken ye, that attones the crime;
For by how ſweet my numbers chime,
And ſlide away like water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend ſonſy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,

Thy haff ſhut een and hodling air,
Are a' my paſſion's fewel.
Nae ſkyring gowk, my dear, can ſee,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou haſt charms anew for me,
Then ſmile and be na cruel.
Leez me on thy ſnawy pow,
Lucky Nanſy, lucky Nanſy,
Dryeſt wood will eitheſt low,
And, Nanſy, ſae will ye now.

Troth I have ſung the ſang to you,
Which ne'er another bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nanſy.
But if the warld my paſſion wrang,
And ſay, ye only live in ſang,
Ken I deſpiſe a ſland'ring tongue,
And ſing to pleaſe my fancy.
Leez me on thy, &c.

A Scots CANTATA.

The tune after an Italian manner.

Compos'd by Signior LORENZO BOCCHI.

Recitative.

ALATE Jonny faintly teld fair Jean his mind;
Jeany took pleaſure to deny him lang;
He thought her ſcorn came frae a heart unkind,
Which gart him in deſpair tune up this ſang.

Air.

O bonny laſſie, ſince 'tis ſae,
That I'm deſpis'd by thee,
I hate to live; but O I'm wae,
And unco ſweer to die.
Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
I thole by your diſdain;

Ah!

Ah! ſhould a breaſt ſae ſaft as yours,
Contain a heart of ſtane?

Recitative.

Theſe tender notes did a' her pity move,
With melting heart ſhe liſten'd to the boy;
O'ercome ſhe ſmil'd, and promis'd him her love;
He in return thus ſang his riſing joy.

Air.

Hence frae my breaſt contentious care,
Ye've tint the power to pine;
My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,
And a' her ſweets are mine.
O ſpread thine arms, and gi'e me ſouth
Of dear enchanting bliſs,
A thouſand joys around thy mouth
Gi'e heaven with ilka kiſs.

The TOAST.

Tune, *Saw ye my* Peggy.

COME let's hae mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loos nae dwining,
Let's be blyth and free.
Away with dull, here t'ye, ſir,
Your miſtreſs, Robie, gi'es her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleaſure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a laſs can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is ſhe to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wiſh an brawer,
If ye bare-headed ſaw her
Kiltit to the knee.

Peggy a dainty laſs is,
Come let's join our glaſſes,
And refreſh our hauſes,
With a health to thee.
Let coofs their caſh be clinking,
Be ſtateſmen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking,
Give our cares the lie.

MAGGY'S *Tocher.*

To its ain tune.

THE meal was dear ſhort ſyne,
We buckl'd us a' the gither;
And Maggie was in her prime,
When Willy made courtſhip till her:
Twa piſtals charg'd begueſs,
To gi'e the courting ſhot;
And ſyne came ben the laſs,
Wi' ſwats drawn frae the bott,
He firſt ſpeer'd at the guidman,
And ſyne at Giles the mither,
An' ye wad gi's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doghter ye ſhall hae,
I'll gi'e you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife, by my ſae,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it ſall be good,
There's nane ſall hae its maik,
The laſs bound in her ſnood,
And Crummie who kens her ſtake:
With an auld bedden o' claiths,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cuddle in them the gether.

Ye ſpeak right well, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,

And think o' modeſty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land:
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither.
A houſe is butt and ben,
And Crummie will want her fother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither!
We have nouther pat nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
For that you need na fear,
Twa good ſtilts to the pleugh,
And ye yourſel maun ſteer:
Ye ſhall hae twa good pocks,
That anes were o' the tweel,
The tane to had the grots,
The ither to had the meal:
With an auld kiſt made o' wands,
And that ſall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may had your tocher.

Conſider well, guidman,
We hae but borrow'd gear,
The horſe that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilſon's mare:
The ſaddle's nane of my ain,
And thae's but borrow'd boots,
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun take to my coots:
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
That gars me look ſae crouſe;
Come fill us a cogue of ſwats,
We'll make nae mair toom ruſe.

I like you well, young lad,
For telling me ſae plain,
I married when little I had
O' gear that was my ain.

But ſin that things are ſae,
The bride ſhe maun come forth,
Tho' a' the gear ſhe'll hae,
It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on Giles the mither;
Content am I, quo ſhe,
E'en gar the jilt come hither.
The bride ſhe gade till her bed,
The bridegroom he came till her;
The fidler crap in at the fit,
And they cudl'd it a the gither.

A SONG.

Tune, *Blink over the burn ſweet* Betty.

LEAVE kindred and friends, ſweet Betty,
Leave kindred and friends for me;
Aſſur'd thy ſervant is ſteddy
To love, to honour, and thee.
The gifts of nature and fortune
May fly by chance as they came;
They're grounds the deſtinies ſport on,
But virtue is ever the ſame.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
Thy charms ſo heavenly appear,
That other beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thine only, my dear.
And ſhou'd life's ſorrows imbitter
The pleaſure we promis'd our loves,
To ſhare them together is fitter,
Than moan aſunder like doves.

O were I but one ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my love in my arms!
By thee to be graſp'd and kiſſed,
And live on thy heaven of charms;

I'd

I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Shou'd fortune capricious prove;
Tho' death ſhould tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to love.

A SONG.

Tune, *The bonny gray-ey'd morning.*

CELESTIAL muſes, tune your lyres,
Grace all my raptures with your lays,
Charming, enchanting Kate inſpires,
In lofty ſounds her beauties praiſe;
How undeſigning ſhe diſplays
Such ſcenes as raviſh with delight?
Tho' brighter than meridian rays,
They dazzle not, but pleaſe the ſight.

Blind god, give this, this only dart,
I neither will nor can her harm,
I would but gently touch her heart,
And try for once if that could charm.
Go, Venus, uſe your fav'rite wile,
As ſhe is beauteous, make her kind,
Let all your graces round her ſmile,
And ſooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
And all my anxious cares remov'd,
In moving notes I'll tell the maid,
With what pure laſting flames I lov'd.
Then ſhall alternate life and death,
My raviſh'd flutt'ring ſoul poſſeſs,
The ſofteſt, tend'reſt things I'll breath,
Betwixt each am'rous fond careſs.

A SONG.

A SONG.

Tune, *The broom of Cowdenknows.*

SUBJECTED to the pow'r of love,
By Nell's reſiſtleſs charms,
The fancy fixt no more can rove,
Or fly love's ſoft alarms.

Gay Damon had the ſkill to ſhun
All traps by Cupid laid,
Until his freedom was undone
By Nell the conquering maid.

But who can ſtand the force of love,
When ſhe reſolves to kill?
Her ſparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
And wound us with our will.

O happy Damon, happy fair,
What Cupid has begun
May faithful Hymen take a care
To ſee it fairly done.

A SONG.

Tune, *Logan water.*

Vitas hinnuleo me ſimilis, Chloe.

TELL me, Hamilla, tell me why
Thou doſt from him that loves thee run?
Why from his ſoft embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments ſhun?

So flies the Fawn, with fear oppreſt,
Seeking its mother every where,
It ſtarts at every empty blaſt,
And trembles when no danger's near.

And

And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the glories of thy face,
Not with a hateful ſtep purſue,
As age to riſle every grace.

Ceaſe then, dear wildneſs, ceaſe to toy,
But haſte all rivals to outſhine,
And grown mature and ripe for joy,
Leave mamma's arms, and come to mine.

A South-Sea Sang.

Tune, *For our lang biding here.*

When we came to London town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpings here,
And rantingly ran up and down,
In riſing ſtocks to buy a ſkair:
We daftly thought to row in rowth,
But for our daffin pay'd right dear;
The lave will fare the war, in trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our purſes toom,
And dainty ſtocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom
Girn at ſtockjobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the South-ſea houſe,
The whilly-wha's will grip your gear,
Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

Hap me with thy Petticoat.

O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I paſs the day in pain,
When night returns I feel the ſmart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.

I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm;
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd fancy in amaze,
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Deluſive dreams ten thouſand ways,
Preſent thee to my arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe pleaſures, which can only cure
This panting breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt reward that's due to love,
And let true paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let compaſſion ſeize
That lovely breaſt of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to ſlight,
By hindring the deſign.
May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

Love inviting Reaſon.

Tune, *Cha mi ma chattel, na duſkar mi.*

WHEN innocent paſtime our pleaſure did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,

E'er

E'er Annie became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was ſhe?
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and cany,
And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the ſpleen?
Can tyning of trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears frae theſe een,
That look with indifference on poor dying me?
Rouze up they reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and cany,
And think on thy Jamie who doats upon thee.

Ah! ſhou'd a new manto or Flanders lac'd head,
Or yet a wee cottie, tho' never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine?
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer ye'r figaries to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and cany,
And ſent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sany,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair Annie,
And aim at theſe benniſons promis'd to me?
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And never prefer a light dancer to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and cany,
Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka ſweet hour,
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
E'er ſquirrels, or beaux, or fopp'ry had power
To rival my love, and impoſe upon thee.
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me;

O!

O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and cany,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The Bob *of* Dumblane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my ripling kame;
For fainneſs, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dumblane.
Haſte ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,
Buſk ye braw, and dinna think ſhame;
Conſider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane.

Be frank, my laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle,
Ye did na accept of the Bob of Dumblane.
The dinner, the piper and prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane,
Away then, leave baith minny and dady,
And try with me the Bob of Dumblane.

SONG, *Complaining of Abſence.*

Tune, *My apron deary.*

AH Chloe! thou treaſure, thou joy of my breaſt,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a ſtranger to reſt;
I fly to the grove, there to languiſh and mourn,
There ſigh for my charmer, and long to return.
The fields all around me are ſmiling and gay,
But they ſmile all in vain,——my Chloe's away:
The field and the grove can afford me no eaſe,—
But bring me my Chloe, a deſart will pleaſe.

No virgin I ſee that my boſom alarms,
I'm cold to the faireſt, tho' glowing with charms,
In vain they attack me, and ſparkle the eye;
Theſe are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.

Theſe

Theſe looks where bright love, like the ſun, ſits enthron'd,
And, ſmiling, diffuſes his influence round,
'Twas this I firſt view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd;
Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was ſtill in my ſight,
It was pleaſure all day it was rapture all night;
But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
In ſecret I languiſh, a prey to deſpair;
But abſence and torment abate not my flame,
My Chloe's ſtill charming, my paſſion the ſame;
O would ſhe preſerve me a place in her breaſt,
Then abſence would pleaſe me, for I would be bleſt.

A SONG.

Tune, *I fix'd my fancy on her.*

BRIGHT Cynthia's power divinely great,
What heart is not obeying?
A thouſand Cupids on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.
She ſeems the queen of love to reign;
For ſhe alone diſpenſes,
Such ſweets as beſt can entertain
The guſt of all the ſenſes.

Her face a charming proſpect brings,
Her breath gives balmy bliſſes;
I hear an angel when ſhe ſings,
And taſte of heaven in kiſſes.
Four ſenſes thus ſhe feaſts with joy,
From nature's richeſt treaſure:
Let me the other ſenſe employ,
And I ſhall die with pleaſure.

A SONG.

A SONG.

Tune, *I loo'd a bonny laſs.*

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never eaſe my pain?
Muſt I die for every feature!
Muſt I always love in vain?
The deſire of admiration,
Is the pleaſure you purſue;
Pray then, try a laſting paſſion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and ſighing could not move you;
For a lover ought to dare;
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you ſaid I went too far.
Are ſuch giddy ways beſeeming?
Will my love be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the joy of women,
Let their ſlaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
And my deſp'rate thoughts increaſe;
Pray, conſider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover leſs.
If your wand'ring heart is beating
For new lovers, let it be;
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.

The Reply.

IN vain, fond youth; thy tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can Flavia do?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore;
All are not happy that are true.
Suppreſs thoſe ſighs, and weep no more;
Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
'Twere

'Twere all in vain, ſince any power,
To crown thy love muſt alter mine.

But if revenge can eaſe thy pain,
I'll ſooth the ills I cannot cure,
Tell that I drag a hopeleſs chain,
And all that I inflict endure.

The Roſe in Yarrow.

Tune, *Mary Scot.*

'TWAS ſummer, and the day was fair;
Reſolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting ſorrow,
I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow;
Till then deſpiſing beauty's power,
I kept my heart my own ſecure;
But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
And Mary's charms do now enſlave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
No ranſom take for Mary's ſlave?
Her frowns of reſt and hope deprive me;
Her lovely ſmiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since firſt I ſaw this charming fair:
This beauteous flower, this roſe of Yarrow,
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one requeſt,
I'd aſk to ly on Mary's breaſt;
There would I live or die with pleaſure,
Nor ſpare the world one moment's leiſure;
Deſpiſing kings and all that's great.
I'd ſmile at courts and courtiers fate;
My joy complete on ſuch a marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' ſuch bliſs I ne'er ſhould gain,
Contented ſtill I'll wear my chain,

In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts diſtract a lover's mind?
That breaſt all ſoftneſs, muſt prove kind;
And ſhe ſhall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous roſe of Yarrow.

The Fair Penitent.

To its ain tune.

A Lovely laſs to a friar came,
To confeſs in a morning early.
In what, my dear, are you to blame?
Come own it all ſincerely.
I've done, ſir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greateſt fault in myſelf I know,
Is what I now diſcover.
Then you to Rome for that muſt go,
There diſcipline to ſuffer,
Lake a day, ſir! if it muſt be ſo,
Pray, with me ſend my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the ſame,
I'll pardon your paſt failing.
I muſt own, ſir, tho' I bluſh for ſhame,
That your penance is prevailing.

The laſt Time I came o'er the Moor.

THE laſt time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me;
Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me?

Soon

Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In ſit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and paſt the time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
E'en kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raputres I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where martial ſteel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me:
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my care at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place,
To let a rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in every grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me;
Then Hymen's ſacred bonds ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

The Laſs of Peaty's Mill.

THE laſs of Peaty's mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
Hath ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love m dſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand.
Thro' all my ſpirits ran
An extaſy of bliſ ,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Peaty's mill,
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

Green Sleeves:

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
Who ſkiff on wings of ambient air,

Of my dear Delia take a care,
And repreſent her lover
With all the gayety of youth,
With honour, juſtice, love and truth;
Till I return, her paſſion ſooth,
For me in whiſpers move her.

Be careful no baſe ſordid ſlave,
With ſoul ſunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to ſave,
With glaring gold bewitch her.
Tell her, for me ſhe was deſign'd,
For me, who knows how to be kind,
And have mair plenty in my mind,
Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upſide down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In queſt of what can ne'er be found,
To pleaſe their vain ambition.
Let little minds great charms eſpy,
In ſhadows which at diſtance ly,
Whoſe hop'd for pleaſures, when come nigh,
Prove nothing in fruition.

But caſt into a mold divine,
Fair Delia does with luſtre ſhine,
Her virtuous ſoul's an ample mine,
Which yields a conſtant treaſure.
Let poets in ſublimeſt lays,
Employ their ſkill her fame to raiſe;
Let ſons of muſic paſs whole days,
With well tun'd reeds to pleaſe her.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN April, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoyceth the ſwain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so sast and enchanting a sound,
That silvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sowr:
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

NANNY----O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
I'll save myself, and without stealth,
Kiss and caress my Nanny—O.
She bids more fair t' engage a Jove,
Than Leda did or Danae—O.
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None else should sit but Nanny—O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely—O,
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely—O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breathe in the blest Britannia,
None's happiness I shall envy,
As lang's ye grant me Nanny— O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,
My lovely charming Nanny—O.

I care not tho' the world know
How dearly I love Nanny—O.

Bonny JEAN.

LOVE's goddeſs in a myrtle grove,
Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
Nor let the ſhaft at random rove,
For Jeany's haughty heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling boy with divine art,
From Paphos ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes Willy's kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whilſt every day he ſpys ſome new
Surpriſing charms in bonny Jean.

A thouſand tranſports crowd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his Jeanny is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny Jean.

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in ſummer ſhorten'd ſeems;
When ſunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen,
With breaking day he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

Through

Throw the Wood Laddie.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When naething can pleaſe me;
Now dowie I ſigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell;
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith evening and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my ſell.

Then ſtay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour till that happy day,
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

Down the Burn DAVIE.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
When Mary was compleat fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I ſhall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on this burn ſide,
And Mary was the bonnieſt laſs,

Juſt

Juſt meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were roſie, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they ſaid!
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her boſom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully bleſt,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only ſaw the reſt.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And naething ſure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a wa'k ſae ſweet;
And that they aften ſhou'd return
Sic pleaſure to renew.
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And ay ſhall follow you.

Tune, *Gilder Roy.*

AH! Chloris, cou'd I now but ſit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
No happineſs or pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire,
Wou'd take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfection preſt;

So love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his art;——
To make a beauty, ſhe.

Tune, *The yellow-hair'd laddie.*

YE ſhepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your ſports, and attend to my ſtrain,
Amongſt all your number a lover ſo true,
Was ne'er ſo undone, with ſuch bliſs in his view.

Was ever a nymph ſo hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine;
She does not diſdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly reſigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
She ſmiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my ſighs.
A boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an air,
Inſpires me with hopes, and yet bids me deſpair.

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears;
Her anſwer confounds, while her manner endears;
When ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bleſs her in ſpite of my grief.

By night, while I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with care,
I ſtart up in anguiſh, and ſigh for the fair:
The fair ſleeps in peace, may ſhe ever do ſo,
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a diſtance, nor further aſpire,
Nor think ſhe ſhould love, whom ſhe cannot admire;
Huſh all thy complaining, and dying her ſlave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyſelf to the grave.

Tune,

Tune, *When ſhe came ben ſhe bobbed.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noiſe;
For I've try'd the endearments and pleaſures of love,
And I find they're but nonſenſe, and whimſies by Jove.

When firſt of all Betty and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and ſhe ſigh'd like a ſaint;
But I found her religion, her face and her love,
Were hypocriſy, paint, and ſelf-intereſt, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next with her languiſhing air,
Her outſide was orderly, modeſt and fair;
But her ſoul was ſophiſticate, ſo was her love,
For I found ſhe was only a ſtrumpet, by Jove.

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at laſt;
(You know marriage and money together does beſt)
But the baggage forgetting her vows and her love,
Gave her gold to a ſniv'ling dull coxcomb, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;
Here's a farewel to famale impert'nence and noiſe;
I know few of the ſex that are worthy my love;
And for ſtrumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

DUMBARTON's *Drums.*

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny—O,
When they mind me of my dear Jonny—O,
How happy am I,
When my ſoldier is by,
While he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie—O!
'Tis a ſoldier alone can delight me—O,
For his graceful looks do invite me—O:
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no wars alarms,
Neither danger nor death ſhall e'er fright me—O.

My love is a handſome laddie—O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy—O:

The'

Tho' commiſſions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year;
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a cadie—O.
A ſoldier has honour and bravery—O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O:
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the king;
For ev'ry other care is but ſlavery—O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady—O,
Farewel all my friends and my dady—O,
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whenever that beats I'll be ready—O.
Dumbarton's drums ſound bonny—O,
They are ſprightly like my dear Jonny—O:
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my ſoldier's knee,
And he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie—O!

Auld lang ſyne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with ſcars?
Theſe are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my Varo, to my breaſt,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt,
As I was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
A thouſand Cupids play.
Whilſt thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay:
Since your return, the ſun and moon
With brighter beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft notes while they run,
As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the court and din of ſtate;
Let that to their ſhare fall,

Who

Who can eſteem ſuch ſlav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball:
But ſunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline,
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend,
You may purſue the chace,
And, after a blyth bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day,
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at auld lang ſyne.

The hero, pleas'd with the ſweet air,
The ſigns of generous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the powers above;
Next day, with conſent and glad haſte,
Th' approach'd the ſacred ſhrine;
Where the good prieſt the couple bleſt,
And put them out of pine.

The Laſs of Livingston.

Pain'd with her ſlighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear,
The gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear,
They heard the praiſes of the youth
From her own tongue—from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus ſhe ſung—and thus ſhe ſung:

Bleſt days when our ingennous ſex,
More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex;
But ſpoke their mind—but ſpoke their mind.
Repenting now ſhe promis'd fair,

Wou'd

Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cauſe him mourn—or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deſerving ſwain,
Yet ſtill thought ſhame—yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame—to own my flame?
Why took I pleaſure to torment;
And ſeem too coy—and ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My ſlighted joy—my ſlighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its ſpring,
Own your deſire—own your deſire,
While love's young pow'r with his ſoft wing,
Fans on the fire—fans on the fire.
O do not with a ſilly pride,
Or low deſign—or low deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy bride,
But anſwer plain—but anſwer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes,
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
With ſweet ſurpriſe—with ſweet ſurpriſe,
Some god had led him to the grove:
His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I'm now reveng'd—I'm now reveng'd.

PEGGY, *I muſt love thee.*

AS from a rock paſt all relief,
The ſhipwreckt Colin ſpying
His native ſoil, o'ercome with grief;
Half ſunk in waves, and dying:
With the next morning ſun he ſpies
A ſhip which gives unhop'd ſurpriſe;
New life ſprings up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face,
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:
I'll haſte dull courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since marriage can my fears oppoſe:
Why ſhould we happy minutes loſe,
Since, Peggy, I muſt love thee.

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a lover's duty,
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my caſe, for many a year,
Still hope ſucceeding to my fear,
Falſe Betty's charms now diſappear,
Since Peggy's far outſhine them.

Bessy Bell *and* Mary Gray.

O Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny laſſes,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' raſhes.
Fair Beſſy Bell I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Beſſy's hair's like a lint-tap;
She ſmiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus ſtarts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:

White

White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty:
With ilka grace she can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean, redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blyth as a kid with wit at will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove! She's like thy Pallas

Dear Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppress us;
Our fancy jees between you twa,
Ye are sic bonny lasses:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

I'll never leave thee.

JONNY.

THO' for seven years and mair, honour shou'd reave me, (thee:
To fields where cannons rair, thou needs na grieve
For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented;
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O Jonny, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart sairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, Oh! it wad grieve me
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JONNY

JONNY.

My Nelly, let never ſic fancies oppreſs ye,
For while my blood's warm, I'll kindly careſs ye:
Your blooming ſaft beauties firſt beeted love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee.
Gang the warld as it will, deareſt believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your miſtreſs, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin ye prove fauſe, to ye'er ſell be it ſaid then,
Ye'll win but ſma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heavens! it wad reave me
Of my reſt night and day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid iceſhogles hammer red gauds on the ſtudy,
And fair ſummer mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The ſtarns ſhall gang witherſhins e'er I deceive thee.

My deary, if you die.

LOVE never more ſhall give me pain,
My fancy's fixt on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart ſhall gain,
My Peggy, if you die.
Thy beauties did ſuch pleaſure give,
Thy love's ſo true to me,
Without thee I ſhall never live,
My deary, if thou die.

If fate ſhall tear thee from my breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray?
In dreary dreams the night I'll waſte,
In ſighs the ſilent day.
I ne'er can ſo much virtue find,
Nor ſuch perfection ſee:
Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
My deary, if thou die.

No new blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage,
But thine, which can ſuch ſweets impart,
Muſt all the world engage.
'Twas this, that like the morning ſun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its deſtin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that ſmile on virtuous love,
And in ſuch pleaſures ſhare;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair.
Reſtore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Thoſe charms ſo dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from thoſe armsa
I'm loſt, if Peggy die.

My Jo Janet.

Sweet ſir, for your courteſie,
When ye come by the Baſs then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking glaſs then.
Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll ſee your bonny ſell,
My jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I ſhou'd fa' in,
Syne, a' my kin will ſay and ſwear,
I drown'd my ſell for ſin.
Had the better be the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the brae,
My jo Janet

Good ſir, for your courteſie,
Coming thro' Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of ſhoon then.

Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
A pair may gain you haff a year,
My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
And ſkipping like a mawking,
If they ſhou'd ſee my clouted ſhoon,
Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their fauts will no be ſee
My jo Janet.

Kind ſir, for your courteſie,
When ye gae to the croſs then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horſe then.
Pace upo' your ſpinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your ſpinning-wheel,
My jo Janet.

My ſpinning-wheel is auld and ſtiff,
The rock o't winna ſtand, ſir,
To keep the temper-pin in tift,
Employs aft my hand, ſir.
Make the beſt o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet.

Tune, *John Anderſon my jo.*

WHAT means this niceneſs now of late,
Since time that truth does prove?
Such diſtance may conſiſt with ſtate,
But never will with love.
'Tis either cunning or diſdain
That does ſuch ways allow;
The firſt is baſe, the laſt is vain:
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not haff that art:
For if you chance a look to caſt,
That ſeems to be a frown,
I'll give you all the love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be my own.

Auld Rob Morris.

MITHER.

AULD Rob Morris that wins in yon glen, (men,
He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
Has fourſcore of black ſheep, and fourſcore too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be ſeen,
For he's fourſcore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;
He ſhall ly by your ſide and kiſs you too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fou weel,
His a—— it ſticks out like ony peet creel,
He's ourſhinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-ey'd too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Tho' auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld braſs it will buy a new pan;
Then, doughter, ye ſhou'dna be ſae ill to ſhoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is ſae ſtiff, and his beard is grown gray:

I had

I had bitter die than live wi' him a year;
Sae nae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

Tune, *Come kiſs with me, come clap with me.*

PEGGY.

MY Jocky blyth, for what thou'ſt done,
There is nae help nor mending;
For thou has jogg'd me out of tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My mither ſees a change on me,
For my complexion daſhes,
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the raſhes.

JOCKY.

My Peggy, what I've ſaid, I'll do,
To free thee frae her ſcouling:
Come then, and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling;
For her content I'll inſtant wed,
Since thy complexion daſhes;
And then we'll try a feather bed,
'Tis ſafter than the raſhes.

PEGGY.

Then, Jocky, ſince thy love's ſae true,
Let mither ſcoul, I'm eaſy;
Sae lang's I live I ne'er ſhall rue
For what I've done to pleaſe thee.
And there's my hand I'ſe ne'er complain:
Oh! Well's me on the raſhes;
Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a feg for a' their claſhes.

Tune, Rothe's *lament*; or *Pinky-houſe*.

AS Sylvia in a foreſt lay
To vent her woe alone;
Her ſwain Sylvander came that way,
And heard her dying moan
Ah! is my love (ſhe ſaid) to you

So worthleſs and ſo vain?
Why is your wonted fondneſs now
Converted to diſdain?

You vow'd the light ſhou'd darkneſs turn,
E'er you'd exchange your love;
In ſhades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you ſwore?
But ah! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:
Alas! I ſee it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted, I could die;
But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think credulous conſtant I
Shou'd by yourſelf be kill'd.

This ſaid——all breathleſs, ſick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital ſpirits fail,
And ſenſes at a ſtand.
Sylvander then began to melt;
But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of death ſhe felt,
And ſigh'd her ſoul to heaven.

The young Laird and Edinburgh Kaw[illegible]

NOW wat ye wha I met yeſtreen,
Coming down the ſtreet, my jo?
My miſtreſs in her tartan ſcreen,
Fow bonny, braw and ſweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wiſh'd a lover ill,
Since ye'er out of your mither's ſight,
Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy,

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me.
And leave the dinſome town a while?
The bloſſom's ſprouting frae the tree,
And a' the ſummer's gawn to ſmile:
The mavis, nightingale and lark,
The bleeting lambs and whiſtling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, ſhaw and park,
Will nouriſh health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends his morning-draught of dew,
We'll gae to ſome burn-ſide and play,
And gather flowers to buſk ye'r brow.
We'll pou the daſies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleaſant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, ſaft and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks have form'd a bower:
Whene'er the ſun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler ſhade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

Katy's *Anſwer*.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' ſhe did the ſame before me;
I canna get leave
To look to my love,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'er offer,
Sweet ſir, but I'll tine my tocher;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye're poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of ſiller and pleniſhing dainty,

Katy

Yet he's unco ſweer
To twin wi' his gear,
And ſae we had need to be tenty.
Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag well o' ye're land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

Mary Scot.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare;
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at a diſtance due adore her.
O lovely maid, my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of Yarrow.

Be huſh'd ye fears, I'll not deſpair,
My Mary's tender as the's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:
With ſucceſs crown'd I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe on Yarrow.

O'er Bogie.

I Will awa' wi' my love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had ſworn and ſaid,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her conſent,
I dinna care a ſtrae;
Tho' ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now ſhe's miſtris of my heart,
And wordy of my hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna part
For ſiller or for land.
Let rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And beaux admire fine lace,
But my chief pleaſure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.
I will awa', &c.

There's a' the beauties do combine,
Of colour, treats and air,
The ſaul that ſparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare:
Her flowing wit gives ſhining life
To a' her other charms;
How bleſt I'll be when ſhe's my wife,
And lockt up in my arms!
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her ſweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble ſervant, king,
Shamefa' them that wad change.
A kiſs of Betty, and a ſmile,
Albeit ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to Britain's iſle,
And offer me ye'r crown.
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to Maggy.

AND I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
Her wit and ſweetneſs call me,
Then to my fair I'll ſhow my mind,
Whatever may befal me.
If ſhe love mirth, I'll learn to ſing;
Or like the nine to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' ſpring,
And invocate Apollo.

If ſhe admire a martial mind,
I'll ſheath my limbs in armour;
If to the ſofter dance inclin'd,
With gayeſt airs I'll charm her;
If ſhe love grandeur, day and night
I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's ſight,
And ſhine in future ſtory.

Beauty can wonders work with eaſe,
Where wit is correſponding;
And braveſt men know beſt to pleaſe,
With complaiſance abounding.
My bonny Maggy's love can turn
Me to what ſhape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her breaſt that flame ſhall burn,
Which in my boſom bleezes.

Polwart *on the Green.*

AT Polwart on the green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where laſſes do conveen
To dance about the thorn.
A kindly welcome you ſhall meet
Frae her, wha likes to view
A lover and a lad compleat,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames ſay na,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,

Seem

Seem calder than the ſnaw,
While inwardly they bleeze;
But I will frankly ſhaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At polwart on the green,
Amang the new-mawn hay.
With ſangs and dancing keen
We'll paſs the heartſome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhall be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

John Hay's *bonny Laſſie.*

BY ſmooth winding Tay a ſwain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I ſtill live pining
My ſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny Hay that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtranger;
If ſhe's not my bride, my days are nae langer;
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and ſing, bidding day a good-mor-
The ſwaird of the mead, enamel'd with daſies, (row
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if ſhe appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flow'rs ſmell the ſweeter;
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eye ſet my ſpirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is Hay's bonny laſſie.

Katherine

Katherine Ogie.

As walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's ſweet ſcent did chear my brain,
From flowers which grow ſo rarely;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She ſhin'd tho' it was fogie;
I aſk'd her name, Sweet ſir, ſhe ſaid,
My name is Katherine Ogie.

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately;
So brilk an air there did appear
In a country maid ſo neatly:
Such natural ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a lily in a bogie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame Katherine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee;
Tho' thou art dreſt in robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee:
Thy handſome air, and graceful look,
Excels a clowniſh rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katherine Ogie.

O were I but ſome ſhepherd-ſwain,
To feed my flock beſide thee,
At boughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee!
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I but Katherine Ogie.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne
And ſtateſmens dangerous ſtations;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,

I'd ſmile at conquering nations;
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
This laſs, of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with Katherine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a creature,
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of deſpair ſurround my love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my caſe, ye powers above,
Elſe I die for Katherine Ogie.

The Je ne ſçai quoi.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me;
And yet, I ſwear, I can't tell how,
The pleaſing plague ſtole on me.
'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel:
'Tis not her ſhape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for ſure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her ſenſe is only chat,
Like any other woman.
Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm,
'Tis both, perhaps, or neither:
In ſhort, 'tis that bewitching charm
Of Celia altogether.

ASK if yon damaſk roſe be ſweet,
That ſcents the ambient air;
Then aſk each ſhepherd that you meet;
If dear Suſanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
And warble through the grove;

Bid wanton linnets quit their ſpray,
Then doubt thy ſhepherd's love.

The ſpoils of war let heroes ſhare,
Let pride in ſplendor ſhine;
Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Suſanna mine.

By Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

YE happy ſwains, whoſe hearts are free
From love's imperial chain
Take warning, and be taught by me,
T' avoid t' enchanting pain:
Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
Fierce winds to bloſſoms prove:
To careleſs ſeamen, hidden rocks,
To human quiet, love.

Fly the fair ſex, if bliſs you prize,
The ſnake's beneath the flow'r;
Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes,
That taſted quiet more?
How ſhort-liv'd is the lover's joy,
How conſtant is their care;
The kind with falſhood to deſtroy,
The cruel with deſpair?

The Wayward Wife.

ALAS my ſon you little know,
The ſorrows that from wedlock flow!
Farewel to ev'ry day of eaſe,
When you've gotten a wife to pleaſe:
Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet;
The half of that will gane you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

When I like you was young and free,
I valu'd not the proudeſt ſhe;

Like

Like you I vainly boaſted then,
That men alone were born to reign;
But bide you yet, &c.

Great *Hercules* and *Samſon* too,
Were ſtronger men than I or you;
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the diſtaff and the ſheers;
Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of braſs, and well built walls,
Are proof 'gainſt ſwords, and cannon balls;
But nought is found by ſea or land,
That can a wayward wife withſtand:
Sae bide you yet, &c.

The Druken Wife o' Gallowa.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarie,
The goodwife ſhe drank naithing but ſack and Canary;
The goodman he complain'd to her friends right airly,
O! gin my wife wad drink hool and fairly.

Firſt ſhe drank Crommy, and ſyne ſhe drank Garie,
And ſyne ſhe drank my bonny grey marie,
That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the lairie.
O! gin, &c.

She drank her hoſe, ſhe drank her ſhoon,
And ſyne ſhe drank her bonny new gown;
She drank her ſark that cover'd her rarely,
O! gin, &c.

Wad ſhe drink her ain things, I wad na care,
But ſhe drinks my claiths I canna' well ſpare,
When I'm wi' my goſſips, it angers me ſairly.
O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat ſhe has laid it a wad,
The beſt blue bonnet was e'er o' my head;
And this is the reaſon I'm claithed ſae barely.
O! gin, &c.

My

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neighbour's wife ſhe has laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed ſtaff that I loo'd ſo dearly.
O! gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor ſtrife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.
O! gin, &c.

When there's ony money, ſhe maun keep the purſe;
If I ſeek but a bawbee, ſhe'll ſcold and ſhe'll curſe;
She lives like a queen, I ſcrimped and ſparely.
O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when ſhe ſits down, ſhe gets herſel fu',
And when ſhe is fu' ſhe is unco camſtairie.
O! gin, &c.

When ſhe comes to the ſtreet, ſhe roars and ſhe rants,
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the houſe wants; (Charlie.
But rants up ſome fool ſang, like, Up ye'r heart
O! gin, &c.

When ſhe comes hame, ſhe lays on the lads,
The laſſes ſhe ca's baith b——s and j——s,
And ca's myſel' ay ane auld cuckold carlie.
O! gin, &c.

Tune, *Gently touch the warbling lyre.*

TAKE, O! take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were foreſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn.
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, though ſeal'd in vain.

Hide, O! hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe top the pinks that grow
Are of thoſe that April wears:
But my poor heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in icy chains by thee.

FOR

FOR many unſucceſsful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay,
Bathing them often with my tears;
I ſigh'd, but durſt not pray:
No proſtrate wretch, before the ſhrine
Of ſome lov'd ſaint above,
E'er thought his goddeſs more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the diſdainful nymph look'd down,
With coy inſulting pride,
Receiv'd my paſſion with a frown,
Or turn'd her head aſide:
Then Cupid whiſper'd in my ear,
Uſe more prevailing charms;
You modeſt whinning fool draw near,
And claſp her in your arms.

With eager kiſſes tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart,
The lips he briſkly muſt invade
Who wou'd poſſeſs the heart:
With that I ſhook off all the ſlave,
My better fortunes try'd,
When Cynthia in a moment gave
What ſhe for years deny'd.

The old Man's Wiſh.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my fate, in a fair country town,
May I have a warm houſe, with a ſtone at my gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my paſſion with an abſolute ſway,
And grow wiſer and better as my ſtrength wears away,
Without gout or ſtone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
With the ſea at a diſtance, on which I may look;
With a ſpacious plain, without hedge or ſtyle,

And

And an eaſy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more,
Of the beſt wits that liv'd in the ages before;
With a diſh of roaſt mutton, not ven'ſon nor teal,
And clean tho' coarſe linen at ev'ry meal
With a pudding on ſunday, and ſtout humming liquor,
And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the vicar;
With a hidden reſerve of Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.

With a courage undaunted may I face my laſt day;
And when I am dead, may the better ſort ſay, (low,
In the morning when ſober, in the ev'ning when mel-
He is gone, and han't left behind him his fellow.
For he govern'd his paſſion with an abſolute ſway,
And grew wiſer and better as his ſtrength wore away,
Without gout or ſtone, by a gentle decay.

ASK me not how calmly I
All the cares of life defy;
How I baffle human woes,
Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I,
You, like me, may cares defy;
All the pangs the heart endures,
Woman, woman, woman cures.

Aſk me not of empty toys,
Feats of arms and drunken joys;
I have pleaſures more divine;
Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than fools can know,
More than fortune can beſtow,
Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Aſk me not of woman's arts,
Broken vows, and faithleſs hearts;

Tell

Tell the wretch who pines and grieves,
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
More than folly can beſtow;
Wealth of worlds and crowns of kings,
Woman, woman, woman brings.

The Anſwer.

ASK thou ſilly dotard man,
Whence our ruin firſt began;
How our grief and deadly woe
Did from woman, woman flow.

We might live and happy be,
Could we ſhun this enemy;
All the pangs the heart e'er knew,
From vain woman, woman grew.

Aſk what calm felicity
Man enjoy'd; how bleſs'd was he.
Nought could his repoſe invade,
Till falſe woman ſhe was made.

Soon as ſhe receiv'd her breath,
Man was ſubject unto death.
Other evils to their ſhame,
From deceitful woman came.

Aſk what ills befel old Troy,
Which falſe Helen did deſtroy;
Of the tender bridegrooms too,
Which falſe women women ſlew.

How the brave Mark Anthony
Loſt the world by faithleſs ſhe.
Ruin'd ſtates, loſt crowns and kings,
From vain woman, woman ſprings.

ALEXIS ſhunn'd his fellow-ſwains,
Their rural ſports and jocund ſtrains;
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow;)

He loſt his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs woe.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came;
His grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek.
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears;
He ſigh'd, but could not ſpeak.

Clorinda came amongſt the reſt,
And ſhe, too, kind concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his woe:
She aſk'd; but with an air and mien,
As made it eaſily be ſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cauſe of all my care:
Your eyes ten thouſand daggers dart;
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart;
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd:
But you ſhall promiſe, ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

THAT man who, for life, is bleſs'd in a wife,
Is ſure in a happy condition:

Go

Go things as they will, ſhe ſticks by him ſtill;
She's comforter, friend, and phyſician.
Pray where is the joy, to trifle and toy,
Yet dread ſome diſaſter from beauty?
But ſweet is the bliſs of a conjugal kiſs,
Where love mingles pleaſure with duty.

One extravagant whore ſhall coſt a man more,
Than twenty good wives that are ſaving:
For wives they will ſpare, that their children may ſhare;
But whores are eternally craving.

THE man who, for life, is plagu'd with a wife,
Is ſure in a wretched condition;
Go things how they will, ſhe ſticks by him ſtill,
And death is his only phyſician.

To trifle and toy may give a man joy,
Incited by love or by beauty;
But where is the bliſs of a conjugal kiſs,
When paſſion is prompted by duty?

So the dog who poſſeſs'd a bone of the beſt,
May lick it, or leave it at pleaſure;
But if to his tail 'tis ty'd, without fail
He's harraſs'd and plagu'd beyond meaſure.

HE that will not merry, merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toaſt,
May he in Bridewell be ſhut up,
And faſt bound to a poſt.
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here;
For who can know where we ſhall go,
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his glaſs in courſe,
May he b' oblig'd to drink ſmall beer,
Ne'er a penny in his purſe.
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a ſcolding wife,
To confound him with her noiſe.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With his miſtreſs in a bed;
Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
And me put in his ſtead.

DRUNK I was laſt night, that's poz,
My wife began to ſcold;
Say what I cou'd, for my heart's blood,
Her clack ſhe would not hold.

Thus her chat ſhe did begin,
Is this your time of coming in?
The clock ſtrikes one, you'll be undone,
If thus you lead your life.

My dear, ſaid I, I can't deny,
But what you ſay is true;
I do intend my life to mend,
Pray lend's the pot to ſpew.

Fy, you ſot, I ne'er can bear
To riſe thus ev'ry night;
Though, like a beaſt, you never care
What conſequence comes by't.

The child and I may ſtarve for you;
We neither can have half our due;
With grief I find, you're ſo unkind,
In time you'll break my heart.

At that I ſmil'd, and ſaid, Dear child,
I believe you're in the wrong;
But if't ſhould be your deſtiny,
I'll ſing a merry ſong.

Tune, *My apron, deary.*

MY ſheep I neglected, I loſt my ſheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forſook,

No

No more for Amynta freſh garlands I wove;
For ambition I ſaid, would ſoon cure my love.
O what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow?
O what had my youth, &c.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean ſecure me from love;
O fool! to imagine that ought can ſubdue
A love ſo well founded, a paſſion ſo true.
O! give me my ſheep, and my ſheep-hook reſtore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at my fate to repine;
Poor ſhepherd, Amynta no more can be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitleſs, thy wiſhes are vain,
Thy moments neglected return not again.
O what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow?

O Saw ye Johny cumin, quo' ſhe,
Saw ye Johny cumin;
O ſaw ye Johny cumin, quo' ſhe,
Saw ye Johny cumin;
O Saw ye Johny cumin, quo' ſhe,
Saw ye Johny cumin;
Wi' his blew bonnet on his head,
And his dogie rinnin, quo' ſhe,
And his dogie rinnin?

O ſee him, father, ſee him, quo' ſhe,
Fee him, father, ſee him.
O ſee him, father, &c.
For he is a gallant lad, and a well-doin, quo' ſhe,
And a' the wark about the town
Gaes wi' me when I ſee him, quo' ſhe,
Gaes wi' me when I ſee him.

O what will I do wi' him, huſſie,
What will I do wi' him?
He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.

I hae twa coats into my kiſt,
And ane of them I'll gie him:
And for a mark of mair fee,
Dinna ſtand wi' him quo' ſhe,
Dinna ſtand wi' him.

For well do I loe him, quo' ſhe, well do I loe him;
For well do I loe him, quo' ſhe, well do I loe him.
O ſee him, father, ſee him, quo' ſhe,
Fee him, ſee him, ſee him:
He'll had the plough, thraſh in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' ſhe,
And crack wi me at e'en, quo' ſhe.

Tune, *Logan water.*

FOR ever, fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part;
Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life or life is gone?

But buſy, buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs, joyleſs vow,
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O fortune! hear my prayer,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

DO not aſk me, charming Phillis,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this bank of pinks and lillies,
And of roſes newly-blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty
Of thoſe flow'rs that crown the ſpring;

'Tis,

'Tis, to——but I know my duty,
And I dare not name the thing.

'Tis, at worſt, but her denying,
Why ſhould I thus fearful be?
Ev'ry moment gently flying,
Smiles, and ſays, make uſe of me.

What the ſun does to theſe roſes,
While the beams play gently in,
I would,——but my fear oppoſes,
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it,
Aſk my eyes, and aſk your own;
And if neither can reveal it,
Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lillies,
Might I ſpeak what I would do;
I would, with my lovely Phillis,
I would, I would,——ah! would you?

Tune, *Broom of Cowden knows.*

BOAST not, miſtaken ſwain, thy art,
To pleaſe my partial eyes;
The charms that have ſubdu'd my heart,
Another may deſpiſe.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps by ſome fond whim betray'd,
In oddneſs I delight.

Vain youth, to your confuſion know,
'Tis to my love's exceſs
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fades as that grows leſs.

For your own ſake, if not for mine,
You ſhould preſerve my fire;
Since you, my ſwain, no more will ſhine,
When I no more admire.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

OF race divine thou needs muſt be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For heaven's ſake, oh! favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I wou'd love thee:
Ann thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee!

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave;
O! for their ſake, ſupport a ſlave,
Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your ſake,
What man can name, I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

My paſſion, conſtant as the ſun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er have done,
Till fates my threed of life have ſpun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

Like bees that ſuck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of ſweeteſt ſcent and hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.
Ann thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the uſe of light,
I'd on thy beauties feaſt my ſight,

Syne

Syne in ſaft whiſpers through the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
She moves a goddeſs o'er the green;
Were I a king, thou ſhould be queen,
Nane but my ſell aboon thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

I'd graſp thee to this breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my ſtronger limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing and will not ſtay,
In ſhining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae ſcorn undo thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar ſtand,
Hae there's my heart, gie me thy hand,
And with ilk ſmile thou ſhalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY ſweeteſt May, let love incline thee;
T' accept a heart which he deſigns thee;
And, as your conſtant ſlave, regard it,
Syne for its faithfulneſs reward it.
'Tis proof a-ſhot to birth or money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiſs and ſmily,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting ſweet thoſe lips of thine are,
Thy boſom white, and legs ſae fine are,
That when in pools I ſee thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.

I wiſh,

I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,
Tho' kith and kin and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane thro' flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks leſt they ſhou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gie my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear laſſie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin,
That na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely,
O ſay, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the Love of JEAN.

JOCKY ſaid to Jeany, Jeany, wiltu do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my tochergood,
For my tochergood, I winna marry thee.
E'en's ye like, quo' Jocky, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae ſeven good owſen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' houſe, a barn and a byer,
A ſtack afore the door, I'll mak a rantin fire;
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry ſhall we be;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeany ſaid to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſhall be the lad, Iſe be the laſs my ſell.
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſſie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

Tune, *Peggy, I muſt love thee.*

BENEATH a beech's grateful ſhade,
Young Colin lay complaining,
He ſigh'd, and ſeem'd to love a maid,
Without hopes of obtaining:
For thus the ſwain indulg'd his grief,

Tho'

Tho' pity cannot move thee,
Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
Yet, Peggy, I muſt love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
That thus you cruelly uſe him?
If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,
For which you ſhould excuſe him:
'Twas thy dear ſelf firſt rais'd this flame,
This fire by which I languiſh;
'Tis thou alone can quench the ſame,
And cool its ſcorching anguiſh.

For thee I leave the ſportive plain,
Where ev'ry maid invites me;
For thee, ſole cauſe of all my pain,
For thee that only ſlights me:
This love that fires my faithful heart,
By all but thee's commended,
Oh! would thou act ſo good a part,
My grief might ſoon be ended.

That beauteous breaſt, ſo ſoft to feel,
Seem'd tenderneſs all over,
Yet it defends thy heart like ſteel,
'Gainſt thy deſpairing lover.
Alas! tho' it ſhou'd ne'er relent,
Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
Yet till life's lateſt breath is ſpent,
My Peggy, I muſt love thee.

Tune, *Tibby Fowler in the glen.*

Tibby has a ſtore o' charms,
Her genty ſhape our fancy warms;
How ſtrangly can her ſma' white arms
Fetter the lad who looks but at her;
Frae her ancle to her ſlender waiſt,
Theſe ſweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
Her roſy cheek and riſing breaſt
Gar ane's mouth guſh bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's

Nelly's gawfy, faſt and gay,
Freſh as the lucken flowers in May;
Ilk ane that ſees her, crys, Ah hey,
She's bonny! I wonder at her.
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
And limbs ſae plump invite to dawt her;
Her lips ſae ſweet, and ſkin ſae ſleek,
Gar mony mouths beſide mine water.

Now ſtrike my finger in a bore,
My wyſon with the maiden ſhore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When theſe twa ſtars appear the gither,
O love! why didſt thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
Our ſpacious ſauls immenſe deſires,
And ay be in a hankerin ſwither.

Tibby's ſhape and airs are fine,
And Nelly's beauties are divine:
But ſince they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition,
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this proviſion,
I get the other to my lane,
In proſpect plano and fruition.

Up in the Air.

NOW the ſun's gane out of ſight,
Beet the ingle, and ſnuff the light:
In glens the fairies ſkip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France,
Up in the air.
On my bonny grey mare,
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet,
Up in, &c.

The winds drifting hail and ſna',
O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
Nae ſtarns keek thro' the azure ſlit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon
Is carouſing aboon;
D' ye ſee, d' ye ſee, d' ye ſee him yet?
The man, &c.

Take your glaſs to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the ſpleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puffs the lover's fire.
Up in the air,
It drives away care;
Hae wi' ye, hae wi' ye, and hae wi' ye, lads, yet.
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the froſt;
Come, Willie, gie's about ye'r toſt;
Til't, lads, and lilt it out,
And let us hae a blythſome bout,
Up wi't there, there.
Dinna cheat, but drink fair:
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

GIn ye meet a bonny laſſie,
Gie her a kiſs, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty huſſie,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.

Be ſure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vital nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartſome time;
Then, lads and laſſes, while 'tis May,
Gae pu the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony ſkaith.

Haith

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſelf in ſome dark nook:

Her laugh will lead you to the place;
Where lies the happineſs ye want;
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen na-ſays are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.

Theſe benniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, ſurly carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

LET me wander not unſeen,
By Hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
There the plowman near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land.
There the plowman, &c.

There the milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe:
And every ſhepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale,
And every ſhepherd, &c.

COME Amaryllis, quite the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Now that the winter cold is gone,
The ſun's mild ray adorn the ſky.

Birds are awake, the flowers appear,
Each makes a verdant couch for thee:
Muſic around is all we hear,
And all is beauty that we ſee.

Come let us mark the blooming ſpring,
How peeps the bud, the bloſſoms blows,
Till Philomel begins to ſing,
And May brings in the fragrant roſe.

Let us ſecure the ſhort delight,
Wiſely enjoy the chearful day;
For it will ſoon, too ſoon be night:
Ariſe my love, and come away.

WOULD you taſte the noontide air,
To yon fragrant bower repair,
Where woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will ſhelter you.
The mantling vine, &c.

Down each ſide a fountain flows,
Tinkling murm'ring as it goes,
Lightly o'er the moſſy ground,
Sultry Phebus ſcorching round,
Sultry Phebus, &c.

Round the languid herds and ſheep,
Stretcht on ſunny hillocks ſleep,
While on the hyacinth and roſe,
The fair doth all alone repoſe.
The fair, &c.

All alone: yet in her arms
Your breaſt may heat to love's alarms,
Till bleſt and bleſſing you ſhall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.
The joys, &c.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd, and ſung, from morn till night,
No lark more blyth than he.
And this the burthen of his ſong,
For ever us'd to be,
I care for no body, not I,
If no one cares for me.

ON every hill in every grove,
Along the margin of each ſtream;
Dear conſcious ſcenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves and ſtreams remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.
The hills, &c.

From hill from dale each charm is fled;
Groves, flocks and fountains pleaſe no more:
Each flower in pity drops its head,
All nature doth my loſs deplore.
All, all reproach the faithleſs ſwain;
Yet Damon ſtill I ſeek in vain.
All, all, &c.

COME live with me and be my love;
And we will all the pleaſures prove,
That hills and valleys grove and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield:
There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers to whoſe falls,
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

There will I make thy bed of roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant poſies:
A cap of flowers and a girdle,
Surrounded all with leaves of myrtle:
A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty flocks we pull,
And fair lined ſlippers for the cold,
Adorn'd with needle work of gold.

A belt of ſtraw and ivy buds,
With coral claſps and amber ſtuds;
And if theſe pleaſures thee may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.
The nymphs and ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight each May morning;

And

And if theſe things thy mind approve,
Then live with me and be my love.

FLORA.

SEE Flora how the new blown roſe,
Blooms like thy beauteous face,
Youth does its rip'ning charms diſcloſe,
And perfects every grace.

Its virgin ſweets perfume the air,
And then its pride decays,
So will it be with thee, my fair,
When paſt thy youthful days.

No April can revive thy charms,
No ſun can light thine eyes;
Soft love will leave thy ſnowy arms,
When age begins to riſe.

Then Flora let my paſſion move
Your pity for my pain;
Obey the voice of gentle love,
Love and be lov'd again.

The Tell-tale.

BLAB not what you ought to ſmother,
Honour's laws ſhould ſacred be,
Boaſting favours from another,
Ne'er will favour gain with me.
Ne'er will favour, &c.

But inſpir'd with indignation,
Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,
E'er I'd truſt my reputation
With ſuch fools as kiſs and tell.
With ſuch fools, &c.

He who finds a hidden treaſure,
Never ſhould the ſame reveal,
He whom beauty crowns with pleaſure,

Cautious ſhould his joy conceal.
Cautious ſhould, &c.

He with whom my heart I'll venture,
Shall my fame from cenſure ſave,
One where truth and wiſdom centre,
And as ſecret as the grave.
And as ſecret, &c.

PREACH not me your muſty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell,
The heart is wiſer than the ſchools,
The ſenſes always reaſon well.
If ſhort my ſpan I leſs can ſpare,
To paſs a ſingle pleaſure by:
An hour is long if loſt in care,
They only live, they only live,
They only live who life enjoy.

Love and Friendſhip.

MORTALS wiſely learn to meaſure,
Life by the extent of joy;
Life is ſhort and fleeting pleaſure,
Then be gay, while you may,
And your hours in mirth employ.

Never let a miſtreſs pain you,
Tho' ſhe meets you with a frown:
Fly to wine, 'twill ſoon unchain you;
Chear the heart, and all ſmart,
In a ſweet oblivion drown.

Friendſhip, wine and love united,
From all ills defend the mind:
By them guarded and delighted,
Happy ſtate, ſmile at fate,
And leave ſorrow to the wind.

I WIſh and long for that which I,
By cuſtom forc'd, muſt needs deny;

By cuſtom, &c.
How hard's a virgin's fate,
To frown Alexis, I am bid,
And if I ſmile, am ſnub'd and chid;
And if I ſmile, &c.
Who'd live at ſuch a rate?

Since the prevailing powers above,
And Cupid the kind god of love,
And Cupid, &c.
Decreed us for each other.
Let Hymen light his torch, I dare
Be thine without a bluſh or fear,
Be thine, &c.
To imitate my mother.

STREPHON.

ONE ſummer eve as Strephon rov'd,
Involv'd in thought profound,
Surpris'd he ſaw his beſt belov'd,
Lye ſleeping on the ground:
Awake my pretty ſleeper, wake,
Awake to Strephon's call,
Be careful for your lover's ſake;
'Tis night, the dewdrops fall.

Then to her cheek his lips he laid,
And gently ſtole a kiſs:
She ſtill ſlept on, he not diſmay'd,
Repeats the tranſient bliſs.
She wakes, and thus with angry tone,
Away, away, ſhe cries:
And fault'ring, bids the ſwain be gone,
Then ſigh'd and clos'd her eyes.

Tho' cruel were the words; he thought,
Can ſighs proceed from hate?
My doubts are gone, then down he ſat,
Reſolv'd to ſhare her fate.
Defended from the noxious air,
Within his arms ſhe lay,

And tho' the ſwain oft wak'd the fair,
She ſaid no more 'till day.

AT Upton on the hill,
There lives a happy pair,
The ſwain his name is Will,
And Molly is the fair.
Ten years are gone and more,
Since Hymen join'd theſe two,
Their hearts were one, before,
Theſe ſacred rites they knew.

Since which auſpicious day,
Sweet harmony does reign,
Both love and both obey,
Hear this each nymph and ſwain.
If worldly cares invade,
As who is free from care,
The weight is lighter made,
By taking each a ſhare.

Pleas'd with a calm retreat,
They've no ambitious view;
In plenty live not ſtate,
Nor envy thoſe that do.
May ſtill a ſteady gale,
Their little bark attend,
And gently fill each ſail,
'Till life itſelf ſhall end.

WHEN mighty Sol, at noon of day
With ſultry beams began to play,
I wander'd thro' a verdant glade,
Seeking the moſt obliging ſhade,
Seeking the moſt, &c.
Where on an eaſy moſs reclin'd,
I Chloe ſleeping chanc'd to find.

The trees ambitious ſeem'd to be,
With meeting arms her canopy,
A brook hard by did ſoftly creep,

As if it fear'd to break her ſleep.
As if it fear'd, &c.
Whoſe ſtreams tranſparent ſmooth and clear,
Of her chaſte mind the emblems were.

A ſight ſo charming, that the ſun
Might ſtop a while to gaze upon;
Down by the nymph myſelf I laid,
And did at length myſelf perſuade,
And did at length, &c.
To ſteal a kiſs and win the gloves,
And who my boldneſs diſapproves?

AT the ſilent ev'ning hour,
Two fond lovers in a bower,
Sought, ſought their mutual bliſs.
Tho' her heart was juſt relenting,
Tho' her eyes ſeem'd juſt conſenting,
Yet, yet ſhe fear'd to kiſs.

Since this ſecret ſhade, he cry'd,
Will thoſe roſy bluſhes hide,
Why, why will you reſiſt?
When no tell-tale ſpy is near us,
Eye not ſees, nor ear can hear us,
Who, who would not be kiſt?

Celia hearing what he ſaid,
Gently lifted up her head,
Her breaſt ſoft wiſhes fill:
If, ſaid ſhe, no ſpy is near us,
Eye not ſees, nor ear can hear us,
Kiſs, kiſs me if you will.

IT is not the charms of beauty,
Which I purpoſe to proclaim,
We a while will leave that duty,
For a more prevailing theme.

If you'd court the joy won't leave you,
Pay your vows at his ſhrine;

Other pleaſures will deceive you,
Truth is only found in wine.

Let the puny ſneaking lover
Bow to Cupid like a fool;
Juſt experience will diſcover,
He's no more than woman's tool.

Bring more wine, then charge the glaſſes,
Let them flow with generous red;
Drown a thouſand loving aſſes,
Then in triumph march to bed.

Baucis *and* Philemon.

THO Baucis and I are both ancient and poor,
We never yet drove the diſtreſt from our door,
But ſtill of our little, a little can ſpare,
To thoſe who like us life's infirmities bear.

Come, come my good friends, let us go in together,
A cup of good liquor will keep out the weather;
Our hearts they are great, tho' our means are but ſmall,
You're heartily welcome, and that's beſt of all.

You're welcome at our humble board to partake,
Of a jug of good ale, and a good barley cake:
A good rouzing fire as high as your noſe,
A cleanly warm bed your old limbs to repoſe.

We know no ambition, we have no eſtate,
No porter to wory the poor from our gate:
We earn what we ſpend, and we pay as we go,
It were not amiſs if the rich would do ſo.

CAN love be controul'd by advice,
Can madneſs and reaſon agree,
O Molly, who'd ever be wiſe,
If madneſs is loving of thee?

Let ſages pretend to deſpiſe,
The joys they want ſpirit to taſte,

Let

Let me ſeize old Time as he flies,
And the bleſſings of life while they laſt.

Dull wiſdom but adds to our care,
Briſk love will improve ev'ry joy,
Too ſoon we may meet with gray hairs,
Too late may repent being coy.

Then Molly for what ſhould we ſtay?
Till our blood it begins to run cold;
Our youth we can have but to day,
We may always find time to grow old.

The Generous Maid.

WHY ſhould I my paſſion ſmother,
Or the man I love torment,
Frowns may drive him to another,
Then too late I may repent?

Often has he fondly woo'd me,
Yet I always ſeemed coy,
Tho' in pleaſing ſtrains he ſued me,
'Gainſt my will I did deny.

Thus we force ourſelves to ſuffer,
Slighting what we ſo much prize;
Yet 'tis eaſy to diſcover,
Our own thoughts within our eyes.

WHO to win a woman's favour,
Would ſolicite long in vain;
Who to gain a moment's pleaſure,
Would endure an age of pain?

Vainly toying, ne'er enjoying,
Pleas'd with ſuing, fond of ruin,
Made the martyr of diſdain.
Who to win a woman's favour,
Would ſolicite long in vain.

Give to me the handſome rover,
Whom a generous temper warms;

Kindly uſing every lover.
Well beſtowing all her charms:
Never flying, but complying,
Frank and eaſy, glad to pleaſe ye,
Throw me then into her arms.
Give to me the handſome rover,
Whom a gen'rous temper warms.

Truth in Wine.

BY the gayly circling glaſs,
We can ſee how minutes paſs;
By the hollow caſk are told,
How the waining night grows old,
How the waining night grows old.

Soon, too ſoon the buſy day,
Drives us from our ſport away.
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you,
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Come, then, fill the chearful glaſs;
Truth is only found in wine.
Tales of love are all a farce,
But true friendſhip is divine,
But true friendſhip is divine.
Come, then, fill, &c.

TELL me not of a face that's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that's red;
Nor of the treſſes of her hair,
Nor curls in order ſpread:
Nor of a rare ſeraphic voice,
That like an angel ſings,
Tho' if I were to take my choice,
I would have all theſe things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
And it muſt be a ſhe;
The only argument can move,

Is that ſhe will love me,
Is that ſhe, &c.

The glories of your ladies be,
But metaphors of things;
And but reſemble what we ſee,
Each common object brings.
Roſes outred their lips and cheeks,
Lillies their whiteneſs ſtain;
What fool is he, that ſhadows ſeeks,
And may the ſubſtance gain.
Then if you'd have me love a laſs,
Let it be one that's kind;
Elſe I'm a ſervant to the glaſs,
That's with good claret lin'd,
That's with good, &c.

The Mill. Mill---O.

BENEATH a green ſhade I fand a fair maid,
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill—O;
A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her with good-will—O:
Her boſom I preſt; but, ſunk in her reſt,
She ſtir'dna my joy to ſpill—O:
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and ſkill—O,
Frae her quietly I ſtaw, hoiſt ſails and awa,
For wind blew fair on the bill—O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud fame,
Tald me with a voice right ſhill—O,
My laſs, like a fool, had mounted the ſtool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my ſon in her arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell—O.
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth ſhe, Let me die,
Sweet ſir, gin I can tell—O.

Love

Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
And bade her a' fears expel—O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed myſel—O.

My bonny ſweet laſs, on the gowany graſs,
Beneath the ſhilling-hill—O,
If I did offence, Iſe make ye amends
Before I leave Peggy's mill—O.
O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
And the cogging of the wheel—O;
The ſack and the ſieve, a' that ye maun leave
And round with a ſoger reel—O.

Tune, *Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

WITH broken words, and down-caſt eyes,
Poor Colin ſpoke his paſſion tender;
And, parting with his Grizy, crys,
Ah! woes my heart that we ſhould ſinder.

To others I am cold as ſnow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder:
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my heart that we ſhould ſinder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder,
Nor time nor place ſhall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſinder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me tho' we ſinder.

Ye gods take care of my dear laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her:

When

When that bleſt time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſinder.

The Gaberlunzie-man.

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courteſie,
Will ye lodge a ſilly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he ſat;
My daughter's ſhoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and ſang.

O wow! quoth he, were I as free,
As firſt when I ſaw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir ſlee twa together were ſay'n,
When wooing they were ſae thrang.

And O! quoth he, ann ye were as black,
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quo ſhe, ann I were as white,
As e'er the ſnaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
And awa with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot,
They raiſe awee before the cock,
And wilily they ſhot the lock,
And faſt to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſure pat on her claiſe;
Syne to the ſervants bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer for the ſilly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, and he was away,

She clapt her hand, cry'd, waladay,
For ſome of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and ſome to kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt,
She danç'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa, as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae but the houſe, laſs, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The ſervant gade where the daughter lay,
The ſheets were cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her goodwife can ſay,
She's aff wi' the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haſte and find theſe traytors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horſe, ſome ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit,
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' ſnug in a glen, where nane cou'd ſee,
The twa, with kindly ſport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheeſe a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gave her his aith.
Quo' ſhe, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winſome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill fardly wad ſhe crook her mou,
Sic a poor man ſhe'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me from town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie-on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And ſpindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie—O.
I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we ſhall be merry and ſing.

Tune, *Where ſhall our goodman ly?*

HE.

WHERE wad bonny Ann ly?
Alane nae mair ye maun ly;
Wad ye a goodman try?
Is that the thing ye're lacking?

SHE.

Can a laſs ſae young as I,
Venture on the bridal ty,
Syne down with a goodman ly?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

HE.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And ſleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I ſhould wauking ly,
When the hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

HE.

In my boſom thou ſhalt ly,
When thou wakrife art or dry,
Healthy cordial ſtanding by,
Shall preſently revive thee.

SHE.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, prieſt, and let me try

How

How I'll wi' a goodman ly,
Wha can a cordial gi'e me.

Ew-bughts Marion.

WILL ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the ſheep wi' me;
The ſun ſhines ſweet, my Marion,
But nae haff ſae ſweet as thee.
O Marion's a bonny laſs,
And the blyth blinks in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters Marion,
And ſilk on your white hauſs-bane;
Fu, fain wad I kiſs my Marion
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnſlaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
At kirk when they ſee my Marion;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Juſt on her bridal day;
And ye's get a green ſey apron,
And waiſtcoat of the London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and ſtout, my Marion;
Nane dance like me on the green;
And gin ye forſake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramaſie;
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on,
I ſhall come weſt and ſee ye.

The

The Blythſome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,
The laſs wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
And bannocks of barley-meal;
And there will be good ſawt herring,
To reliſh a cogue of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Saney the ſutor,
And Will wi' the meikle mou:
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the tinkler I trow;
And there will be bow'd legged Robbie,
With thumbleſs Katie's goodman;
And there will be blue cheeked Dowbie,
And Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be ſow-libber Patie,
And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill;
Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
That wins in the how of the hill;
And there will be Alaſter Sibbie,
Wha in with black Beſſy did mool,
With ſnivelling Lilly and Tibby,
The laſs that ſtands aft on the ſtool.
Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coſt him grey breeks to his arſe,
Wha after was hangit for ſtealing,
Great mercy it happen'd na warſe:
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirſt wi' the lily-white leg,
Wha gade to the ſouth for manners,
And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Juden Maclawrie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' ſlae lugged ſharny fac'd Lawrie,
And ſhangy-mou'd halucket Meg.
And there will be happer-ars'd Nanſy,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat hippit Griſy,
The laſs wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
Wi' his glaiket wife Jenny Bell,
And miſle-ſhinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was ſkipper himſel.
There lads and laſſes in pearlings
Will feaſt in the heart of the ha',
On ſybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith ſodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brochen,
With fouth of good gabbocks of ſkate,
Powſowdy, and drammock, and crowdie,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate.
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whytens and ſpeldings enew,
With ſinged ſheep-heads, and a haggies,
And ſcadlips to ſup till ye ſpew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
And ſowens, and farles, and baps,
With ſwats, and well ſcrapped paunches,
And brandy in ſtoups and in caps:
And there will be meal-kail and caſtocks,
With ſkink to ſup till ye rive.
And roaſts to roaſt on a brander,
Of flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrapt haddocks, and wilks, dulſe and tangle,
And a mill of good ſniſhin to prie;

When

When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll riſe up and dance till we die.
Then ſy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,
The laſs wi' the gowden hair.

The Highland Laddie.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and idly gawdy!
How much unlike that graceſu' mien,
And manly looks of my Highland laddie?
O my bonny bonny Highland lad,
My handſome, charming Highland laddie;
May heaven ſtill guard, and love reward
Our Lawland laſs and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuſe,
To be the wealthieſt Lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt beau in Barrows-town,
In a' his airs with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld and ſummer's ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room and ſilken bed,
May pleaſe a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiſs, and be as glad
Behind a buſh in his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us paſs;
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie;
And he ca's me his Lawland laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love is true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While heaven preſerves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

ALLAN--WATER.

WHAT numbers ſhall the muſe repeat?
What verſe be found to praiſe my Annie?
On her ten thouſand graces wait,
Each ſwain admires, and owns ſhe's bonny.
Since firſt ſhe trod the happy plain,
She ſet each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her ſwain complain,
That Annie kindles new deſire.

This lovely darling, deareſt care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like ſummer's dawn, ſhe's freſh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths conveen,
Joyous they ſport and play before her;
All night when ſhe no more is ſeen,
In bliſsful dreams they ſtill adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie,
His riſing ſighs expreſs his flame,
His words were few, his wiſhes many.
With ſmiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind ſhepherd, why ſhou'd I deceive ye?
Alas! your love muſt be deny'd,
This deſtin'd breaſt can ne'er relieve ye.

Young

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his ſmiles, his charms beguiling;
He ſtole away my virgin heart;
Ceaſe, poor Amyntor, ceaſe bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find,
On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
Then chuſe ſome heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

The Collier's bonny Laſſie.

THE collier has a daughter,
And O ſhe's wonder bonny,
A laird he was that ſought her,
Rich baith in lands and mony;
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honeſt lover;
But love is like the ocean,
Wha can its depth diſcover?
He had the art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel but unaffected.
The collier's bonny laſſie,
Fair as the new blown lilly,
Ay ſweet, and never fancy,
Secur'd the heart of Willy.
He lov'd beyond expreſſion
The charms that were about her,
And panted for poſſeſſion,
His life was dull without her.
After mature reſolving,
Cloſe to his breaſt he held her,
In ſafteſt flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:
My bonny collier's daughter,
Let naething diſcompoſe ye;
'Tis no your ſcanty tocher
Shall ever gar me loſe ye:

For I have gear in plenty,
And love ſays, 'tis my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit and beauty.

Where Helen *lies.*

AH! why thoſe tears in Nelly's eyes?
To hear thy ſighs and tender cries,
The gods ſtand liſt'ning from the ſkies,
Pleas'd with thy piety.
To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
Or ſome divinity.

O be leſs graceful, or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,
Caus'd by the boy ſevere and blind;
Wounded I ſigh for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to riſe,
To ſuch a height by Hymen's ties.
To lay me down where Helen lies,
And with thy charms be free.

Then muſt I hide my love, and die,
When ſuch a ſovereign cure is by?
No; ſhe can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my fate may be;
Which ſoon I'll read in her bright eyes,
With thoſe dear agents I'll adviſe,
They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
The leaſt believ'd by me.

Tune, *Gallowſhiels.*

AH! the ſhepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his anguiſh.

Yet

Yet eager looks, and dying ſighs,
My ſecret ſoul diſcover,
While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing bluſhes,
A thouſand various ways they ſpeak
A thouſand various wiſhes.

For Oh! that form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs bluſh and modeſt air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes purſue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are paſt,
Be this laſt bleſſing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of heaven.

Tune, *Ranting rearing* Willie.

O Mary! thy graces and glances,
Thy ſmiles ſo enchantingly gay,
And thoughts ſo divinely harmonious,
Clear wit and good humour diſplay.
But ſay not thou'lt imitate angels
Ought farrer, tho' ſcarcely, ah me!
Can be found equalizing thy merit,
A match amongſt mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties ſhed fires,
May warm up ten thouſand to love,
Who deſpairing, may fly to ſome other,
While I may deſpair, but ne'er rove.
What a mixture of ſighing and joys,
This diſtant adoring of thee,
Gives to a fond heart too aſpiring,
Who loves in ſad ſilence like me?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treaſure,
And ſhipwreck'd on landſkips on ſhore;
Be ſtill more divine, and have pity;
I die ſoon as hope is no more.
For Mary, my ſoul is thy captive,
Nor loves, nor expects to be free;
Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
Thy ſlav'ry's a pleaſure to me.

This is not mine ain Houſe.

THIS is not my ain houſe,
I ken by the rigging o't,
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
And miſtreſs of his fire-ſide,
Mine ain houſe I like to guide,
And pleaſe me with the trigging o't.

Then farewel to my father's houſe,
I gang where love invites me;
The ſtricteſt duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us unto ane,
My Robie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuſe him were a ſin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain houſe,
True love ſhall be at hand ay,
To make me ſtill a prudent ſpouſe,
And let my man command ay;
Avoiding ilka cauſe of ſtrife,
The common peſt of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

Fint a Crum of thee ſhe fawns.

RETURN hameward, my heart, again,
And bide where thou waſt wont to be,

Thou

Thou art a fool to ſuffer pain,
For love of ane that loves not thee;
My heart, let be ſic fantaſie,
Love only where thou haſt good cauſe;
Since ſcorn and liking ne'er agree,
The ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

To what effect ſhould thou be thrall?
Be happy in thine own free-will,
My heart, be never beaſtial,
But ken wha does the good or ill:
And hame with me then tarry ſtill,
And ſee wha can beſt play their paws,
And let the filly ſling her fill,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Tho' ſhe be fair, I will not fenzie,
She's of a kind with mony mae;
For why, they are a felon menzie
That ſeemeth good, and are not ſae.
My heart, take neither ſturt nor wae
For Meg, for Marjory, or Mauſe,
But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Remember how that Medea
Wild for a ſight of Jaſon yied,
Remember how young Creſſida
Left Troilus for Diomede;
Remember Helen, as we read,
Brought Troy from bliſs unto bare waws:
Then let her gae where ſhe may ſpeed,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Becauſe ſhe ſaid I took it ill,
For her depart my heart was ſair,
Bu t was beguil'd; gae where ſhe will,
Beſhrew the heart that firſt takes care:
But be thou merry late and air,
This is the final end and clauſe,
And let her feed and fooly fai,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breaſt,
Ne'er let her ſlights thy courage ſpill,
Nor gie a ſob, altho' ſhe ſneeſt,
She's ſaireſt paid that gets her will.
She gecks as gif I meant her ill,
When ſhe glaiks paughty in her braws;
Now let her ſnirt and fyke her fill,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe ſaws.

My Dady forbad, my Minny forbad.

WHEN I think on my lad,
I ſigh andam ſad,
For now he is far frae me.
My dady was harſh,
My minny was warſe,
That gart him gae yont the ſea.
Without an eſtate,
That made him look blate;
And yet a brave lad is he.
Gin ſafe he come hame,
In ſpite of my dame,
He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love ſpeers nae advice
Of parents o'er wiſe,
That hae but ae bairn like me,
That looks upon caſh,
As naithing but traſh,
That ſhackles what ſhou'd be free.
And tho' my dear lad
Not ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he;
Albeit I'm an heireſs,
I think it fair is,
To love him, ſince he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie,
Haſte, haſte thee in o'er the ſea,

To her who can find
No eaſe in her mind,
Without a blyth ſight of thee.
Tho' my dady forbad,
And minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For ſince thou alone
My favour haſt won,
Nane elſe ſhall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
Nor without their leave
Gie my hand as a wife to thee;
Be content with a heart,
That can never deſert
Till they ceaſe to oppoſe or be.
My parents may prove
Yet friends to our love,
When our firm reſolves they ſee;
Then I with pleaſure
Will yield up my treaſure,
And a' that love orders to thee.

Steer her up and had her gawn.

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,
Her mither's at the mill, jo;
But gin ſhe winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.
Pray thee, lad, leave ſilly thinking,
Caſt thy cares of love away;
Let our ſorrows drown in drinking,
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that ſhining glaſs of claret,
How invitingly it looks;
Tak it aff, and let's hae mair o't,
Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
Let's hae mair pleaſure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl,

Place't on the middle of the table,
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou, as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna ſpill it,
'Tis more precious far than gold.
By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of Venus and her mumpers,
Drinking better is than love.

Rosline *Caſtle.*

'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That Colin with the morning ray,
Aroſe and ſung his rural lay:
Of Nanny's charms, the ſhepherd ſung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung;
While Roſline caſtle heard the ſwain,
And eccho'd back the chearful ſtrain.

Awake ſweet muſe, the breathing ſpring,
While rapture warms, awake and ſing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a ſong.
To Nanny raiſe the chearful lay,
O bid her haſte, and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark! my love, on ev'ry ſpray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay:
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong.
Then let my raptur'd notes ariſe,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O come! my love, thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away:

Come

Some while the muſe her wreath ſhall twine,
Around that modeſt brow of thine,
O hither haſte, and with thee bring,
That beauty blooming like the ſpring;
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raptur'd breaſt of mine.

Clout the Caldron.

HAVE you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinkler to my trade,
And newly come from Flanders,
As ſcant of ſiller as of grace,
Diſbanded, we've a bad-run;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adri, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a ſingle flie
For any man's reſentment:
For, lady fair, tho' I appear
To every ane a tinker,
Yet to yourſel I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adri, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a ſwan
Turn'd for his lovely Leda;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry off Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argos blinker,
And win your love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinker.
Fa adri, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
But this fine plot you'll fail in,

For

For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinkler under tack,
That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adri, didle, didle, &c.

The Malt-man.

THE malt-man comes on Munday,
He craves wonder fair,
Cries, Dame, come gie me my ſiller,
Or malt ye ſhall ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
And gave him ſome good cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a gantree,
As hoſtler wives ſhould do.

When malt-men come for ſiller,
And gaugers with wands o'er ſoon,
Wives tak them a' down to the celler,
And clear them as I have done.
This bewith when cunzie is ſcanty,
Will keep them frae making din.
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The ſnackeſt of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
But I can be as ſlee,
And he may crack of his winning
When he clears ſcores with me;
For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll anſwer a bill for me.

Tune, *Beſſy's haggies.*

BESSY's beauties ſhine ſae bright,
Were her many virtues fewer,

She

She wad ever give delight,
And in tranſport make me view heav'n,
Bonny Beſſy, thee alane
Love I, naething elſe about thee;
With thy comlineſs I'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

Beſſy's boſom's ſaft and warm,
Milk-white fingers ſtill employ'd,
He who takes her to his arm,
Of her ſweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
My dear Beſſy, when the roſes
Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
Virtue, which thy mind diſcloſes,
Will keep love frae growing caulder.

Beſſy's tocher is but ſcanty,
Yet her face and ſoul diſcovers
Theſe enchanting ſweets in plenty,
Muſt entice a thouſand lovers.
'Tis not money, but a woman,
Of a temper kind and eaſy,
That gives happineſs uncommon,
Petted things can nought but teez ye.

The auld Wife beyont the Fire.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
And ſhe had dochters nine or ten,
That ſought the houſe baith but and ben,
To find their mam a ſniſhing.
The auld wife beyont the fire,
The auld wife aniſt the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of ſniſhing.

Her mill into ſome hole had fawn,
Whatrecks, quoth ſhe, let it be gawn,
For I maun hae a young goodman
Shall furniſh me with ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

Her eldeſt dochter ſaid right bauld,
Fy, mither, mind that now ye're auld;
And if ye with a yonker wald,
He'll waſte away ye're ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

The youngeſt dochter gae a ſhout,
O mither dear! your teeth's a' out,
Beſides haff blind, you have the gout,
Your mill can had nae ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump;
For I hae baith a tooth and ſtump,
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting of my ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, ſays Peg, that pauky ſlut;
Mither, if ye can crack a nut,
Then we will a' conſent to it,
That you ſhall have a ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a piſtol bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To win herſel a ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

Braw ſport it was to ſee her chow't,
And 'tween her gums ſae ſqueez and row't
While frae her jaws the ſlaver flow'd,
And ay ſhe curs'd poor ſtumpy.
The auld wife, &c.

At laſt ſhe gae a deſperate ſqueez,
Which brake the lang tooth by the neez,
And ſyne poor ſtumpy was at eaſe,
But ſhe tint hopes of ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

She of the taſk began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,

Syne

yne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And dy'd for lack of ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives notice well this truth;
Aſſoon as ye're paſt mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts of ſniſhing.
Elſe like this wife beyont the fire,
Ye're bairns againſt you will conſpire;
Nor will ye get, unleſs ye hire,
A young man with your ſniſhing.

Tak your auld Cloak about ye.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And froſt and ſna on ilka hill,
And Boreas with his blaſts ſa bald,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then Bell my wife, wha loves na ſtriſe,
She ſaid to me right haſtily,
Get up goodman, ſave Cromy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an uſeful cow,
And ſhe is come of a good kyne;
Aft has ſhe wet the bairn's mou,
And I am laith that ſhe ſhou'd tyne;
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they coſt but half a crown;
He ſaid they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its bool,
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not ſee Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantlie,
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe;
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years,
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonny laſſes ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good huſband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, ſhe loos na ſtrife;
But ſhe wad guide me, if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye gie her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

Tune, *Jocky blyth and gay.*

SWIFT, Sandy, Young and Gay,
Are ſtill my heart's delight,
I ſing their ſangs by day,
And read their tales at night.

If frae their books I be,
'Tis dulneſs then with me;
But when theſe ſtars appear,
Jokes, ſmiles, and wit ſhine clear.

Swift with uncommon ſtile,
And wit that flows with eaſe,
Inſtructs us with a ſmile,
And never fails to pleaſe.
Bright Sandy greatly ſings
Of heroes, gods and kings:
He well deſerves the bays,
And ev'ry Briton's praiſe.

While thus our Homer ſhines;
Young with Horacian flame,
Corrects theſe falſe deſigns.
We puſh in love of fame.
Blyth Gay in pawky ſtrains,
Makes villains, clowns, and ſwains
Reprove, with biting leer,
Thoſe in a higher ſphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Long may you give delight;
Let all the dunces bray,
You're far above their ſpite.
Such from a malice ſour,
Write nonſenſe, lame and poor;
Which never can ſucceed,
For who the traſh will read?

Tune, *Lochaber no more.*

FAREWEL to Lochaber, and farewel to my Jean,
Where heartſome with thee I've many day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Tho' bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rife, and rife every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeft like that in my mind;
Tho' loudeft of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my love on the fhore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,
By eafe that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd,
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave.
And I muft deferve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jean, maun plead my excufe,
Since honour commands me, how can I refufe?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lafs, to win honour and fame,
And if I fhou'd luck to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

The auld Goodman.

LATE in an evening forth I went,
A little before the fun gade down,
And there I chanc'd by accident
To light on a battle new begun.
A man and his wife was fawn in a ftrife,
I canna well tell ye how it began;
But ay fhe wail'd her wretched life,
And cry'd ever, alake! my auld goodman.

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a filly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to fcorn;
For he did fpend, and make an end
Of gear that his fore-fathers wan,
He gart the poor ftand frae the door;
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake! is liken to break,
When I think on my winfome John;

His

His blinkan eye, and gate ſae free,
Was naithing like to thee, thou dozend drone;
His roſie face and ſilken hair,
And a ſkin as white as ony ſwan,
Was large and tall and comely withal,
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why doſt thou plain? I thee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou diſna want;
But thy wild vices I canna pleaſe,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow ſcant;
Of houſhold ſtuff thou haſt enough,
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of ſic like ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret myſell,
To think on theſe blyth days I had,
When he and I together lay,
In arms into a well-made bed;
But now I ſigh, and may be ſad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet and fa's aſleep,
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night ſae dark,
And gane was a' the light of day;
The carle was fear'd to miſs his mark,
And therefore wad nae langer ſtay.
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trow the wife the day ſhe wan,
And ay the o'erword of the fray,
Was ever, alake! my auld goodman.

Tune, *Valiant Jocky.*

BEAUTY from fancy takes its arms,
And every common face ſome breaſt may move;
Some in a look, a ſhape or air find charms,
To juſtify their choice, or boaſt their love.

But had the great Apelles seen that face,
When he the Cyprian goddess drew,
He had neglected all the female race,
Thrown his first Venus by, and copied you,
In that design,
Great nature would combine
To fix the standard of her sacred coin;
The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
And shrines been rais'd to Seraphina's name.

But since no painter e'er could take
That face which baffles all his curious art;
And he that strives the bold attempt to make,
As well might paint the secrets of the heart;
O happy glass, I'll thee prefer,
Content to be like thee inanimate,
Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
A better life and motion would create.
Her eyes would inspire,
And like Promethus' fire,
At once inform the piece and give desire.
The charming phantom I would grasp, and flie
O'er all the orb, tho' in that moment die.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,
Whose charms are fading, and submit to time;
The graces which from them it steals away,
It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.
The god of love in ambush lies,
And with his arms surrounds the fair,
He points his conquering arrows in these eyes,
Then hangs a sharp'ned dart at every hair,
As with fatal skill,
Turn which way you will,
Like Eden's flaming sword each way you kill;
So rip'ning years improve rich nature's store,
And gives perfection to the golden ore.

The

The Laſs with a Lump of Land.

GI'E me a laſs with a lump of land,
And we for life ſhall gang the gither,
Tho' daft or wiſe, I'll never demand,
Or black, or fair, it maks na whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is no worth a ſhilling,
But ſhe that's rich, her market is made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a laſs with a lump of land,
And in my boſom I'll hug my treaſure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf it will find pleaſure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
Unleſs they bring caſh, or a lump of land,
Theyſe ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And ſiller and gowd's a ſweet complexion;
For beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection:
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And caſtles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
And naithing can catch our modern ſparks,
But well tocher'd laſſes, or jointer'd widows.

The Shepherd ADONIS.

THE ſhepherd Adonis
Being weary'd with ſport,
He for a retirement
To the woods did reſort,
He threw by his club.
And he laid himſelf down;
He envy'd no monarch,
Nor wiſh'd for a crown.

He drank of the burn,
And he ate frae the tree,
Himſelf he enjoy'd,
And frae trouble was free.
He wiſh'd for no nymph,
Tho' never ſae fair,
Had nae love or ambition,
And therefore no care.

But as he lay thus
In an evening ſae clear,
A heavenly ſweet voice
Sounded ſaft in his ear;
Which came frae a ſhady
Green neighbouring grove,
Where bonny Amynta
Sat ſinging of love.

He wander'd that way,
And found wha was there,
He was quite confounded
To ſee her ſae fair:
He ſtood like a ſtatue,
Not a foot cou'd he move,
Nor knew he what griev'd him;
But he fear'd it was love.

The nymph, ſhe beheld him
With a moſt kind grace,
Seeing ſomething that pleas'd her
Appear in his face.
With bluſhing a little
She to him did ſay,
Oh ſhepherd! what want ye?
How came you this way?

His ſpirits reviving,
He to her reply'd,
I was ne'er ſae ſurpris'd
At the ſight of a maid,
Until I beheld thee

From love I was free;
But now I'm ta'en captive,
My faireſt, by thee.

Tune, *When abſent*, &c.

WHEN abſent from the nymph I love,
I'd fain ſhake off the chains I wear;
But whilſt I ſtrive theſe to remove,
More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
My captiv'd fancy day and night
Fairer and fairer repreſents,
Belinda form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cauſe of my complaints.

All day I wander thro' the groves,
And ſighing hear from every tree,
The happy birds chirping their loves,
Happy compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle ſleep with balmy wings,
To reſt fans every weary'd wight,
A thouſand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddeſs fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting ſmiles and killing air,
Appears the cauſe of all my pain.
A while my mind delighted flies
O'er all her ſweets with thirling joy,
While want of worth makes doubts ariſe,
That all my trembling hopes deſtroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
I'm all o'er tranſport and deſire;
My pulſe beats high, my cheek appears
All roſes, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myſelf I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheek looks wan:
Thus whilſt my fears my pains renew,
I ſcarcely look or move a man.

The young Laſs contra *auld Man.*

THE carle he came o'er the craft,
And his beard new ſhaven,
He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
The carle trows that I wad hae him.
Howtawa, I winna hae him,
Na forſooth, I winna hae him,
For a' his beard new ſhaven,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A ſiller broach he gae me nieſt,
To faſten on my curtchea nooked,
I wor'd a wee upon my breaſt;
But ſoon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
And ſae may his, I winna hae him,
Na forſooth, I winna hae him!
Ane twice a bairn's a laſs's jeſt;
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ane;
For he has land and dollars plenty;
But wae's me for him! ſkin and bane
Is not for a plump laſs of twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na forſooth, I winna hae him.
What ſignifies his dirty riggs,
And caſh, without a man with them?

But ſhou'd my canker'd dady gar
Me tak him 'gainſt my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware,
That antlers dinna claim their ſtation.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na forſooth, I winna hae him;
I'm ſeed to crack the hally band,
Sae lawty ſays I ſhou'd na hae him.

Tune,

Tune, *Killiecranky.*

HE.

CONFESS thy love, fair bluſhing maid,
For ſince thine eye's conſenting,
Thy ſafter thoughts are a' betray'd,
And naſays no worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppoſe thy mind,
With words thy wiſh denying?
Since nature made thee to be kind,
Reaſon allows complying.

Nature and reaſon's joint conſent
Make love a ſacred bleſſing,
Then happily that time is ſpent,
That's war'd on kind careſſing.
Come then, my Katie, to my arms,
I'll be nae mair a rover;
But find out heaven in a' thy charms,
And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you deſign by nature's law,
Is fleeting inclination,
That willy-wiſp bewilds us a'
By its infatuation;
When that goes out, careſſes tire,
And love's nae mair in ſeaſon,
Syne weakly we blaw up the fire
With all our boaſted reaſon.

HE.

The beauties of inferior caſt
May ſtart this juſt reflection;
But charms like thine maun always laſt,
Where wit has the protection.
Virtue and wit, like April rays,
Make beauty riſe the ſweeter;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
My love will grow compleater.

Tune,

Tune *The happy clown.*

IT was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were freſh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
Sweet Chloe chaſte and fair,

From peaceful ſlumber ſhe aroſe,
Girt on her mantle and her hoſe,
And o'er the flow'ry mead ſhe goes,
To breathe a purer air.

Her looks ſae ſweet, ſo gay her mien,
Her handſome ſhape and dreſs ſo clean,
She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,
Dreſt in her beſt array.

The gentle winds, a purling ſtream
Eſſay'd to whiſper Chloe's name,
The ſavage beaſts, till then ne'er tame,
Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people one might ſee,
Perch'd all around her on a tree,
With notes of ſweeteſt melody
They act a chearful part.

The dull ſlaves on the toilſome plow,
Their wearied necks and knees do bow,
A glad ſubjection there they vow
To pay with all their heart.

The bleating flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming nymph they ſpy,
They leave their hoarſe and ruful cry,
And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadows ſmile,
And Forth that foam'd and roar'd e'er while,
Glides calmly down as ſmopth as oil,
Thro' all its charming crooks.

The finny ſquadrons are content
To leave their wat'ry element,

In glazie numbers down they bent,
They flutter all along.

The inſects and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural ring;
All friſk and dance if ſhe but ſing,
And make a jovial throng.

Kind Phœbus now began to riſe,
And paint with red the eaſtern ſkies,
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He ſhrinks behind a cloud.

Her mantle on a bow ſhe lays,
And all her glory ſhe diſplays,
She left all nature in amaze,
And ſkip'd into the wood.

She raiſe and loot me in.

THE night her ſilent ſable wore,
And gloomy were the ſkies;
Of glitt'ring ſtars appear'd no more
Than thoſe in Nelly's eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She ſhrowded only with her ſmock,
Aroſe and loot me in.

Faſt lock'd within my cloſe embrace,
She trembling ſtood aſham'd;
Her ſwelling breaſt and glowing face,
And every touch enflam'd,
My eager paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the fort to win;
And her fond heart was ſoon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
Tranſporting was the joy;
I knew no greater bleſſing,
So bleſt a man was I.
And ſhe, all raviſh'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again;

And kindly vow'd, that every night
She'd riſe and let me in.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd with bairn,
And ſighing ſad and dull,
And I, that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en juſt like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her raſh ſin;
She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour,
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part!
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart;
But wedded and conceal'd our crime:
Thus all was well again;
And now ſhe thanks the happy time
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

If love's a ſweet paſſion, &c.

IF love's a ſweet paſſion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint?
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hands gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known.
But oh! how I'm bleſs'd when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love,
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleaſing is beauty! how ſweet are the charms!
How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:

And

And to beauty's bright ſtandard all heroes muſt yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

John Ochiltree.

HOnest man John Ochiltree;
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake, I wont to do!
Ohon, ohon, I wont to do!
Now wont to do's away frae me,
Frae ſilly auld John Ochiltree.
Honeſt man John Ochiltree,
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree;
Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
And do but what thou dow to do.
Alake, alake, I dow to do!
Walaways! I dow to do!
To whoſt and hirple o'er my tree,
My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways! John Ochiltree,
For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
Thou rade ſae faſt by ſea and land,
And wadna keep a bridle hand;
Thou'd tyne the beaſt, thy ſell wad die,
My ſilly auld John Ochiltree.
Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
And chear me up to hear thee ſing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For thoughts maun now my life ſuſtain.
Gae thy ways, John Ochiltree:
Hae done, it has nae ſa'r wi' me.
I'll ſet the beaſt in throw the land,
She'll may be ſa' in a better hand.
Even ſit thou there, and think thy ſill,
For I'll do as I wont to do ſtill.

Tune,

Tune, *Jenny beguil'd the webster.*

The auld chorus.

Up stairs, down stairs,
Timber stairs fear me.
I'm laith to lye a' night my lane,
And Johny's bed sue near me.

O Mither dear! I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bonny;
I winna keep; for in my sleep
I start and dream of Johny.
When Johny then comes down the glen
To woo me, dinna hinder:
But with content gie your consent;
For we twa ne'er can sinder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
For shame and skaith's the clink o't,
To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
I downa 'bide to think o't;
She while 'tis time, I'll shun the crime
That gars poor Eppy gae whinging;
With hainches fou, and een sae blew,
To a' the bedrals bindging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane thro' the town,
Alake, how can she mend it?
Now Tam maun face the minister,
And she maun mount the pillar;
And that's the way that they maun gae,
For poor folk has na siller.

Now had ye'r tongue, my daughter young;
Replied the kindly mither,
Get Johny's hand in haly band,
Syne wap ye'r wealth together.
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part discreetly;

And

nd prove a wife, will gar his life
And barrel run right ſweetly.

Tune, *Wat ye whà I met yeſtreen, &c.*

OF all the birds, whoſe tuneful throats
Do welcome in the verdant ſpring,
I far prefer the Stirling's notes,
And think ſhe does moſt ſweetly ſing.
Nor thruſh, nor linnet, nor the bird
Brought from the far Canary coaſt,
Nor can the nightingale afford
Such melody as ſhe can boaſt.

When Phœbus ſouthward darts his fires,
And on our plains he looks aſcance,
The nightingale with him retires,
My Stirling makes my blood to dance.
In ſpite of Hyem's nipping froſt,
Whether the day be dark or clear,
Shall I not to her health entoaſt,
Who makes it ſummer all the year.

Then by thyſelf, my lovely bird,
I'll ſtroak thy back, and kiſs thy breaſt;
And if you'll take my honeſt word,
As ſacred as before the prieſt,
I'll bring thee where I will deviſe
Such various ways to pleaſure thee,
The velvet-fog thou wilt diſpiſe,
When on the downy-hills with me.

To its ain tune.

IN January laſt,
On Munanday at morn,
As through the fields I paſt,
To view the winter corn,
I looked me behind,
And ſaw come o'er the know,
Ane glancing in her apron,
With a bonny brent brow.

I ſaid,

I ſaid, Good-morrow, fair maid;
And ſhe right courteouſly
Return'd a beck, and kindly ſaid,
Good-day, ſweet ſir, to you.
I ſpear'd, My dear, how far awa
Do you intend to gae?
Quoth ſhe, I mean a mile or twa,
Out o'er yon broomy brae.

HE.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
To have ſic company;
For I am ganging ſtraight that gate,
Where ye intend to be.
When we had gane a mile or twain,
I ſaid to her, My dow,
May we not lean us on this plain,
And kiſs your bonny mou?

SHE.

Kind ſir, ye are a wee miſtane;
For I am nane of theſe;
I hope ye ſome mair breeding ken,
Than to ruffle women's claiſe;
For may be I have choſen ane,
And plighted him my vow,
Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
And kiſs my bonny mow.

HE.

Na, if ye are contracted,
I hae nae mair to ſay;
Rather than be rejected,
I will gie o'er the play,
And chuſe anither will reſpect
My love, and on me rew,
And let me claſp her round the neck,
And kiſs her bonny mow.

SHE.

O ſir, ye are proud hearted,
And laith to be ſaid nay,

Elſe ye wad ne'er a ſtarted
For ought that I did ſay:
For women in their modeſty
At firſt they winna bow:
But if we like your company,
We'll prove as kind as you.

Tune, *I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I heard Mary ſay,
How ſhall I leave thee?
Stay, deareſt Adonis, ſtay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou ſhould leave me:
I'll live and die for thy ſake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, ſay,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love, that has griev'd thee?
My conſtant mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou may believe me:
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguiſh ſooth?
This breaſt ſhall receive thee.
My paſſion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee;
Delight ſhall drive pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee;
How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me ſad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?

Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I ſhould leave thee.

General Lesly's *March to* Longmarſton *Moor.*

MARCH, march,
Why the D—— do ye na march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order.
Front about, ye muſketeers all,
Till ye come to the Engliſh border.
Stand till't and fight like men,
True goſpel to maintain,
The parliament's blyth to ſee us a coming,
When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae popiſh relicts, and a' ſic innovations,
That a' the warld may ſee,
There's nane i' the right but we,
Of the auld Scottiſh nation.
Jenny ſhall wear the hood,
Jocky the ſark of God;
And the kiſt fou of whiſtles
That make ſic a cleiro,
Our pipers braw,
Shall hae them a',
What e'er come on it.
Buſk up your plaids, my lads,
Cock up your bonnets.
March, march, &c.

Tune, *I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

HE.

ADIEU for a while, my native green plains,
My neareſt relations, and neighbouring ſwains,
Dear Nelly, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were minutes not ages, while abſent frae thee.

SHE.

SHE.

Then tell me the reaſon, thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away?
Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A lover ſae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reaſon unhappy is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without an eſtate,
Which lays a neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a fortune for pleaſure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may ſerve where love has the ſway;
Then Johny, be counſel'd nae langer to ſtray;
For while thou proves conſtant in kindneſs to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treaſure in thee.

HE.

O ceaſe, my dear charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondneſs, which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and diſhonour to me.

Bear witneſs, ye ſtreams, and witneſs, ye flowers,
Bear witneſs, ye watchful inviſible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

To the tune of,

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow.

There will we ſport and gather dew;
Dancing while lav'rocks ſing the morning;
There learn frae turtles to prove true;
O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy ſcorning.

To weſtlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythneſs appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair freſh and charming.

Learn frae the burns that trace the mead;
Tho' on their banks the roſes bloſſom;
Yet haſtily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their ſweetneſs in his boſom.

Haſte ye, haſte ye, my bonny Bell,
Haſte to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free conſent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus ſang I faſtly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting;
O queen of ſmiles, I aſk nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's conſenting.

Tune, *We'll a' to Kelſo go.*

AND I'll awa to bonny Tweed-ſide,
And ſee my deary come throw,
And he ſall be mine,
Gif ſae he incline,
For I hate to lead apes below.

While young and fair,
I'll make it my care,
To ſecure my ſell in a jo;
I'm no ſic a fool
To let my blood cool,
And ſyne gae lead apes below.

Few words, bonny lad,
Will eithly perſuade,
Tho' bluſhing, I daftly ſay no;
Gae on with your ſtrain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below.

Unty'd to a man,
Do what e'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow:
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead apes below.

Or

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious
That beauties upon us beſtow;
'Tis not to be thought,
We got them for nought,
Or to be ſet up for a ſhow.

'Tis carried by votes,
Come kilt up ye'r coats,
And let us to Edinburgh go,
Where ſhe that's bonny
May catch a Johny,
And never lead apes below.

William *and* Margaret.

'TWAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were faſt aſleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was pale like April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay cold was her lilly hand
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view:

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;

Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain,
And aid the ſecret fears of night,
To fright the faithleſs man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you ſay, my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why ſaid you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet left theſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſwear my lip was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
Theſe lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
Till that laſt morn appear.

But hark! ——the cock has warn'd me hence——
A long and late adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man! how low ſhe lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark ſung out, the morning ſmil'd,
And rais'd her gliſt'ring head;

Pale

ale William quak'd in every limb;
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And ſtretch'd him o'er the green graſs turf
That wrapt her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more.

The FLOWER *of the* FOREST.

I'VE ſeen the ſmiling of fortune beguiling:
I've felt all her favours, and found them decay.
So ſweet was the bleſſing,
So fond the careſſing;
But now they are faded, and fled far away.
I've ſeen the foreſt, adorned the foremoſt,
With flow'rs of the faireſt, ſo pleaſant and gay:
So bonny was their blooming,
With ſweets the air perfuming;
But now they are wither'd, and faded away.

I've ſeen the morning with gold th' hills adorning,
And loud tempeſts ſtorming before middle-day.
I have ſeen Tweed's ſilver ſtreams
Shining in the ſunny beams;
Grow drumly and dark as it roll'd on its way.
Ah! fickle fortune, why this cruel ſporting?
Why thus ſo perplex us, poor ſons of a day?
Nae mair your ſmiles can chear me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the flow'r of the foreſt's fled far away.

FILL your glaſſes, baniſh care,
Wealth and worldly cares deſpiſe,
Sorrow ne'er can bring relief;
Joys from drinking will ariſe.

Why ſhould we with anxious care,
Spoil what nature's made ſo fair?
Drink and ſet your hearts at reſt;
Of a bad bargain make the beſt.

Mirth when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free:
Let it rain, or ſnow, or ſhine,
All the ſame thing 'tis to me.
There's no fence againſt our fate,
Changes daily on us wait.
Drink and ſet, &c.

Some purſue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aſpire;
Give me freedom, give me health,
That's the ſum of my deſire.
What this world could more preſent,
Would not add to my content.
Drink and ſet, &c.

THY fatal ſhafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, love!
I feel thy ſoft, reſiſtleſs flame,
Glide ſwift thro' all my vital frame;

For while I gaze my boſom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows,
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of tranſports 'whelm my ſoul.

My faultering tongue attempts in vain,
In ſoothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue ſome ſecret magic ties,
My murmurs ſink in broken ſighs.

Condemn'd to nurſe eternal care,
And ever drop the ſilent tear:
Unheard I mourn, unknown I ſigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die!

Pompey's *Ghoſt.*

FROM perfect and unclouded day,
From joys compleat, without allay;
From joys, &c.
And from a ſpring without decay.
I come, by *Cynthia's* borrow'd beams,
To viſit my *Cornelia's* dreams,
And give them ſtill ſublimer themes.

I am the man you lov'd before:
The ſtreams have waſh'd away my gore;
The ſtreams, &c.
And *Pompey* now ſhall bleed no more.
Nor ſhall my vengeance be withſtood,
Nor unattended by a flood
Of Roman or Egyptian blood.

Ceſar himſelf it ſhall purſue;
His days ſhall troubled be and few,
His days, &c.
And he ſhall fall by treaſon too.
He, by a juſtice all divine
Shall fall, a victim to my ſhrine:
As I was his, he ſhall be mine.

Thy ſtormy life regret no more,
For fate ſhall waft thee ſoon aſhore,
For fate, &c.
And to thy Pompey thee reſtore;
Where guilty heads no crowns ſhall wear,
Nor my *Cornelia* ſhed a tear,
Nor *Ceſar* be dictator there.

To the tune of *Montroſe's lines.*

I Toſs and tumble thro' the night,
And wiſh th' approaching day,
Thinking when darkneſs yields to light,
I'll baniſh care away;
But when the glorious ſun doth riſe,
And chears all nature round,

All thoughts of pleaſure in me dies,
My cares do ſtill abound.
My tortur'd and uneaſy mind
Bereaves me of my reſt,
My thoughts are to all pleaſure blind,
With care I'm ſtill oppreſt;
But had I her, within my breaſt,
Who gives me ſo much pain,
My raptur'd ſoul would be at reſt,
And ſofteſt joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,
Bleſt with fair Venus' charms,
Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter
In fair Alcmena's arms:
Paris with Helen's beauty bleſt,
Wou'd be a jeſt to me;
If of her charms I were poſſeſt,
Thrice happier wou'd I be.

But ſince the gods do not ordain
Such happy fate for me,
I dare not 'gainſt their will repine,
Who rule my deſtiny.
With ſprightly wine I'll drown my care,
And cheriſh up my ſoul;
Whene'er I think on my loſt fair,
I'll drown her in the bowl.

WHAT beauteous ſcenes inchant my ſight!
How cloſely yonder vine
Does round the elm's ſupporting height
Her wanton ringlets twine?
That elm, no more a barren ſhade,
Is with her cluſters crown'd;
And that ſame vine, without his aid,
Had crept along the ground.
Had crept, &c.

Let this, my fair, incline thy heart
Connubial joys to prove;

Yet

Yet mark what age and care impart,
Nor thoughtleſs ruſh on love.
Know thy own joy, and bleſs to hear,
Vertumnus loves thy charms,
The youthful god that rules the year,
And keeps thy groves from harms.
And keeps, &c.

While ſome with ſhort-liv'd paſſion glow,
His love remains the ſame;
On him alone thy heart beſtow,
And crown his conſtant flame.
So ſhall no froſt's untimely pow'r
Deform thy blooming ſpring;
So ſhall thy trees, from blaſts ſecure,
Their wonted tribute bring.
Their wonted, &c.

The Deceiver.

WITH tuneful pipe, and hearty glee,
Young Watty wan my heart;
A blyther lad ye cou'dna ſee,
All beauty without art.
His winning tale
Did ſoon prevail,
To gain my fond belief;
But ſoon the ſwain
Gangs o'er the plain,
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
And leaves me full of grief.

Tho' Colin courts with tuneful ſang,
Yet few regards his mane;
The laſſes a' round Watty thrang,
While Colin's left alane:
In Aberdeen
Was never ſeen
A lad that gave ſic pain,
He daily woos
And ſtill purſues,

Till

Till he does all, till he does all,
Till he does all obtain.

But ſoon as he has gain'd the bliſs,
Away then does he run,
And hardly will afford a kiſs,
To ſilly me undone:
Bonny Katy,
Maggy, Betty,
Avoid the roving ſwain:
His wyly tongue
Be ſure to ſhun,
Or you, like me, or you, like me,
Like me will be undone.

Tune, *Leader-haughs.*

THE morn was fair, ſaft was the air,
All nature's ſweets were ſpringing;
The buds did bow with ſilver dew,
Ten thouſand birds were ſinging:
When on the bent, with blyth content,
Young Jamie ſang his marrow,
Nae bonnier laſs e'er tread the graſs
On leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How ſweet her face, where every grace
In heavenly beauty's planted;
Her ſmiling, een and comely mien
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bleſs my bonny marrow:
If her dear ſmile my doubts beguile,
My mind ſhall ken nae ſorrow.

Yet tho' ſhe's fair, and has full ſhare
Of every charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, and ſoon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny laſs, have but the grace
To think, e'er ye gae furder,
Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
The crying ſin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaiſt will ne'er get reſt,
And night and day affright ye;
But if ye'er kind, with joyful mind
I'll ſtudy to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joys ſhall borrow;
Thus none ſhall be more bleſt than we
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O ſweeteſt Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wiſhes,
If equal love your mind can move,
To grant this beſt of bliſſes.
Thou art my ſun, and thy leaſt frown
Would blaſt me in the bloſſom:
But if thou ſhine, and make me thine,
I'll flouriſh in thy boſom.

Cowden--Knows.

WHEN ſummer comes, the ſwains on Tweed
Sing their ſucceſsful loves,
Around the ews and lambkins feed,
And muſic fills the groves.

But my lov'd ſong is then the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows;
For ſure ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaken reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half ſuch art.

He ſung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs and Leader-ſide,
Oh! how I bleſs'd the ſound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows;

For ſure ſo freſh, ſo bright a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.
Not Tiviot braes ſo green and gay
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the buſh aboon Traquair.
More pleaſing far are Cowden-knows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ews
At even among the broom.
Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the beſt of ſwains,
And my lov'd Cowden-knows.

Tune, *Love's goddeſs in a myrtle grove.*

NOW ſpring begins her ſmiling round,
And laviſh paints th' enamel'd ground;
The birds now lift their chearful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice:
The lovely graces hand in hand
Knit faſt in love's eternal band,
With early ſtep, at morning dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.
Where'er the youthful ſiſters move,
They fire the ſoul to genial love:
Now, by the river's painted ſide,
The ſwain delights his country bride;
While pleas'd ſhe hears his artleſs vows,
Each bird his feather'd conſort woos:
Soon will the ripen'd ſummer yield
Her various gifts to every field.
The fertile trees, a lovely ſhow!
With ruby-tinctur'd birth ſhall glow;
Sweet ſmells from beds of lillies born,
Perfume the breezes of the morn:

The

The ſmiling day and dewy night,
To rural ſcenes my fair invite;
With ſummer ſweets to feaſt her eye,
Yet ſoon, ſoon, will the ſummer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by the inſtructive ſhow.
Now young and blooming thou appears,
All in the flouriſh of thy years:
The lovely bud ſhall ſoon diſcloſe,
To every eye the bluſhing roſe;
Now, now, the tender ſtalk is ſeen
With beauty freſh, and ever green.

But when the ſunny hours are paſt,
Think not the coz'ning ſcene will laſt;
Let not the flatt'ring hope perſuade,
Ah! muſt I ſay, that it will fade?
For ſee the ſummer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay!
Now winter from the frozen north
Drives ſwift his iron chariot forth.

His griſly hands in icy chains,
Fair Tweda's ſilver ſtream conſtrains.
Caſt up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare;
Behold his footſteps dire are ſeen
Confeſt o'er ev'ry with'ring green:
Griev'd at the ſight, when thou ſhalt ſee
A ſnowy wreath to cloath each tree.

Frequenting now the ſtream no more,
Thou flies, diſpleas'd the frozen ſhore,
When thou ſhalt miſs the flowers that grew
But late, to charm thy raviſh'd view;
Then ſhall a ſigh thy ſoul invade,
And o'er thy pleaſures caſt a ſhade:
Shall I, ah! horrid! wilt thou ſay,
Be like to this ſome other day?

Yet when in ſnow and dreary froſt,
The pleaſure of the field is loſt,

To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires ſupply the diſtant ſun;
In gay delights our hours employ,
And do not loſe, but change our joy.
Happy! abandon every care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of ſacred bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
In cities thus with witty friends,
In ſmiles the hoary ſeaſon ends.
But when the lovely white and red,
From the pale aſhy cheek is fled,
Then wrinkles dire, and age ſevere
Make beauty fly, we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind diſarm,
Ah! muſt they ever ceaſe to charm?
Or is there left ſome pleaſant art,
To keep ſecure a captive heart?
Unhappy love! may lovers ſay,
Beauty, thy food, does ſwift decay;
When once that ſhort-liv'd ſtock is ſpent,
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good ſenſe with timeous care,
That love may live on wiſdom's fare:
Tho' extaſy with beauty flies,
Eſteem is born when beauty dies.
Happy the man, whom fates decree
Their richeſt gift in giving thee:
Thy beauty ſhall his youth engage,
Thy wiſdom ſhall delight his age.

Tune, *Willy was a wanton wag.*

WILLY, ne'er enquire what end,
The gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the ſearch, that but beſtows
The knowlege of our future woes!
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate aſſigns,

Than

Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy preſent years in mirth employ,
And conſecrate thy youth to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old ſcore
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this ſhall lay thee cold in earth,
That rages o'er the Pentland firth,
No more with Home the dance to lead;
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
That's ſacred to the genial hour.
In flowing wine ſtill warm thy ſoul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold the flying hour is loſt,
For time rides ever on the poſt,
Even while we ſpeak, even while we think,
And waits not for the ſtanding drink.

Collect thy joys each preſent day,
And live in youth, while beſt you may;
Have all your pleaſures at command,
Nor truſt one day in fortune's hand.
Then, Willy, be a wanton wag,
If ye wad pleaſe the laſſes braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'.

The Widow.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can ſhape, and the widow can ſew,
And many braw things the widow can do;
Then have at the widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiſs her and clap her ye manna be blate;
Speak well and do better, for that's the beſt gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow ſhe's youthfu', and never ae hair
The waur of the wearing, and has a good ſkair

Of every thing lovely; ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointer, my laddie.
What cou'd you with better your pleaſure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonnieſt toaſt in the town,
With naithing, but draw in your ſtool and ſit down,
And ſport with the widow, my laddie.

Then till'er, and kill'er, with courteſie dead,
Tho' ſtark love and kindneſs be all ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bald,
But ruins the wooer that's thowleſs and cald,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

JOCKY *blyth and gay.*

BLYTH Jocky young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis ſummer all the year.

When I and Jocky met
First on the ſlow'ry dale,
Right ſweetly he me tret,
And love was a' his tale.
You are the laſs, ſaid he,
That ſtaw my heart frae me;
O caſe me of my pain,
And never ſhaw diſdain.

Well can my Jocky kyth
His love and courteſie;
He made my heart full blyth
When he firſt ſpake to me.
His ſuit I ill deny'd,
He kiſs'd, and I comply'd:

Sae Jocky promis'd me,
That he wad faithfu' be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when Jocky gloom's,
But when he ſmiles 'tis day.
When our eyes meet, I pant,
I colour, ſigh and faint;
What laſs that wad be kind,
Can better tell her mind?

Tune, *Widow, are ye wawkin?*

O Wha's that at my chamber door?
'Fair widow, are ye wawking?'
Auld carle, your ſuit give o'er,
Your love lyes a' in tawking.
Gie me the lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow;
'Tis ſic as he can bleſs the ſight,
And boſom of a widow.

'O widow, wilt thou let me in,
'I'm pawky, wiſe and thrifty,
'And come of a right gentle kin;
'I'm little mair than fifty.'
Daft carle, dit your mouth,
What ſignifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be, —— bot youth,
In love you're but a gawky.

'Then, widow, let theſe guineas ſpeak,
'That powerfully plead clinkan,
'And if they fail, my mouth I'll ſteek,
'And nae mair love will think on.'
Theſe court indeed, I maun confeſs,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can expreſs
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

Todlen butt, and todlen ben.

WHEN I've a ſaxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my love come todlen hame.

Fair-fa' the goodwife, and ſend her good ſale,
She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her tippony chance to be ſma',
We'll tak a good ſcour o't, and ca't awa.'
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to ſleep,
And twa pint-ſtoups at our bed feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay ſae good humour'd when weeting your mou;
When ſober ſae ſour, ye'll fight with a flee,
That 'tis a blyth ſight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

Tune, *John Anderſon my jo.*

'TIS not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain;
For they cou'd never conquer yet,
Either my breaſt or brain:
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Hence forth I'll ſcorn your ſlave to be,
Or doat upon you more.

Think

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;
No ſmoothed ſight, nor ſmiling frown,
Can ſatisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonicks play ſuch pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love, at leaſt, I will have thanks,
And ſomething elſe beſide.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I ſhall be with you,
And let our actions be as free,
As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll conſtant be;
If fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as ſoon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know,
In equal terms to ſtand,
'Tis in your power to love or no,
Mine's likewiſe in my hand.
Diſpenſe with your auſterity,
Unconſtancy abhor,
Or, by great Cupid's deity,
I'll never love you more.

Tune, *The glancing of her apron.*

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-long ſummer day,
Till we amaiſt were ſpoiled
At making of the hay:
Her kurchy was of holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow,
I whiſper'd ſomething in her ear;
But what's that to you?

Her ſtockings were of Kerſy green,
As tight as ony ſilk:
O ſic a leg was never ſeen,
Her ſkin was white as milk;

Her hair was black as ane could wiſh,
And ſweet, ſweet was her mou,
Oh! Jeany daintily can kiſs;
But what's that to you?

The roſe and lily baith combine,
To make my Jeany fair,
There is nae benniſon like mine,
I have amaiſt nae care;
Only I fear my Jeany's face,
May cauſe mae men to rew,
And that may gar me ſay, alas!
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties, if thou can,
Hide that ſweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys theſe looks divine.
O do not proſtitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I with faithful heart ſhall ſwear,
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a bliſs mair true,
His joys were ſhort of mine;
And Jeany's happier than they,
She ſeldom wants her due,
All debts of love to her I'll pay,
And what's that to you?

Tune, *Queen of* Sheba's *march.*

COME *Florinda*, lovely charmer,
Come and fix this wav'ring heart;
Let thoſe eyes my ſoul rekindle,
E'er I feel ſome foreign dart.

Come, and with thy ſmiles ſecure me,
If this heart be worth thy care,

Favour'd

Favour'd by my dear *Florinda*,
I'll be true, as ſhe is fair.

Thouſand beauties trip around me,
And my yielding breaſt aſſail;
Come and take me to thy boſom,
E'er my conſtant paſſion fail.

Come, and like the radiant morning,
On my ſoul ſerenely ſhine,
Then thoſe glimmering ſtars ſhall vaniſh,
Loſt in ſplendor more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,
Long has felt the pleaſing pain;
Come, and with an equal paſſion
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promiſe,
If our ſouls in love agree,
None in all the upper dwellings
Shall be happier than we.

Tune, *Auld Sir* Symon *the king*.

COME, here's to the nymph that I love!
Away, ye vain ſorrows, away;
Far, far from my boſom be gone,
All there ſhall be pleaſant and gay.

Far hence be the ſad and the penſive,
Come fill up the glaſſes around,
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain ſorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting
With every gay blooming deſire,
My blood with briſk ardour is glowing,
Soft pleaſures my boſom inſpire.

My ſoul now to love is diſſolving,
Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd claſp her, I'd claſp her ſo eager,
Of all her diſdain I'd diſarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here,
With his troops of vain cares in aray?
Avaunt idle penſive intruder,——
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a bumper;
Young Cupid here's to thy confuſion.——
Now, now, he's departing, he's vaniſh'd,
Adieu to his anxious deluſion.

Come, jolly god Bacchus, here's to thee;
Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,
Sing lo, ſing lo to Bacchus.——
Hence all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what ſhou'd we do but be jovial,
Come tune up your voices and ſing;
What ſoul is ſo dull to be heavy,
When wine ſets our fancies on wing?

Come, Pegaſus lies in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
Each of us a gallant young Perſeus,
Sublime we'll aſcend to the ſky.

Come mount, or adieu, I ariſe,
In ſeas of wide ether I'm drown'd,
The clouds far beneath me are ſailing,
I ſee the ſpheres whirling around.

What darkneſs, what rattling is this?
Thro' chaos' dark region I'm hurl'd,
And now,——Oh! my head it is knockt
Upon ſome confounded new world.

Now, now, theſe dark ſhades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a ſtar,
Where am I?——behold the empyreum,
With flaming light ſtreaming from far.

Tune, *All in the downs.*

WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muſe can no more ceaſe to ſing,

Than

Than can the lark with riſing light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning ſhines, harmonious birds mount high;
The dawning beauty ſmiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
The inſpired thought, and ſoftest lays,
And kindle in the breaſt a flame,
Which muſt be vented in her praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle ſhepherds, have you ſeen,
E'er one ſo like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
When ſhe appears, take the alarm:
Love on her beauty poins his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and ſmiles the graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy neck and breaſt reſort.

But vain muſt every caution prove;
When ſuch inchanting ſweetneſs ſhines,
The wounded ſwain muſt yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeleſs pines.
Such flames the foppiſh butterfly ſhou'd ſhun;
The eagle's only fit to view the ſun.

She's as the op'ning lilly fair;
Her lovely features are compleat;
Whilſt heav'n indulgent makes her ſhare
With angels all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe virtues which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether ſhe love the rural ſcenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains,
Unhappy! if ſhe on him frown.
The muſe unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her name.

THE

Tune, *My apron, deary.*

JAMIE.

WHILE our flocks are a feeding,
And we're void of care,
Come, *Sandy*, let's tune
To praiſe of the fair:
For, inſpir'd by my *Suſie*,
I'll ſing in ſuch lays,
That Pan, were he judge,
Muſt allow me the bays.

SANDY.

While under this hawthorn
We ly at our eaſe,
By a muſical ſtream,
And refreſh'd by the breeze
Of a Zephyr ſo gentle,
Yes, *Jamie*, I'll try
For to match you and *Suſie*,
Dear *Katie* and I.

JAMIE.

Oh! my *Suſie* ſo lovely,
She's without compare,
She's ſo comely, ſo good,
And ſo charmingly fair;
Sure, the gods were at pains
To make ſo compleat
A nymph, that for love
There was ne'er one ſo meet.

SANDY.

Oh! my *Katie*'s ſo bright,
She's ſo witty and gay;
Love join'd with the graces,
Around her looks play.
In her mien ſhe's ſo graceful,
In her humour ſo free:
Sure the gods never fram'd
A maid fairer than ſhe.

JAMIE.

JAMIE.

Had my *Susie* been there,
When the shepherd declar'd
For the lady of Lemnos,
She had lost his regard:
And, o'ercome by a presence
More beautifully bright,
He had own'd her undone,
As the darkness by light.

SANDY.

Not fair *Helen* of *Greece*,
Nor all the whole train,
Either of real beauties,
Or those poets feign,
Cou'd be match'd with my *Katie*,
Whose every sweet charm,
May conquer best judges,
And coldest hearts warm.

JAMIE.

Neither riches nor honour,
Or any thing great,
Do I ask of the gods,
But that this be my fate,
That my *Susie* to all
My kind wishes comply:
For with her wou'd I live,
And with her I wou'd die.

SANDY.

If the fates give me *Katie*,
And her I enjoy,
I have all my desires;
Nought can me annoy:
For my charmer has every
Delight in such store,
She'll make me more happy,
Than swain e'er before.

Love will find out the way.

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves;
Over floods that are deepeſt,
Which do Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are ſteepeſt,
Love will find out the way.



Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to ly:
Where there is no ſpace
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
Leſt herſelf faſt ſhe lay:
But if love come, he will enter,
And ſoon find out his way.

You may eſteem him
A child in his force;
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worſe:
But if ſhe, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thouſand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to loſe him,
Which is too unkind;
And ſome do ſuppoſe him,
Poor thing, to be blind:
But if ne'er ſae cloſe ye wall him,
Do the beſt that ye may,
Blind love, if ſo ye call him,
H'ell find out the way.

You may train the eagle
To ſtoop to your fiſt;

Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the eaſt;
The lioneſs, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey:
But you'll never ſtop a lover,
He will find out his way.

Tune, *Throw the wood laddie.*

AS early I walk'd, on the firſt of ſweet May,
Beneath a ſteep mountain,
Beſide a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute ſoft melody play,
Whilſt the echo reſounded the dolorous lay.

I liſten'd, and look'd, and ſpy'd a young ſwain,
With aſpect diſtreſſed,
And ſpirits oppreſſed,
Seem'd clearing afreſh, like the ſky after rain,
And thus he diſcover'd how he ſtrave with his pain.

Tho' Eliſa be coy, why ſhould I repine,
That a maid much above me,
Vouchſafes not to love me?
In her high ſphere of worth I never could ſhine;
Then why ſhould I ſeek to debaſe her to mine?

No: henceforth eſteem ſhall govern my deſire,
And, in due ſubjection,
Retain warm affection;
To ſhew that ſelf love inflames not my fire,
And that no other ſwain can more humbly admire.

When paſſion ſhall ceaſe to rage in my breaſt,
Then quiet returning,
Shall huſh my ſad mourning;
And, lord of my ſelf, in abſolute reſt,
I'll hug the condition which heaven ſhall think beſt.

Thus friendſhip unmixt, and wholly refin'd,
May ſtill be reſpected,
Tho' love is rejected:
Eliſa ſhall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,
That ſhe ne'er had a friend like her lover reſign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter ſhall woo
With proſp'rous endeavour,
And gain her dear favour,
Know, as well as I, what t' Eliſa is due,
Be much more deſerving, but never leſs true.

Whilſt I, diſengag'd from all amorous cares,
Sweet liberty taſting,
On calmeſt peace feaſting,
Employing my reaſon to dry up my tears,
In hopes of heaven's bliſſes I'll ſpend my few years.

Ye powers that preſide o'er virtuous love,
Come aid me with patience,
To bear my vexations;
With equal deſires my flutt'ring heart move,
With ſentiments pureſt my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,
May courage protect me,
And prudence direct me:
Prepar'd for all fates, remembrin the ſwain,
Who grew happily wiſe, after loving in vain.

Rob's Jock. *A very auld Ballat.*

ROB's Jock came to woo our Jenny,
On ae feaſt day when we were fou:
She brankit faſt and made her bonny,
And ſaid, Jock, came ye here to woo?
She burniſt her baith breaſt and brow,
And made her cleer as ony clock:
Then ſpak her dame, and ſaid, I trow
Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock ſaid, Forſuith, I yern fu' fain
To luk my head, and ſit down by you:
Then ſpak her minny, and ſaid again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.
Tehie! quo Jenny, kick, kick, I ſee you:
Minny, yon man makes but a mock.

Deil hae the liers—ſu lies me o' you,
come to woo your Jenny, quo Jock.

My bairn has tocher of her awin;
A guſe, a gryce, a cock and hen,
A ſtirk, a ſtaig, an acre ſawin,
A bakbread and a bannock ſtane;
A pig, a pot, and a kirn there ben,
A kame but and a kaming-ſtock:
With coags and luggies nine or ten;
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A wecht, a peet-creel and a cradle,
A pair of clips, a graip, a flail.
An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
A milſie, and a ſowen pale,
A rouſty whittle to ſheer the kail,
And a timber mell the bear to knock;
Twa ſhelfs made of an auld fir-dale:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A furm, a furlet, and a peck,
A rock, a reel, and a wheel band,
A tub, a barrow, and a ſeck,
A ſpurtil-braid, and an elwand.
Then Jock took Jenny be the hand,
And cry'd, a feaſt! and ſlew a cock,
And made a bridal upo' land,
Now I have got your Jenny, quo Jock.

Now dame, I have your dochter marri'd,
And tho' ye mak it ne'er ſae tough,
I let you wit ſhe's nae miſcarri'd,
It's well kend I hae gear enough:
Ane auld gaw'd gloy'd fell owre a heugh,
A ſpade, a ſpeet a ſpur, a ſock;
Withouten owſen I have a pleugh:
May that na ſer your Jenny, quo Jock?

A treen truncher, a ram-horn ſpoon,
Twa buits of barkit blaſint leather,
A graith that ganes to coble ſhoon,

And

And a thraweruik to twine a teather,
Twa croks that moup amang the heather;
A pair of branks, and a fetter lock,
A teugh purſe made of a ſwine's blather,
To had your tocher, Jenny, quo Jock.

Good elding for our winter fire,
A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
A rake of iron to clat the bire,
A deuk about the dubs to paddle;
The pannel of an auld lad ſiddle,
And Rob my eem he cht me a ſtock,
Twa luſty lips to lick a laddle.
May thir na gane your Jenny, quo Jock?

A pair of hems and brechom fine,
And without bitts a bridle-renzie,
A ſark made of the linkome twine,
A gay green cloak that will na ſtenzie;
Mair yet in ſtore,——I needna tenzie,
Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock;
And are not thae a wakrife menzie,
To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock?

Tak thir for my part of the feaſt,
It is well knawin I am well bodin:
Ye needna ſay my part is leaſt,
Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
The wife ſpeer'd gin the kail was ſodin,
When we have done, tak hame the brok;
The roſt was teugh as raploch hodin,
With which they feaſted Jenny and Jock.

Tune *A rock and a wee pickle tow.*

I Have a green purſe, and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land, and planting o't,
It fattens my flocks, and my barns it hes ſtow'd;
But the the beſt thing of a's yet wanting on't:
To grace it, and trace it,
And gie me delight;

To

To bleſs me and kiſs me,
And comfort my ſight,
With beauty by day, and kindneſs by night,
And nae mair my lane gang ſauntring on't.

My *Chriſty* ſhe's charming and good as ſhe's fair;
Her een and her mouth are inchantingly ſweet,
She ſmiles me on fire, her frowns gie deſpair;
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou faireſt, and deareſt,
Delight of my mind,
Whoſe gracious embraces
By heaven were deſign'd
For happieſt tranſports, and bliſſes refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting ſweet.

For thee, bonny *Chriſty*, my ſhepherds and hynds
Shall carefully make the years dainties thine:
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
Our days ſhall with pleaſure and plenty ſhine.
Then hear me, and chear me
With ſmiling conſent,
Believe me, and give me
No cauſe to lament,
Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou ſay, 'Content,
'I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he ſhall be mine.'

To its ain tune.

ALTHO' I be but a country laſs,
Yet a lofty mind I bear—O,
And think my ſell as good as thoſe
That rich apparel wear—O.
Altho' my gown be hame-ſpun grey,
My ſkin it is as ſilt—O,
As them that ſatin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft—O.

What tho' I keep my father's ſheep?
The thing that muſt be done—O,
With garlands of the fineſt flowers
To ſhade me frae the ſun—O.

When they are feeding pleaſantly,
Where graſs and flowers do ſpring—O,
Then on a flow'ry bank at noon,
I ſet me down and ſing—O.

My Paiſley piggy cork'd with ſage,
Contains my drink but thin—O.
No wines do e'er my brain enrage,
Or tempt my mind to ſin—O.
My country curds, and wooden ſpoon,
I think them unco fine—O,
And on a flow'ry bank at noon,
I ſet me down and dine—O.

Altho' my parents cannot raiſe
Great bags of ſhining gold—O,
Like them whaſe daughters now-a-days,
Like ſwine are bought and ſold—O;
Yet my fair body it ſhall keep
An honeſt heart within—O,
And for twice fifty thouſand crowns,
I value not a prin— O.

I uſe nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck—O,
Nor ſhining rings upon my hands,
My fingers ſtraight to deck—O:
But for that lad to me ſhall fa',
And I have grace to wed—O,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead—O.

If canny fortune give to me
The man I dearly love—O,
Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,
My hands I can improve—O.
Expecting for a bleſſing ſtill
Deſcending from above—O.
Then we'll embrace, and ſweetly kiſs,
Repeating tales of love—O.

Waly,

Waly, waly, gin Love be bonny.

O Waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-ſide,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a truſty tree,
But ſirſt it bow'd and ſyne it brake,
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.
O wherefore ſhou'd I buſk my head?
O wherefore ſhou'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forſook,
And ſays he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's ſeat ſhall be my bed,
The ſheets ſhall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
Saint Anthon's well ſhall be my drink,
Since my true love has forſaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawing ſnaw's inclemency;
'Tis not ſic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by *Glaſgow* town,
We were a comely ſight to ſee;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I my ſell in cramaſie.

But had I wiſt before I kiſs'd
That love had been ſae ill to win,

I'd lock'd my heart in a caſe of gold,
And pin'd it with a ſilver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the nurſe's knee,
And I my ſell were dead and gane,
For a maid aga n I'll never be.

The loving Laſs and her Spinning-wheel.

AS I ſat at my ſpinning-wheel,
A bonny lad was paſſing by:
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For trouth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

With looks all kindneſs he drew near,
And ſtill mair lovely did appear;
And round about my ſlender waiſt
He claſp d his arms, and me embrac'd:
To kiſs my hand, ſyne down did kneel,
As I ſat at my ſpinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and ſmall,
And ſaid, there was nae lady fair
That ever cou'd with me compare.
Theſe words into my heart did ſteel,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

Altho' I ſeemin ly did chide,
Yet he wad ne er be deny'd,
But ſtill declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded ſair,
That I my love could ſcarce conceal,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnels and my ſpinning-wheel;
He bi me leave them all with ſpeed,
And gang with him to yonder mead:

My

My yielding heart ſtrange flames did feel,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

About my neck his arms he laid,
And whiſper'd, riſe, my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
In trouth I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my ſpinning-wheel.

Amang the pleaſant cocks of hay,
Then wi h my bonny lad I lay;
What laſſie, young and ſaft as I,
Cou'd ſic a handſome lad deny?
Theſe pleaſures I cannot reveal,
That far ſurpaſt the ſpinning-wheel.

The Fairy, a Midnight Madregal. The Words by a young Lady.

FAIREST of the virgin train,
That trip it o'er the magic plain,
Come and dance and ſing with me,
Under yonder aged tree.
Come and dance, &c.

There I'll tell you many a tale,
Of mountain, rock, of hill and dale,
Which will make you laugh with me,
Under yonder aged tree.
Which will make, &c.

See the moon all ſilver bright,
Shining with a tenfold light,
To try to ſee my queen with me,
Thro' the boughs of yonder tree.
To try to ſee, &c.

Who is that which I eſpy,
Juſt deſcended from the ſky?
E'en faith 'tis Cupid, come to ſee
My fair beneath yon aged tree.
E'en faith 'tis Cupid, &c.

A little rogue, but he ſhall ſmart,
I'll take away his bow and dart;
And give 'em ('fore his face to thee,
Under yonder aged tree.
And give em, &c.

Then we'll play, and dance, and ſing,
Celebrating *Pan* our king,
And I'll always live with thee,
Under that ſame aged tree.
And I'll always, &c.

The Medly. Tune, Reveille.

THE lark was up, the morning grey,
The drummers beat their reveille,
And jolly ſoldiers on the ground
In peaceful camps, ſlept ſafe and ſound.
Only one poor ſoldier, who,
Nought but love could e'er ſubdue,
Wander'd to a neighbouring grove,
There to vent his plaint of love.

Troop.

OH! women are charming delicate things,
Their ſweets like the bees are mingled with ſtings;
They are not to be got without care and coſt,
They are hard to be kept, but eaſily loſt.
In ſeeking a fair one I found to my ſmart,
I know not the way, I loſt my own heart.

Retreat.

OH! hapleſs, hapleſs day!
When firſt I ſaw dear Biddy,
My heart ſhe ſtole away,
My head ſhe has turn'd giddy.
The world may laugh and ſtare,
'Tis truly ſtrange to ſee
A lover ſo ſincere;
A ſwain admire like me.

Labilliere.

SHE's graceful, tall and ſlender,
She's brighter than the ſun,
Her looks are kind and tender,
But ah! her heart is ſtone.
My tears nor ſighs can't move her,
My bleeding heart ſhe ſees;
She knows too well I love her,
But in vain I ſtrive to pleaſe.

Biddy Brown.

TOO fondly once I thought,
To win this lovely charmer,
And every method ſought,
In hopes to win and warm her.
But all my hopes are over,
What ſcheme then ſhall I try?
But like a hopeleſs lover,
Here lay me down and die.

Taptow.

AS on the ground he lay,
Minerva came that way,
In armour bright and gay,
And thus to him did ſay,
Riſe, ſoldier, riſe.
The drummers beat to arms,
Hark to the loud alarms,
Hang her beauty, mind your duty,
Think not of her charms.
Riſe, ſoldier, riſe.
I'll take you by the hand,
And lead you o'er the land,
And give you the command
Of a choſen band.
Riſe, ſoldier, riſe.
Don't be ſtupid,
Drive away *Cupid*,
Follow *Minerva*'s wiſe advice.
Britain ſtrike home,
Soldier, go home, go home,

Nor mind your miſtreſs' ſcorn:
Slight, ſlight her again,
For ſlighted love ſhould ſlights return.

Pioneer's March.

THE ſoldier thus rous'd from his amorous ſloth,
Haſted away to his duty,
And ſwore to *Minerva* a terrible oath,
He ne'er more would think of her beauty.
Sing batchelor bluff, batchelor bluff,
Hey for a heart as tough as a buff.
They who live ſingle never wear horns,
They who live ſingle are happy,
Thoſe that are married ly upon thorns,
And always look ragged and ſhabby.
Cockles come dig, cockles come dig,
Round about cockles, come dance to my jig.
Thoſe who live ſingle, fear not the rout,
Nothing to them can be ſweeter;
They have no wife to whimper and pout,
Saying, how can you leave me, dear *Peter?*
Sing batchelor bluff, batchelor bluff, &c.

Queen's Taptow.

YE belles and flirts ſo ſmart and fair,
Say are not ſoldiers form'd for love?
And ſure you'll find them all ſincere,
Did you but kind and gentle prove:
But if you ſlight their paſſion ſtill,
Or triumph over hearts ſo true,
Depend upon't, they'll all rebel,
And ne'er will care a fig for you.

General.

OH! hold you fooliſh tongue,
A little laughing *Cupid* ſaid;
Have you not often heard it ſung,
That conſtancy will gain a maid?
And what on earth or heaven above,
Are equal to the joys of love?
Let wiſdom preach in ſchools,
Ah! what has ſhe with love to do?

We

We go not by her rules,
Unbounded pleasures we pursue;
Our roving wings our fancies fly,
And can worldly cares defy.
Let *Mars* in council boast,
Of resolution, strength and art;
Loves comes without an host,
And steals away the soldier's heart.
Love breaks the bow and sword and spear,
And turns the angry face of war.
The greatest man alive,
Have been by *Cupid's* pow'r o'ercome,
Its vain with love to strive,
Tho' arm'd with spear, with sword and gun:
Then ground your arms, ye sons of war,
There is no quarrelling with the fair.

Tune, *Woes my heart that we should sunder.*

ADIEU, ye pleasant sport and plays,
Farewel each song that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I sing of *Delia* and *Damon's* parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleasant passion,
Till *Delia's* mildness had prevail'd
On him to shew his inclination.

Just as the fair one seem'd to give,
A patient ear to his love story,
Damon must his *Delia* leave,
To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half-spoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the usual meeting;
And sighs supply'd their wonted song,
These charming sounds were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my soul, adieu;
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me,
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other charms shall ever move me.

Alas!

Alas! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her?
The thought deſtroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian-angel leave me:
And more to aggravate my woes,
Be you ſo good as to forgive me.

O'er the Hills and far away.

JOCKY met with *Jenny* fair,
Aft by the dawning of the day;
But *Jocky* now is fou of care,
Since *Jenny* ſtaw his heart away:
Altho' ſhe promis'd to be true,
She proven has, alake! unkind;
Which gars poor *Jocky* aften rue,
That e'er he loo'd a fickle mind.
And its o'er the hills and far away,
Its o'er the hills and far away,
Its o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now *Jocky* was a bonny lad,
As e'er was born in *Scotland* fair;
But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
Since *Jenny* has gart him deſpair.
Young *Jocky* was a piper's ſon,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the ſprings that he cou'd play,
Was, O'er the hills and far away.
And its o'er the hills, &c.

He ſung——When firſt my Jenny's face
I ſaw, ſhe ſeem'd ſae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with ſorrow kill'd.
Oh! was ſhe but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my deſpair.

Inſtead

nſtead of that ſhe is unkind,
And wavers like the winter-wind.
And its o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! cou'd ſhe find the diſmal wae,
That for her ſake I undergae,
She cou'd na chuſe but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief:
But oh! ſhe is as fauſe as fair,
Which cauſes a' my ſighs and care;
But ſhe triumphs in proud diſdain,
And takes a pleaſure in my pain.
And its o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa' in love,
With an that does ſae faithleſs prove.
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my conſtant heart betray'd.
A thouſand times to me ſhe ſware,
She wad be true for evermair;
But to my grief, alake! I ſay,
She ſtaw my heart, and, ran away.
And its o'er the hills, &c.

Since that ſhe will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her ſake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll ſighing ſing, Adieu to love,
Since ſhe is fauſe whom I adore,
I'll never truſt a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll ſweetly play,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye *Jenny Nettles*,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny, Nettles,

Saw

Saw ye *Jenny Nettles*,
Coming frae the market;
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her back,
And a baby in her oxter.

I met ayont the kairny
Jenny Nettles, *Jenny Nettles*,
Singing to her bairny,
Robin Rattle's baſtard;
You flee the dool upo' the ſtool,
And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about ſeeks *Robin* out,
To ſtap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle*,
Robin Rattle, *Robin Rattle*;
Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle*,
Uſe *Jenny Nettles* kindly:
Score out the blame, and ſhun the ſhame,
And without mair debate o't,
Take hame your wain, make *Jenny* fain,
The leel and leeſome gate o't.

JOCKY's *fou and* JENNY's *fain*.

JOCKY fou, *Jenny* fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,
She was couthy, he was kind,
And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
Gie me love at ony price;
I winna prig for red or whyte,
Love alane can gie delyte.

Others ſeek they kenna what,
In looks, and carriage, and a' that;
Give me love for her I court;
Love in love makes a' the ſport.

Colours

Colours mingled unco fine,
Common motives long ſinſyne,
Never can engage my love,
Until my fancy firſt approve.

It is na meat but appetite,
That makes our eating a delyte;
Beauty is at beſt deceit;
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

For the ſake of ſomebody.

FOR the ſake of ſomebody,
For the ſake of ſomebody,
I cou'd wake a winter-night
For the ſake of ſomebody:
I am gawn to ſeek a wife,
I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
I have three ſtane of woo,
Carling, is thy daughter ready?
For the ſake, &c.

Betty, laſſie, ſay't thy ſell,
Tho' thy dame be ill to ſhoo,
Firſt we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
Let her flyte and ſyne come to:
What ſignifies a mither's gloom,
When love in kiſſes come and play?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
And in ſimmer mak nae hay?
For the ſake, &c.

SHE.

Bonny lad, I carena by,
Tho' I try my luck with thee,
Since ye are content to tye
The haff-mark bridal band wi' me;
I'll ſlip hame and waſh my feet,
And ſteal on linens fair and clean,
Syne at the tryſting-place we'll meet,
To do but what my dame has done.
For the ſake, &c.

HE.

HE.

Now my lovely *Betty* gives
Conſent in ſic a heartſome gate,
It me frae a' my care relieves,
And doubts that gart me aft look blate;
Then let us gang and get the grace,
For they that have an appetite
Shou'd eat;——and lovers ſhou'd embrace;
If theſe be fauts, 'tis nature's wyte.
For the ſake, &c.

Norland JOCKY *and Southland* JENNY.

A Southland *Jenny* that was right bonny,
Had for a ſuitor a norland *Johny*;
But he was ſican a baſhful wooer,
That he cou'd ſcarcely ſpeak unto her.
Till blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her ſiller,
Forc'd him at laſt to tell his mind till her.
My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the march and marry.

SHE.

Come, come away then, my norland laddie,
Tho' we gang neatly, ſome are mair gaudy;
And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE.

Ye laſſes of the ſouth, ye're a' for dreſſing;
Laſſes of the north mind milking and threſhing;
My minny wad be angry, and ſae wad my dady,
Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady;
For I maun hae a wife that will riſe in the morning,
Crudle a' the milk and keep the houſe a ſcauding,
Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny.
A norland *Jocky* maun hae a norland *Jenny*.

SHE.

My father's only daughter, and twenty thouſand pound
Shall never be beſtowed on ſic a ſilly clown;
For a' that I ſaid was to try what was in ye. (*Jenny*.
Gae hame ye norland *Jock*, and court your norland

The

The auld Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow hair'd laddie ſat down on yon brae,
Cries, milk the ews, laſſie, let nane of them gae;
And ay ſhe milked, and ay ſhe ſang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie ſhall be my goodman.
And ay ſhe milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in;
They winna bught in tho' I ſhou'd die,
O yellow hair'd laddie, be kind to me!
They winna bught in, &c.

The good wife, cries but the houſe, *Jenny*, come ben,
The cheeſe is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;
Tho' butter, and cheeſe, and a' ſhou'd ſour,
I'll crack and kiſs wi' my love ae haff hour;
It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my huſband ſhall be.

Tune, *Booth's minuet.*

FAIR, ſweet and young, receive a prize,
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds whom at your feet you ſee,
Oh! pity, and diſtinguiſh me.

No graces can your form improve;
But all are loſt unleſs you love:
If that dear paſſion you diſdain,
Your charms and beauty are in vain.

Tune, *The bonny laſs of* Brankſome.

AS I came in by *Tiviot-ſide*,
And by the braes of *Brankſome*,
There firſt I ſaw my bonny bride.
Young, ſmiling, ſweet and handſome;
Her ſkin was ſafter than the down,
And white as alabaſter;

Her

Her hair a ſhining wavy brown;
In ſtraightneſs nane ſurpaſt her.
Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were ſurpriſing,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breaſts juſt riſing:
Nae ſilken hoſe with gooſhets fine,
Or ſhoon with glancing laces,
On her fair leg forbad to ſhine,
Well ſhapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was ſum of a' her claithing;
Even theſe o'er meikle; —— mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naithing.
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burny trotted;
On her I glowr'd my ſaul away,
While on her ſweets I doated,

A thouſand beauties of deſert
Before had ſcarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artleſs ſtruck my heart,
And, by deſigning charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, cloſe to my breaſt,
I graſp'd this fund of bleſſes;
Wha ſmil'd, and ſaid, without a prieſt,
Sir, hope for nought but kiſſes.
I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I coudna want her;
What ſhe demanded, i'ka charm
Of her's pled I ſhou'd grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a rowth,
Straight to the kirk I led her.
There plighted her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

The happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noiſe of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his ſafe retreat,
Is pleaſed with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From ſtrife, from care and bus'neſs free,
At once baith good and great?

No drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noiſy law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind:
Nor trumpets rouze him to the war,
Nor hopes can bribe, no threats can dare;
From ſtate intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like thoſe in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His ſmall paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds:
Each ſeaſon of the wheeling year,
Induſtrious he improves with care,
And ſtill ſome ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil ſucceeds.

Now by a ſilver ſtream he lies,
And angles with his baits and flies,
And next the ſilvan ſcene he tries,
His ſpirits to regal:
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muſe,
That waits his honeſt call.

Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys,
No care his peace of mind deſtroys,

Nor does he paſs his time in toys
Beneath his juſt regard:
He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
To plant and ſned his tender trees;
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys the ſweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and ſilent coves,
The ſcenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
Afford a wiſh'd delight:
But O how pleaſant is this life!
Bleſt with a chaſte and virtuous wife,
And children prattling, without ſtrife,
Around his fire at night.

WILLY *was a wanton Wag.*

WILLY was a wanton wag,
The blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw;
At bridals ſtill he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa.
His doublet was of *Zetland* ſhag,
And wow! but *Willy* he was braw,
And at his ſhoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the laſſes beſt of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever *Willy* ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-ſhaw,
Upon the green nane durſt him brag,
The feind a ane amang them a.'

And was na *Willy* well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and ſma';
For after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſſes hale ſale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',

And

And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

And was na *Willy* a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd with the laſſes round.
The bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been,
Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my ſhanks are ſair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.

Then reſt ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,
And for a wee bear up the ring.
But ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted *Willy*'s wanton fling.
Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing *Willy*'s ſhanks are ſair,
And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleis like *Willy* ye advance;
O! *Willy* has a wanton leg,
For wi't he learns us a' to ſteer,
And foremaſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſic dancing here,
If we want *Willy*'s wanton fling.

Tune, *The gallant ſhoe-maker*.

YOUNG *Philander* woo'd me lang,
But I was peeviſh, and forbad him,
I wadna tent his loving ſang,
But now I wiſh, I wiſh I had him:
Ilk morning when I view my glaſs,
Then I perceive my beauty going;
And when the wrinkles ſeize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, ones ſo much admir'd,
I find it fading faſt, and flying;

My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying:
Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be
Like ſummer fruit that is unſhaken,
When ripe, they ſoon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a ſeaſon rare,
But five and twenty is the Devil.
Juſt when ripe, conſent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
Women are like other fruit,
They loſe their reliſh when too mellow.

If opportunity be loſt,
You'll find it hard to be regained;
Which now I may tell to my coſt,
Tho', but my ſell, nane can be blamed:
If then your fortune you reſpect,
Take the occaſion when it offers;
Nor a true lover's ſuit neglect,
Leſt you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers.

I, by his fond expreſſions, thought
That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing:
But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
And, paſt my hope, he's gane a ranging.
Dear maidens, then take my advice,
And let na coyneſs prove your ruin;
For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
Your ſuiters will give over wooing.

Then *mai'ens auld* you nam'd will be,
And in that fretfu' rank be number'd
As lang as life; and when ye die,
With leading apes be ever cumber'd:
A puniſhment, and hated brand,
With which nane of us are contented;
Then be not wiſe behind the hand,
That the miſtake may be prevented.

The Anſwer.

O Virgin kind! we canna tell
How many many thanks we owe you,
For pointing out to us ſae well
These very rocks that did o'erthrow you;
And we your leſſon ſae ſhall mind,
That e'en tho' a' our kin had ſwore it,
E'er we ſhall be an hour behind,
We'll take a year or two before it.

We'll catch all winds blaw in our ſail,
And ſtill keep out our flag and pinnet;
If young *Philander* anes aſſails
To ſtorm love's fort, then he ſhall win it:
We may indeed for modeſty,
Preſent our forces for reſiſtance;
But we will quickly lay them by
And contribute to his aſſiſtance.

Tune, *The kirk wad let me be.*

I Was anes a well tocher'd laſs,
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor paſs,
My ſtep-dame has gart them flee.
My father he's aften frae hame,
And ſhe plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lateth nor ſhame,
And keeps the hale houſe in a ſteer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftleſs and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, haff-naked and cauld,
I ſee her deſtroy what is mine:
But ſoon I might hope a revenge,
And ſoon of my ſorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If ſhe were hung up on a tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny lass tenderly,
I'll take thee, sweet *May*, in thy snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis only yourself that I want,
Your kindness is better to me
Than a' that your step-mother, scant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer its true,
And ye are the sprout of a laird;
But I have milk cattle enow,
And rowth of good rucks in my yard;
Ye sall have naithing to fash ye,
Sax servants shall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coat, my lassie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiss,
Consented; —— while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.
And now she sits blythly singan,
And joking her drunken step-dame,
Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
That makes her good wife at hame.

The GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lilly fair,
The dappl'd pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming *Chloe's* hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaft to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day;
And every nymph and shepherd said,

That

That in her hair they look'd more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undreſt at evening, when ſhe found
Their odours loſt, their colours paſt;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye ſhe caſt.

That eye dropt ſenſe diſtinct and clear,
As any muſe's tongue cou'd ſpeak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, ſaid I, explain
This change of humour; prithee tell;
That falling tear——what does it mean?

She ſigh'd; ſhe ſmil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moraliſt ſaid:
See, friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one:
At morn both flouriſh bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor *Stella* danc'd and ſung;
The am'rous youths around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung:
I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her ſhrowd.

Such as ſhe is, which dy'd to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, *Damon*, bid thy muſe diſplay
The juſtice of thy *Chloe's* ſorrow.

WILL you go and marry, *Kitty*?
Can you think to take a man?
'Tis a pity, one ſo pretty
Should not do the thing they can.
You, a charming lovely creature,
Wherefore ſhou'd you lie alone?

Beauty's of a fading nature,
Has a ſeaſon to be gone.

Therefor, while you're blooming, *Kitty*,
Liſten to a loving ſwain.
Take example by fair *Betty*,
Once the darling of the men;
Who with coy and fickle nature,
Trifled off till ſhe's grown old,
Now ſhe's left by every creature;
Let not this of thee be told.

But, my dear and lovely *Kitty*,
This one thing I have to tell,
I cou'd wiſh no man to get you,
Save it were my very ſell.
Take me, *Kitty*, at my offer,
Or be had, and I'll take you;
We's mak nae din about your tocher,
Marry, *Kitty*, then we'll woo.

Many words are needleſs, *Kitty*,
You do want and ſo do I;
If you would a man ſhould get you,
Then I can that want ſupply:
So then, *Kitty*, ſay you'll take me,
As the very choice of men,
Never after to forſake me,
And the prieſt ſhall ſay amen.

Then, O then, my charming *Kitty*,
When we're marry'd, what comes then?
Then no other man can get you.
But you'll be my very ain:
Then we'll kiſs and clap at pleaſure,
Nor be troubled at envy;
If once I had my lovely treaſure,
Let the reſt admire and die.

AT St. *Oſyth* by the mill
There lives a lovely laſs;

O, had

O, had I her good-will,
How gayly life would paſs!
No bold intruding care
My bliſs ſhould e'er deſtroy;
Her ſmiles would gild deſpair,
And brighten every joy.

Like nature's rural ſcene,
Her artleſs beauties charm;
Like them, with joy ſerene,
Our wiſhing hearts they warm.
Her wit, with ſweetneſs crown'd,
Steals every ſenſe away;
The liſt'ning ſwains around
Forget the ſhort'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth and eaſe,
Without her taſteleſs are;
She gives them power to pleaſe,
And makes them worth our care.
Is there, ye fates, a bliſs
Reſerv'd for me to ſhare?
Indulgent hear my wiſh,
And grant it all in her.

WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor, but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, nor ſetter,
Dare to ſhew his frightful face:
But, kind Sir, as your a ſtranger,
Down your garniſh you muſt lay,
Or your coat will be in danger;
You muſt either ſtrip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement,
From your children, or your wife;
Wiſdom lies in true reſignment,
Through the various ſcenes of life.
Scorn to ſhew the leaſt reſentment,
Though beneath the frowns of fate;

had

Knaves

Knaves and beggars find contentment,
Fears and cares attend the great.

Though our creditors are ſpiteful,
And reſtrain our bodies here,
Uſe will make a goal delightful,
Since there's nothing elſe to fear.
Every iſland's but a priſon,
Strongly guarded by the ſea;
Kings and princes, for that reaſon,
Priſ'ners are as well as we.

Pray, what made great *Alexander*
Weep at his unfriendly fate?
'Twas becauſe he could not wander
Beyond the world's ſtrong priſon-gate.
For the world is alſo bounded,
By the heav'ns and ſtars above;
Why ſhould we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but *Jove*?

Tune, *Alloa-Houſe.*

MY time, O ye muſes, was happily ſpent,
When *Phebe* went with me wherever I went,
Ten thouſand ſweet pleaſures I felt in my breaſt;
Sure never fond ſhepherd like *Colin* was bleſt:
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a ſudden I find!
When things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought 'twas the ſpring; but alas! it was ſhe.

With ſuch a companion, to tend a few ſheep,
To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep;
I was ſo good humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day:
But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known:
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart, I am ſure, it weighs more than a pound.

The

The fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou knoweſt, little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,
'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas muſic to hear:
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
And ſtill as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Muſt you be ſo chearful while I go in pain?
Peace then with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their ſporting how happy the time,
When ſpring, love, and beauty were all in their prime!
But now, in their frolicks, when by me they paſs,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of graſs;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee,
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to my dog ſaid,
Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his head:
But now, when he's fawning, I with a ſour look
Cry, Sirrah, and give him a blow with my crook;
And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not Tray
Be as dull as his maſter, when *Phebe*'s away?

When walking with *Phebe*, what ſights have I ſeen!
How fair was the flower, how freſh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the ſhade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made!
But now ſhe has left me, tho' all are ſtill there,
They none of them now ſo delightful appear;
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made ſo many beautiful proſpects ariſe.

Sweet muſic went with us both, all the wood thro',
The lark, linnet, throſtle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp'n the graſhopper under our feet:
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;

Her

Her voice in the conſort, as now I have found,
Gave every thing elſe its agreeable ſound.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of their ſweetneſs the bloſſoms beguile?
That meadow, thoſe daſies, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! rivals, I ſee why it was that you dreſt,
And made yourſelf fine; for a place in her breaſt;
You put on your colours to pleaſure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her boſom to die.

How ſlowly time creeps till my *Phebe* return?
While amidſt the ſoft zephyr's cool breezes I burn!
Methinks, if I knew whereabout he would tread,
I could breath on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly ſwifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here.
Ah! *Colin*, old time is yet full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faſter for all thou canſt ſay.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, *Colin*, thy paſſion remove,
But what ſwain is ſo ſilly as to live without love?
No deity bids the dear nymph to return,
Tho' ne'er was poor ſhepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do! I ſhall die with deſpair!
Take heed, all ye ſwains, how ye love one ſo fair.

KITTY, tender, gay and blooming,
Lover, wouldſt thou hope to gain!
Warmly court, grow more preſuming,
Maids deſpiſe the baſhful ſwain.
When ſhe's coldeſt, preſs her boldeſt;
Fondly ſeize her, claſp her, ſqueez her,
Kiſs her lips, her neck, her breaſts,
And you'll ſoon, you'll ſoon be bleſt, &c.

But if after every trial,
Every proof of tender art,

She

She with coldneſs and denial,
Still proves coy, and mocks your ſmart,
Ceaſe, dull whining, moping, pining,
Vex her, grieve her, ſlight her, leave her,
Stamp, frown, ſwear, and bid adieu,
Ceaſe to court,——and ſhe'll court you, &c.

O Say! what is that thing call'd *light*,
Which I can ne'er enjoy?
What is the bleſſing of the ſight?
O tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you ſee;
You ſay the ſun ſhines bright.
I feel him warm; but how can he
E'er make it day or night?

My day or night myſelf I make,
Whene'er I ſleep or play;
And cou'd I always keep awake,
It would be always day,

With heavy ſighs, I often hear
You mourn my hopeleſs woe;
But ſure, with patience, I may bear
A loſs I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My chear of mind deſtroy.
Whilſt thus I ſing I am a king,
Altho' a poor blind boy.

She. AND canſt thou leave thy *Nancy*,
And quit thy native ſhore?
It comes into my fancy,
I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.

He. Yes, I muſt leave my *Nancy*,
To humble haughty *Spain*;
Let fears ne'er fill thy fancy,
For we ſhall meet again.

She.

She. Amidſt the foaming billows,
Where thund'ring cannons rore,
You'll think on theſe green willows,
And wiſh yourſelf on ſhore.

He. I fear no land nor water,
I fear no ſword nor fire:
For ſweet revenge and ſlaughter
Are all that I deſire.

She. May guardian gods protect thee
From water, fire and ſteel;
And may no fears affect thee,
Like thoſe which now I feel.

He. I leave to heaven's protection
My life, my only dear!
You have my ſole affection,
So ſtill conclude me here.

Tune, *Dear* Colin, *prevent my warm bluſhes.*

DEAR *Jenny*, your charms have undone me,
And robb'd me of freedom and joy;
I prithee, dear *Jenny*, ſmile on me,
For death is my fate, if you're coy.
I prithee, dear charmer, be cautious,
Since death is ſo heinous, comply,
And torture me not with delaying,
Since every croſs jade can deny.

Nay, angel, don't fancy that nature,
In forming you, took ſuch delight,
To make you the faireſt in feature,
For nought but to dazzle the ſight.
Nay, *Jove*, when he gave you theſe graces,
Intended you ſolely for love,
And made thee the faireſt of laſſes,
The kindeſt of females to prove.

I prithee, dear *Jenny*, remember,
The roſe that is blooming in *May*

Is faded and ſhrunk in *September*,
And thrown diſregarded away.
'Tis ſo with the peeviſh young charmer,
That takes at her lover diſtaſte,
And trifles till thirty does arm her,
And ſo dies a maid at the laſt.

BEAUING, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, damning, ſinking,
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the rakes at *Malo*.
Spending faſter than it comes,
Beating bawds, whores and duns,
Bacchus' true begotten ſons,
Live the rakes at *Malo*.

Sometimes nought but claret drinking,
When, like politicians, thinking,
How to raiſe the fund when ſinking,
Live the rakes at *Malo*.
Sometimes flush of money ſtore,
Then like any poet poor,
Kiſſing queens and then a whore,
Live the rakes at *Malo*.

When at home with daddy dining,
Still for *Malo*'s waters whining,
When good claret is declining,
Live the rakes at *Malo*.
Living ſhort but merry lives,
Going where the Devil drives,
Keeping miſſes and no wives,
Live the rakes at *Malo*.

Racking tenants, ſtewards teazing,
Swiftly ſpending, ſlowly raiſing,
Wiſhing to ſpend all their days in
Raking thus at *Malo*.
Then, to end a rakiſh life,
They grow ſober, take a wife,

Is Ever

Ever after live in ſtrife
With their wives at *Malo*.

TO all you ladies now at land,
We men at ſea indite:
But firſt would have you underſtand
How hard it is to write:
The muſes now, and *Neptune* too,
We muſt implore to write to you.
Fa, la, la, &c.

For 'tho' the muſes ſhould prove kind,
And fill our empty brain:
Yet if rough *Neptune* rouſe the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roul up and down our ſhips at ſea.

Then if we write not every poſt,
Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our ſhips are loſt
By *Dutchmen*, or by wind:
Our tears we'll ſend a ſpeedier way,
The tide ſhall bring them twice a day.

The king with wonder and ſurpriſe,
Will ſwear the ſeas grow bold,
Becauſe the tides will higher riſe
Than e'er they did of old.
But let him know it is our fears
Bring floods of tears to *Whitehall* ſtairs.

Should foggy *Opdam* chance to know
Our ſad and diſmal ſtory,
The *Dutch* would ſcorn ſo weak a foe,
And quit their fort at *Goree*;
For what reſiſtance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?

Let wind and weather do its worſt,
Be you to us but kind:
Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curſe,
No ſorrow we ſhall find:

'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To paſs our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or elſe at various ombre play:
But why ſhould we in vain
Each other's ruin thus purſue:
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempeſtuous grow,
And cast our hopes away,
Whilſt you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careleſs at a play:
Perhaps per mit ſome happier man
To kiſs your hand or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it ſigh'd with each man's care,
For being ſo remote;
Think then, how often love we've made
To you when all thoſe tunes were play'd.

In juſtice you cannot refuſe
To think of our diſtreſs,
When we, for hopes of honour, loſe
Our certain happineſs;
All thoſe deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewiſe all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at ſea.

WHEN, *Delia*, leaning on thy breaſt,
What tranſports of delight I feel!
Arabia's balmy ſweets I taſte
When I thy lips with kiſſes feel!

What bliſs each tender look beſtows!
What pleaſing pangs my boſom ſwell,
When to my heart I preſs thee cloſe,
And in ſoft ſighs my paſſion tell!

Say, if the prelude be ſo ſweet,
What muſt the full poſſeſſion prove?
When *Hymen* makes our joys complete,
And gives thee to my conſtant love?

Then ſhall I claſp each latent charm,
And call the lovely treaſure mine;
Then, circled in thy ſnowy arms,
Diſſolve in extaſy divine.

NATURE for defence affords,
Fins to fiſh, and wings to birds;
Hooves to horſes, claws to bears,
Swiftneſs to the fearful hares.

Man's endow'd with art and ſenſe,
What have women for defence?
Beauty is their ſhield and arms,
Women's weapons are their charms.

Beauty's power makes us feel
Deeper wounds than thoſe of ſteel;
Strength and wit before it fall,
Beauty triumphs over all.

YE medley of mortals that make up this throng,
Spare your wit for a moment and liſt to my ſong.
What you would not expect here, my wit ſhall be now,
And what is more ſtrange, ev'ry word ſhall be true.
Sing tantararara, truth all, truth all,
Sing tantararara, truth all,

Not a toy in the place you'll buy cheaper than mine,
Bring your laſſes to me, and you'll ſave all your coin;
The ladies alone will pay dear for my ſkill,
For if they will hear me—their tongues muſt lie ſtill.
Sing tantararara mute all.

Tho'

Tho' our revels are ſcorn'd by the grave and the wiſe,
Yet they practiſe all day, what they ſeem to deſpiſe;
Examine mankind from the great to the ſmall,
Each mortal's diſguis'd, and the world is a ball.
Sing tantararara maſks all.

The parſon brimful of *October* and grace,
With a long taper pipe, and a round ruddy face,
Will rail at our doings—but when it is dark,
The doctor's diſguis'd, and led home by the clerk.
Sing tantararara maſks all

The fierce roaring blade, with long ſword and cock'd hat,
Who with zounds he did this, and with 'ſblood he'll do that:
When he comes to his trial, he fails in his part,
And proves that his looks were but maſks to his heart.
Sing tantararara maſks all.

The beau acts the rake and will talk of amours,
Shews letters from wives, and appointments from whores;
But a creature, ſo modeſt, avoids all diſgrace,
For how would he blush ſhould he meet face to face?
Sing tantararara maſks all

The courtiers and patriots, 'mong other fine things,
Will talk of their country, and love to their kings;
Yet their maſks will drop off, if you ſhake but the peſs,
And ſhew king and country all center'd in ſelf.
Sing tantararara maſks all.

With an outſide of virtue, miſs *Squeamiſh* the prude,
If you touch her, ſhe faints; if you ſpeak, you are rude;
Thus ſhe's prim and ſhe's coy, till her bloſſoms are gone,
And when mellow, ſhe's pluck'd by the coachman or *John*
Sing tantararara maſks all.

With a grave maſk of wiſdom ſay phyſic and law,
In your caſe there's no fear, in your cauſe there's no flaw;
Till death and the judge have decreed, they look big,
Then you find you have truſted——a full-bottom wig.
Sing tantararara maſks all.

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit,
Each neighbour will find that his next is a cheat;
But if, oh ye mortals, theſe tricks you purſue, (you.
You at laſt cheat yourſelves——and the devil cheats
Sing tantararara maſks all, maſks all,
Sing tantararara maſks all.

WHILST youth and beauty join to pleaſe,
The preſent bliſs enjoy,
Youth flies, and beauty ſoon decays,
And time on ev'ry charm will ſeize,
Then, *Celia*, be not coy.

Behold the lilly as it grows,
White as thy ſnowy breaſt;
Obſerve the fragrant bluſhing roſe,
Such rival ſweets thy lips diſcloſe,
View theſe and make me bleſt.

When nature's in her beſt array,
In ſpring's gay robe attir'd;
When ſmiling *Phœbus* gilds the day,
Like thee they ſhine, like thee look gay,
And are like thee admir'd.

But when bleak winter's chilling ſhade
Deforms the gloomy ſky;
Their bloom decays, their glories fade,
Low is their pride of beauty laid,
They droop their head and die.

WHEN dew-drops gild the weeping thorn,
And hoarſe-pip'd rooks ſalute the morn,
Fair

Fair *Cynthia* charm'd the grove.
Her voice like *Philomella* rung,
But ſtill the burthen of her ſong
Was falſe and perjur'd love.

Young *Colin* who had ſtray'd that way,
When larks, the heralds of the day,
Their dewy neſts forſake;
Impatient lurk'd behind a buſh,
To hear and view the beauteous bluſh,
That painted *Cynthia*'s cheek.

Againſt the ſweet inchanting ſtrain,
No longer able to contain,
He thus himſelf addreſs'd:
My flocks, cry'd he, ſhall all be thine,
My dog, my crook, be you but mine,
And bleſs a ſhepherd's breaſt.

In vain, cry'd ſhe, fond youth you ſue,
To church with me you firſt muſt go,
Of which the ſwain approv'd;
Then to the grove again he led
The ripen'd panting melting maid,
Where both diſſolv'd in love.

When bliſs was paſt, young *Colin* cry'd,
Had you at firſt thus far comply'd,
I ne'er had ſeen thee more;
Be huſh'd, cry'd ſhe, I knew thy will,
For *Hodge* who lives at yonder mill,
Once ſerv'd me ſo before.

FROM the man whom I love, tho' my heart I diſguiſe,
I will freely deſcribe the wretch I deſpiſe,
And, if he has ſenſe but to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit, without ſenſe; without fancy a beau;
Like a parrot he chatters, and ſtruts like a crow;
A peacock, in pride; in grimace, a baboon;
In courage, a hind; in conceit, a gaſcoon.

As a vulture, rapacious, in falſhood, a fox;
Inconſtant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tyger, ferocious; perverſe as an hog;
In miſchief, an ape; and, in fawning, a dog.

In a word, to ſum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet, if he has ſenſe but to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take the hint from the picture I draw.

BEFORE the urchin well cou'd go,
She ſtole the whiteneſs of the ſnow,
And more, that whiteneſs to adorn,
She ſtole the bluſhes of the morn:
Stole all the ſweetneſs ether ſheds
On primroſe buds and vi'let beds.

Still to reveal her artful wiles,
She ſtole the graces ſilken ſmiles;
She ſtole *Aurora*'s balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth;
The cherry dipt in morning dew,
Gave moiſture to her lips and hue.

Theſe were her infant ſpoils, a ſtore,
And ſhe in time ſtill pilfer'd more,
At twelve, ſhe ſtole from *Cyprus'* queen,
Her air, and love commanding mien;
Stole *Juno*'s dignity, and ſtole
From *Pallas*, ſenſe, to charm the ſoul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey;
Her next, the beam that lights the day;
She ſung—amaz'd the ſyrens heard,
And to aſſert their voice appear'd:
She play'd—the muſes from their hill,
Wonder'd who thus had ſtole their ſkill.

Great *Jove* approv'd her crimes, and art,
And t'other day ſhe ſtole my heart.
If lovers, *Cupid*, are thy care,
Exert your vengeance on this fair;

To

To trial bring her ſtolen charms,
And let her priſon be my arms.

LOVE's but the frailty of the mind,
When 'tis not with ambition join'd;
A ſickly flame, which if not fed expires;
And feeding, waſtes in ſelf-conſuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
Or am'rous youth, that gives the joy;
But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd a ſwain,
For whom ſuperior beauties ſigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the conqueſt prize,
When I inſult a rival's eyes:
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I ſee,
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

HOW little do the landmen know
Of what we ſailors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow?
But we have hearts of ſteel:
No danger can affright us,
No enemy ſhall flout;
We'll make the Monſieurs right us,
So toſs the cann about.

Stick ſtout to orders, meſſmates,
We'll plunder, burn, and ſink;
Then, *France*, have at your firſt-rates,
For *Britons* never ſhrink:
We'll rummage all we fancy,
We'll bring them in by ſcores;
And *Moll*, and *Kate*, and *Nancy*
Shall roll in *Louis d'ors*.

While here at *Deal* we're lying,
With our noble commodore,
We'll ſpend our wages freely, boys,
And then to ſea for more:
In peace we'll drink and ſing, boys,
In war we'll never fly;

Here's a health to *George* our king, boys,
And the royal family.

IF ſhe be not kind as fair,
But peeviſh and unhandy,
Leave her, ſhe's only worth the care
Of ſome ſpruce jack a-dandy.

I would not have thee ſuch an aſs,
Hadſt thou ne'er ſo much leiſure,
To ſigh and whine for ſuch a laſs
Whoſe pride's above her pleaſure.

ONCE in our lives,
Let us drink to our wives,
Tho' their numbers be but ſmall;
Heaven take the beſt,
And the devil take the reſt,
And ſo we ſhall get rid of them all.
To this hearty wiſh,
Let each man take his diſh,
And drink, drink till he fall.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up in the morn;
To the hills and the wood lands they ſteer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer

CHORUS of huntſmen.

And all the day long
This, this is our ſong;
Still hollowing,
And following,
So frolic and free;
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds,
No mortals on earth are ſo jolly as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the hills they all echo hillo!

With

With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then our mouths they refound to the ſkies;
And all the day long, &c.

When we ſweep o'er the vallies, or climb
Up the health breathing mountain ſublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel,
Which alone they who taſte can reveal?
And all the day long, &c.

I love thee, by heav'ns I cannot ſay more;
Then ſet not my paſſion a-cooling;
If thou yield'ſt not at once, I muſt e'en give thee o'er
For I'm but a novice at tooling.

What my love wants in words, it ſhall make up in deeds,
Then why ſhou'd we waſte time in ſtuff, child?
A performance you wot well a promiſe exceeds;
A word to the wiſe is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known,
But I hate all proteſting and arguing:
Had a goddeſs my heart, ſhe ſhou'd ev'n lye alone,
If ſhe made many words to the bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond eyes have been ſaying;
Pr'ythee, be thou ſo too, ſeek for no better term,
But e'en throw thy yea or thy nay in.

I cannot bear love, like a chancery ſuit,
The age of a patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a ſpirit, no longer be mute,
Give it one way or other an ending.

Long courtſhip's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
Like the grace of fanatical ſinners, (cool,
Where the ſtomachs are loſt, and the victuals grow
Before men ſit down to their dinners.

IN ancient days I've heard, with horns
The wife her ſpouſe could fright;

Which

Which now the hero bravely ſcorns,
So common is the ſight.

To city, country, c mp, or court,
Or whereſo'er he go,
No horned brother dares make ſport,
They're cuckolds all a-row.

IN love and life the preſent uſe,
One hour we grant, the next refuſe;
Who then would riſque a nay?
Were lovers wiſe, they would be kind,
And in our eyes the moment find,
For only then they may.

LONG from the force of beauty's charms,
Long have I wander'd free;
Endur'd no grief, felt no alarms,
Reſerv'd to fall by thee.

Thou, fair one, thou alone canſt move
This paſſion in my breaſt;
Thou, thou alone canſt teach me love;
O teach me to be bleſt!

In ſafety thus from all alarms
The roving turtle flies,
Till ſome unerring hand conveys
The ſhaft by which he dies.

MY loveſick mind, what tranſport mov'd,
'Twas bleſs'd beyond compare,
When lovely *Sachariſſa* prov'd
As kind as ſhe is fair.
Joyful on her ſoft hand I hung,
And caught the melting accents from her tongue.

The more I gaz'd on that fair face,
I more and more admir'd,
For ſtill ſome new diſcover'd grace
My raptur'd boſom fir'd;

Happy

Happy we ſat, and talk'd and lov'd,
I ſigh'd, and woo'd, and kiſt, and ſhe approv'd,
Whilſt *Sacharissa* true remain'd,
Each former love was flown,
I all the ſex but her diſdain'd,
And liv'd for her alone,
True as the needle to the pole,
I turn'd to her the magnet of my ſoul.

But ſince no more that once fond heart
With equal ardour burns,
Like mine, no longer dreads to part,
For love for mine returns:
Grant me, ye gods, if ſuch there be,
A nymph more conſtant, not leſs fair than ſhe.

NOW God alone that made all things,
Heaven and earth and all therein;
The ſhips that in the ſea do ſwim,
To keep our foes from coming in.
Then every one does what he can
All for the good and uſe of man.
And I wiſh in heaven his ſoul may dwell
That firſt invented the leather bottle.

Now what d'ye ſay of canns of wood?
Faith they are naught, they cannot be good;
For when a man for beer doth ſend,
To have them full he doth intend;
The bearer ſtumbles by the way,
And on the ground the beer doth lay;
Then doth the man begin to ban,
And ſwears 'twas long o' th' wooden cann:
But had it been a leather bottle.
It had not been ſo, for all had been well,
And ſafe therein the drink would remain,
Until the man got up again.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What do you ſay to glaſſes fine?
Faith they ſhall have no praiſe of mine;

For

For when a man's at table ſet,
And by him ſeveral ſorts of meat,
The one loves fleſh, the other fiſh;
Then with your hand remove a diſh,
Touch but the glaſs upon the brim,
The glaſs is broke and nought left in.
The table cloth, tho' ne'er ſo fine,
Is ſully'd with beer, or ale, or wine;
And doubtleſs for ſo ſmall abuſe
A ſervant may his maſter loſe.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What ſay you to the handled pot?
No praiſe of mine ſhall be his lot;
For when a man and wife's at ſtrife,
(As many have been in their life)
They lay their hands upon it both,
And break the ſame, although they're loth.
But woe to them ſhall bear the guilt,
Between them both the liquor's ſpilt;
For which they ſhall anſwer another day,
For caſting their liquor ſo vainly away;
But if it had been leather-bottle'd,
One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
Both might have tugg'd, till their hearts ſhould break,
No harm the leather-bottle could take.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What ſay you to flagons of ſilver fine?
Why faith, they ſhall have no praiſe of mine;
For when a lord for ſack doth ſend,
To have them back he doth intend;
The man with the flagon runs away,
And never is ſeen after that day;
The lord then begins to ſwear and ban,
For having loſt both flagon and man;
But had it been either page or groom,
With a leather bottle it had come home.
And I wiſh, &c.

And when this bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold,

Out

Out of the ſide you may cut a clout,
To mend your ſhoes when they're worn out;
Then hang the reſt upon a pin,
'Twill ſerve to put odd trifles in;
As candle-ends and awls, and rings,
For young beginners need ſuch things.
Then I wiſh his ſoul in heaven may dwell,
That firſt devis'd the leather-bottle.

NOW God be wi' old *Symon*,
For he made canns to many a one,
And a good old man was he;
And *Jenkin* was his journeyman,
And he cou'd tipple off ev'ry cann;
And thus he ſaid to me:
To whom drink you, Sir knave,
Turn the timber like the lave;
Ho! jolly *Jenkin*,
I ſpy a knave in drinking;
Come, troll the bowl to me.

TAKE not the firſt refuſal ill,
Tho' now ſhe won't, anon ſhe will:
She were not woman, if ſhe knew
One moment what the next ſhe'd do.
If you'll have patience, ſhe'll be kind;
To-day ne'er knew to-morrow's mind:
Wait till you find her in the cue,
If you don't aſk her, ſhe'll aſk you.

WHAT! put off with one denial?
And not make a ſecond trial!
You might ſee my eyes conſenting,
All about me was relenting:
Women, oblig'd to dwell in forms,
Forgive the youth who boldly ſtorms.

Lovers, when you ſigh and languiſh,
When you tell us of your anguiſh;

To the nymph you'll be more pleasing,
When those sorrows you are easing:
We love to try how far men dare,
And never wish the foe should spare.

WOMAN's like the flatt'ring ocean,
Who her pathless ways can find?
Every blast directs her motion;
Now she's angry, now she's kind.
What a fool's the vent'rous lover,
Whirl'd and toss'd by ev'ry wind?
Can the bark the port recover,
When the silly pilot's blind?

FAIR maidens, O! beware
Of using men too well!
Their pride is all their care,
They only kiss to tell.
How hard the virgin's fate!
While ev'ry way undone;
The coy grow out of date,
They're ruin'd, if they're won.

FRAIL's the bliss of woman,
Fleeting as a shade;
While we pity no man,
Goddesses we're made:
If our favour's wanting,
To their wants we're kind;
Ruin'd by our granting,
We no favour find.

Birds, for kind complying,
Love their females more;
We're lov'd for denying,
Scorn'd when we implore:
While on ev'ry tree,
Cherry, cherry, sing the small birds,
Happier far than we.

GO,

GO, lovely roſe,
Tell her that waſtes her time and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſarts, where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

PEGGY in devotion
Bred from tender years,
From my loving motion
Still was call'd to pray'rs.

I made muckle buſtle
Love's dear fort to win;
But the kirk apoſtle
Told her 'twas a ſin.

Faſting and repentance,
And ſuch whining cant,
With the doomeſday ſentence,
Frighted my young ſaint.

He taught her the duty
Heav'nly joys to know;
I, who lik'd her beauty,
Taught her thoſe below.

Nature took my part ſtill,
Senſe did reaſon blind,
That, for all his art ſtill,
She to me inclin'd.

Faith

Strange delights hereafter
Did ſo dull appear,
She, as I had taught her,
Vow'd to ſhare 'em here.

Faith 'tis worth your laughter,
'Mongſt the chan ing race,
Neither ſon nor daughter
Ever yet had grace.

Peggy on the ſunday
With her lady vext,
Came to me on monday,
And forgot his text.

WOMAN, nature's greateſt beauty,
Was alone deſign'd for man;
It therefore is each mortal's duty,
To enjoy it whilſt he can.
No more denying,
Be complying,
Joys are nigh you,
Youth will fly you,
For our life is but a ſpan.
For, &c.

Aſk old mortals paſt the pleaſure,
If they would be young again,
They'd give their golden heaps of treaſure,
But they muſt deſire in vain.
Always whining,
Ever pining,
Always ſighing,
Ever crying,
Oh! that I were young again.
Oh! &c.

Yield then quickly, charmer, eaſe me,
Whilſt thy beauty's in its prime
The joys I'm ſure I know will pleaſe thee,
And no more be call'd a crime.

Melting

Melting bliſſes,
Dying kiſſes,
Hearts inviting,
Souls uniting,
All excite the happy time.
All, &c.

WHILE youth, my *Lesbia*, love inſpires,
While warm our vig'rous ſpirits play,
Let's give the rein to gay deſires,
Nor heed what ſnarling dotards ſay.

The fates permit the ſetting ſun
To riſe next morn with equal light;
But we when our ſhort day is done,
Muſt ſleep eternity of night.

Give me a thouſand kiſſes then,
Give me, my dear, a hundred more;
Begin the thouſand all again,
Again repeat the hundred o'er.

Then when they many thouſands be,
We'll kiſs confound to loſe th' account;
For wretched poor, methinks, is he,
That knows to what his ſums amount.

WHILE gentle *Partheniſſa* walks,
And ſweetly ſmiles, and gaily talks.
A thouſand ſhafts around her fly,
A thouſand ſwains unheeded die.

If then ſhe labours to be ſeen,
With all her killing air and mien,
From ſo much beauty, ſo much art,
What mortal can ſecure his heart?

DAMON aſk'd me once, and I faintly deny'd,
Intending to ſnap him the next time he try'd;
But alas? he's determin'd to aſk me no more,
And now makes his ſuit to the fam'd *Leonore*.

Yet why ſhould I grieve? for I'm well aſſur'd, (word;
Had he lov'd me, he ne'er wou'd have ta'en the firſt
Tho' he fawns and he cringes, I'll venture to ſay,
That man is a fool, that will take the firſt nay.

Had his love been ſincere, and really in pain,
He then wou'd have aſk'd me again and again;
But adieu; let him go; for I never will vex:
A ſwain that's in earneſt allows for our ſex.

She. DID you not promiſe me when you lay by me,
That you would marry me; can you deny me?
He. If I did promiſe thee, 'twas but to try thee,
Call up your witneſſes, elſe I defy thee.

She. Ah! who would truſt you men, that ſwear and vow ſo,
Born only to deceive; how can you do ſo?
He. If we can ſwear and lie, you can diſſemble,
And then to hear the lie, would make one tremble.

She. Had I not lov'd, you had found a denial,
My tender heart, alas! was but too real;
He. Real I know you were, I've often try'd ye,
Real to forty more lovers beſides me.

She If thouſands lov'd me, where's my tranſgreſſion?
You were the only he, e'er got poſſeſſion?
He. Thou couldſt talk prettily, e'er thou couldſt go child;
But I'm too old and wiſe to be ſham'd ſo child

She. Tho' y' are ſo cruel you'll never believe me,
Yet do but take the child, all I forgive thee.
He. Send your kid home to me, I will take care on't
If't has the mother's gifts, 'twill prove a rare one

WHEN *Britain* firſt at heaven's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,

Th

This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain.
Rule Britannia, *rule the waves,*
Britons *never will be ſlaves.*
The nations not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their turns to tyrants fall,
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free.
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame.
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy generous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine,
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And every ſhore it circles, thine.
Rule, &c.

The muſes ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair,
Bleſt iſle, with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, &c.

THO' *Flavia* to my warm deſire
You mean no kind return,
Yet ſtill with undiminiſh'd fire
You wiſh to ſee me burn.

Averſe my anguiſh to remove,
You think it wond'rous right,
That I love on, for ever love,
And you for ever ſlight.

But you and I ſhall ne'er agree,
So, gentle nymph, adieu;
Since you no pleaſure have for me,
I'll have no pain for you.

'TIS money that ſeduces all mankind,
For that we tempt the ſeas, and brave the wind;
In city, court, and country, that is the general cry;
There's none but will be ſold, if you can buy. (lies,
The parſon ſells you prayers, the lawyer ſells you
The doctor ſells you death, he's a fool that buys:
The pretty lady ſells her magic ring,
The ſtateſman ſells his country, and his king.

PEACE, babling muſe!
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my lute; but if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no leſs her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce lion does embrace
His breathleſs corps, and lick his face:
Wrapt up in ſilent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

W.N.H. HARDING

FINIS.